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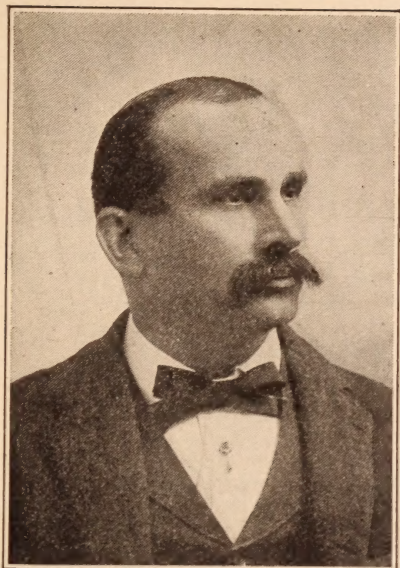
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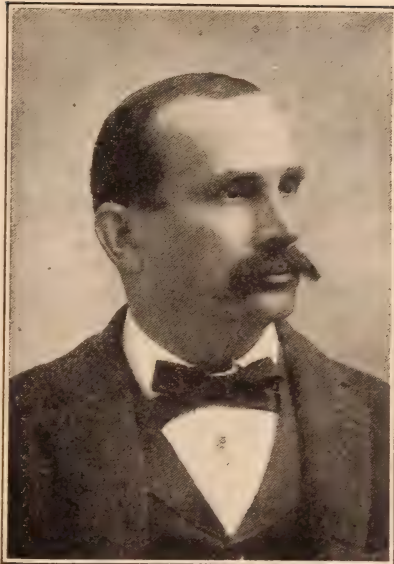
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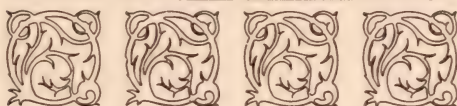
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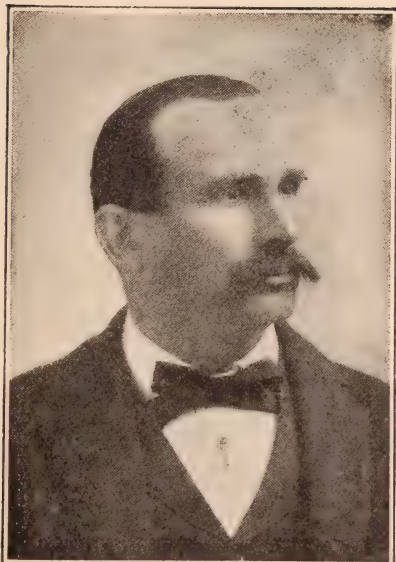
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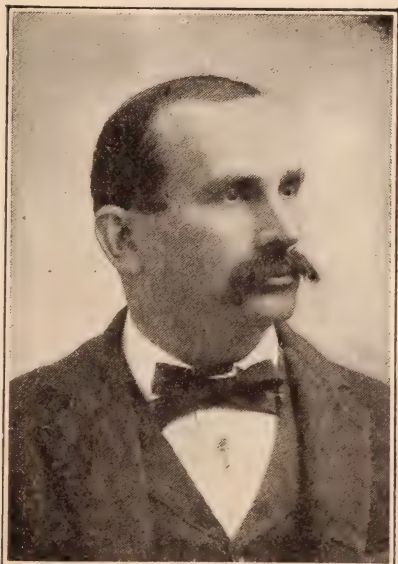
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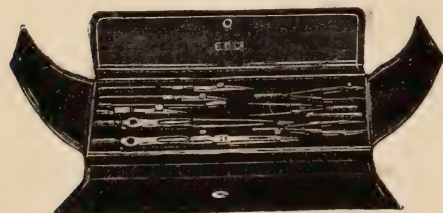
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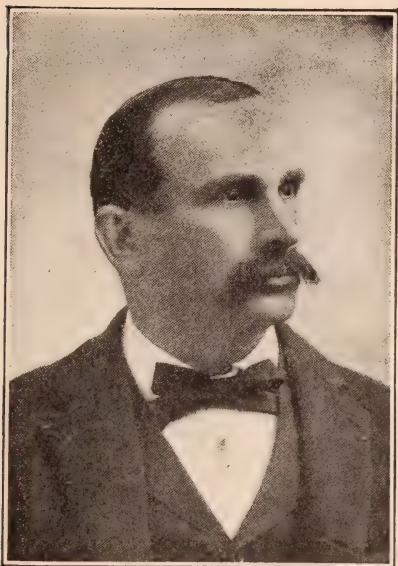
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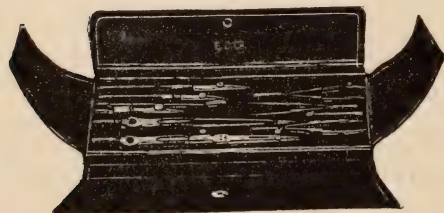
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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. IX CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., SEPTEMBER, 1905 No. 1



E. H. JONES }
J. E. JOHNSON }

- - - - - EDITORS

Alumni Address—The Purpose of the Alumni

Mr. Chairman, Fellow-Members of the Alumni, Ladies and Gentlemen: It is with some feeling of embarrassment that I appear before you to-night. For, in the first place, it was not expected of me to make this address until some time ago, when it was found that the regular speaker could not be present on this occasion and it devolved upon me as alternate to speak in his stead. In the second place, it is always embarrassing, I imagine, for an alumnus to return to his college to make a formal address where only a few

years before he attended as a student. He feels that he is still remembered there as a boy, and yet, he feels that he is called upon to measure up to the full dignity of a man in making a set speech. Besides, he cannot get rid of the impression that great things are expected of him, and he is afraid, fearfully afraid, that he might fall short of expectations. As a matter of fact, however, I do not believe great things are expected of the alumni orators of Clemson College, for as yet, all of them are young men and inexperienced in public speaking. Besides, the alumni orator should be consoled by the thought that if he is ever to meet with an audience inclined to look with charity upon his shortcomings, he is most apt to meet that audience at the college where he has spent his days as a student.

But, my friends, however heavily these embarrassments might weigh upon the mind of an alumnus, they should never prevent him from discharging a duty which he owes to the association. He must remember that there are some things which the association has said must be done, and they have got to be done by some member of the alumni; and whenever that body extends a call to the man of its choice, it becomes the duty of that man to respond to the call with all the energy of his heart and soul. I am here to-night, therefore, to discharge my duty to the Alumni Association as best I can, and I wish to add that it is a pleasure for me to be here for that purpose, as it always shall be a pleasure for me to discharge any duty which the Alumni Association of this institution shall see fit to place upon me.

This brings me to the announcement of the subject which I have chosen for to-night, which is, "The Purpose of the Alumni." This subject was suggested to me by a graduating speech made in the early history of the commencement exercises of this college. The address I refer to was entitled, "Our Purpose at College," and it was delivered by Jno. Sam Garrison, perhaps the most earnest, ardent and able

devotee to the interests of Clemson College that was ever graduated from this institution. Although young in years, Garris has so stamped the impress of his usefulness upon his fellows that his taking away is bound to be felt by them as a distinct loss, not only to Clemson College and the alumni, but to the whole State as well. The most beautiful sentiment he uttered in that commencement speech was in speaking of what was expected of the college graduate. He said, "The colleges are the cities on the hills. They are the gleaming lights of the world, and those carrying their diplomas are the rays sent out; and it is my earnest prayer for my class and myself that, wherever chance may bear us, may we shed luster there." I feel, my friends, that it is only necessary for me to say in this presence to-night, in paying a deserved tribute to the memory of Garris, that the prayer which he uttered in that speech was true as to him; and that wherever chance bore him, he did shed luster there.

In treating the subject of his speech, Garris considered the purpose of the student at college from two standpoints: from that of the individual and from that of the nation, and in the course of his observations he laid down in broad principles the direction that should be followed by the alumni of the college. Any remarks, therefore, that propose to deal with the purpose of the alumni, come as a fitting sequel to the speech delivered on that occasion. But, my friends, in discussing this subject to-night, I do not hope to speak with the force that he could speak with if here. My purpose is rather to call the attention of the alumni to the importance of this subject in order that their combined thought in respect thereto might accrue to the advantage of the association.

But, although my subject follows logically from the graduating address referred to, it has other elements of appropriateness of its own. As I conceive it, it is appropriate mainly for three reasons. It is appropriate first, on what might

be called general principles; it is appropriate secondly, because the alumni has a distinct work to perform; and it is appropriate thirdly, because of the benefit a purpose wisely formed and carried out will give to us, the alumni of the college.

Now, to go back to my first proposition, I said this subject was appropriate on general principles. I mean by that expression that if the alumni is to maintain an organization thoroughly equipped and prepared for work along friendly, social and useful lines, it must have a purpose well defined and clearly understood by its members. If, in the past, the association has suffered from a lack of interest on the part of its members, I believe the cause was due to the want of a more perfect organization. I say this for reason that some of our boys seem to have the idea that their connection with the college ceases when they have received their diplomas. This feeling among them is due not to an unwillingness on their part to help the college, but to the fact that they have never had impressed upon them the idea that the college still expects their support. Then, we have another class of boys, even among Clemson students, who are naturally modest and retiring, and need to be urged by pressing invitation to participate in those things which will give pleasure to themselves and service to the college. The problem of enlisting, in behalf of the college, the active support of these two classes of our graduates belongs to the association; and I believe the most important duty before the alumni at this meeting is to devise some plan by which a more complete organization of its members can be effected, outlining the policy of the alumni, and indicating to each member thereof some service he can render. I believe that such a course on the part of the alumni will tend to diminish indifference among its members, if indifference there is; it will put each of them in closer touch with each other and the affairs of the college; it will create such a feeling of

friendly and social relationship as to impress upon the old graduate the fact that wherever Clemson boys meet, he has a welcome there; and it will make him feel that he is once more a part and parcel of the college.

So far, I have been speaking of a purpose that might be regarded as peculiar to the alumni of Clemson College. I wish now to speak of an idea that Clemson might adopt from the Alumni Associations of other colleges. If we should inquire into the object of the Alumni Associations of other colleges, we would find, perhaps, that they differ with the different colleges, but in all of them we would find at least one idea that was common, and that idea would be to preserve the memories that cluster about the institution. They wish to preserve these memories because it tends to satisfy an indescribable feeling of gratitude that has thrilled in the human heart from the time when history began; it is the feeling that moves a man to long at times to revisit the scenes of days that are gone, and to live over again the joys and the sorrows that those scenes revive in his memory. This, then, my friends, is an idea that comes to us with the endorsement of the wisdom of years and the softening touch of human sympathy, and it is one which the alumni of Clemson should adopt with all the enthusiasm that a worthy cause deserves.

I have made these remarks for the purpose of leading up to this suggestion, that if there is one memory which the alumni of Clemson should cherish more than another, it is that which will do honor to the founders of this institution. I say this because the circumstances under which they fought for the establishment of this college were peculiarly hard and severe. They sacrificed not for themselves, but for us.

To understand the full significance of the debt we owe these patriotic men, we must go back to the period of depression that prevailed on the farms in our State immedi-

ately following the devastation of the Civil War. It was during the toil of our fathers in that period of poverty that they began to think out the ways and means to prevent their burdens from descending to their sons. It was then that they conceived of the expedient of adding knowledge to the heads and skill to the hands of their children, who were to engage in the great industry of their impoverished State, that she might grow greater and richer in the years to come; it was then that the seed thoughts were planted which finally grew into the establishment of Clemson College. Later, that great benefactor, Thos. G. Clemson, gave the bequest which formed the nucleus for the cause, and this benevolent act of his followed by the persistent efforts of the sturdy champions for a farmers' college, were the crowning acts that set up for us this great institution of learning.

It is to these men, who in a labor of love for us, adhered to their purpose through good and through evil report, that the alumni of Clemson College should dedicate its work with grateful hands and hearts. It is their names that we should write on the tablets of our memories in letters of gold; and no matter how great we may grow, how numerous we may become, nor what purpose we might finally undertake, we should feel at all times, in respect to these benevolent men, that the presence of their love and the inspiration of their spirits are with us yet, "Lest we forget, lest we forget."

But I said the alumni of Clemson has a definite work to perform in connection with the welfare of this institution. I say this for two reasons. I say it first, because the veterans who have heretofore fought the battles for the college cannot endure forever, and when they are gone their work must descend to us, their rightful and lawful heirs; and I say it secondly, because Clemson has her enemies as well as her friends, and recent events in public affairs have proved

that these enemies are still engaged in an insidious warfare upon her interests.

Now to discuss these two reasons in their order. I wish to refer to those who have stood as the guardians of the college in the past. I have already alluded to the struggle through which they had to pass before they succeeded in rearing this institution as a monument of deserved victory, and a pride to the State. But, my friends, the cares of the promoters of this college did not end with establishment. That was simply a victory in the first battle of the campaign. Some of the enemy have never laid down their arms and are still skulking in their tents. With each returning year, they have renewed their attacks with unceasing regularity. It was against the sleepless activity of these relentless foes that the guardians of this institution have had to watch, and they have done their duty nobly and well. But, as I have said, they cannot endure forever, and when they are gone their work must devolve upon us. Even now they are slowly passing away, and at this meeting of the alumni we are called upon to bow in sorrow over the new-made grave of one of the pioneers in the cause of Clemson College—Col. D. K. Norris. He, with his coworkers, guarded this college as a treasure while we were in our infancy; but now, we have reached our majority, and they, passing away, leave it as a heritage to us, and it becomes our patriotic duty to transmit it to still another generation, a legacy as rich and as useful as that which was handed down to us.

I wish now to speak of another class of men. I have been speaking of a class who have always tried to build Clemson up. I wish now to speak of a class who have always tried to tear it down. There is a class of men in our State who seem never to have become reconciled to the establishment of Clemson College. They continue to look upon it as an institution adding glory to its founders and greatness to the State, not because of their efforts, but in

spite of them. They belong to that class of beings who, "if they cannot raise mortals to the skies, would drag angels down." We have lately had a demonstration of the temper and spirit of this particular class of men in relation to the interest of Clemson College. I wish to emphasize the fact that one of the purposes of the alumni should be to protect our institution against the animadversions of these restless malcontents.

In avowing our purpose to protect the interest of Clemson College, however, we do not wish to be misunderstood. We are declaring war against no man, and no set of men. We antagonize no institution, religious, political, or otherwise. We simply wish to exercise the right the Alumni Associations of older institutions have and exercise to maintain the interest of our Alma Mater. We wish our college to feel that it can rely on its alumni for support in every righteous cause, just as Wofford College feels that it can rely on its alumni for support in all similar causes. Our position is one of defence, not offence. We simply wish to constitute ourselves a body of sentinels on guard around the interests of Clemson College, and we warn any man who plans an attack upon those interests, that if he does so, he does it over our solemn and watchful protest.

But before I leave this phase of the subject, namely, the definite work which the alumni of Clemson has to do, I wish to speak of one other collateral fact, which is, the influence that the alumni must exert in the development of our State, commercially and industrially. It is in this respect that our State is furtherest behind the rest of the country in the strides of present day civilization. The reason for this is that we have never had an even chance with the rest of the country in the race for industrial advancement, because our State was drained of her wealth—the first element of industrial progress—by her terrible experience in the Civil War. But she has never lost courage and is still striving to re-

trieve her fallen fortunes; and one of the ways by which she is seeking to accomplish this, is by educating her boys in industrial methods here at Clemson College. It is natural, therefore, that South Carolina should depend upon the students of Clemson College more than upon any other class of her citizens, for that material development of which she stands so much in need.

And here now, I wish to answer a criticism that has been made time and again in reference to our graduates. It has been said of them, that after receiving an education at the hands of their State, they then desert her, and give the talents their own State has cultivated to others by seeking employment there. But, if they do this, my friends, it is done from necessity, and not from choice. The boys that Clemson College turns out are poor boys. They have got to work. The State has prepared them for work through Clemson Collège, and they are grateful for it. But if the State is not sufficiently equipped with industrial enterprises to offer all of them good opportunities within her borders, they must seek those opportunities elsewhere. When they go abroad for this purpose, however, they are not lost to the State. They still remember their native heath, and the "darling wish" in the heart of each one of them is some day to return thereto. And when they do return, richer in influence, experience and worldly possessions, the State will reap her reward. The work for the alumni to perform in the meantime in reference to her absent brothers is to keep them in touch with the association, in touch with the college, and in touch with the State.

Now, my friends, I have spoken of some of the purposes for which I believe our alumni should organize. I have referred to the memories which are in our keeping, and I have alluded to the protection which it devolves upon us to accord to this institution. But I also said in the beginning that an organization with a well defined purpose would

redound to the interest of the alumni themselves. I say this for the reason that it would tend to keep alive that feeling of good fellowship which so largely prevails among Clemson students. Everywhere I have been, and on every occasion when I have seen Clemson boys meet, I have noticed this feeling to a marked degree, and I have heard it remarked upon as unusual by others who have no connection with the college.

I believe that one of the reasons for this cordiality of feeling among Clemson students arises from the peculiar circumstances under which they are thrown together here at Clemson College. Living together under the same big roof, and coming daily in contact with each other on terms of the closest friendship, an attachment springs up among them that approaches in its strength and constancy even that of family attachment itself. Besides, where large numbers meet from every section of the State on terms of such familiar equality, it has the effect of broadening and modifying their opinions, so that any prejudice identified in the mind of one student with the section from which his fellow-student came, is soon lost or forgotten. Thus it is that the man from the more cultured and pretentious centers of the State finds out much to his surprise that the person from the "Dark Corner" or from "Frog Level," is just as smart and bright as he is. In this connection I wish to beg your pardon while I relate an incident that occurred in my own personal experience last summer. This incident illustrates how great is the prejudice which still exists among the people of some sections of our State against those of the other.

I know you have all heard of the traditional prejudice that once existed between the people of the up-country and those of the low-country in South Carolina. Well, until recently, I thought that old feeling was dead and forgotten, at least among the younger generations. But only last

summer I met a man, an up-countryman, who tried to convince me, a low-countryman, that the type of brain produced by the climatic conditions of the up-country was far superior to that which could possibly be produced in such a climate as prevailed in the low-country. That man not only made that statement, but, in his foolish delusion, he actually believed what he said. I can tell you, my friends, I went out from his presence with a very keen appreciation of some of the afflictions which my low-country ancestors have in times past had to suffer. But I had another impression also. That man was a college man, but not a Clemson College man; and my second impression was that if he could have spent his student days in the enlarged atmosphere of Clemson College, where the brain from every section of the State is tested abundantly under the same conditions, he would never have made that fatal blunder; he would have found that the generous climate of South Carolina in bestowing her intelligence, like all her other virtues, knows no favored spot from the seaboard to the mountains; and he would have saved for his opinions a much higher respect in the estimation of at least one of his fellow-citizens.

But the point in all this is that the alumni should seek to perpetuate among themselves that ardent feeling of fellowship so signally present among the students of Clemson College. I believe this can be done in no better way than the one suggested, that is, by organizing for friendly, social and useful purposes.

Now, my friends, this is about the sum and substance of what I had to say. I realize that I have told you nothing new. I have, perhaps, made no suggestion that you had not thought of before. I have not tried, however, to make a great speech. I have made no attempt to set the world on fire. But I thought that certain things which I have spoken of should be emphasized before the alumni at this meeting, and I have tried to do that to the best of my ability.

I wish now to conclude with this sentiment: I have read somewhere in history of an incident that was related by a French historian. He told of a company of Greeks who settled among the barbarians of Southern Italy, but, nevertheless, resolved to maintain their Grecian language and civilization. They did this for a long time, but as the years came and went, and the customs of their surrounding neighbors began to encroach more and more upon them, they found that they were gradually losing their Grecian type of civilization. Then they met and made a second resolve, and they said if they could not maintain themselves as Greeks for 365 days in the year, they would at least meet one day out of every year, and on that day they would, in their own language, though sadly corrupted by the inroads of the barbarian, remind themselves that they still were Greeks.

And so, my friends, we find it easy enough to remain true and loyal to the interests of Clemson College while we are still in some way connected with the institution. But as we wander off, farther and farther away from the sphere of her influence, we are apt to forget our obligations of love and loyalty, and we need something to bring us back to a remembrance of our duty. Let us, therefore, at this meeting of the alumni, resolve if possible to meet here at least once every year—on commencement occasions—and let us then revive our interest, renew our loyalty, pledge again our support, and remind ourselves that we are still Clemson students.

M. E. ZEIGLER.

Queen's Charge

"Speaking of animal intellect reminds me of an incident in which the most sensible little animal that I have ever seen played the most prominent part," remarked a spry-looking old ranchman of sixty or thereabouts. "And this

little animal," he went on in a slow, meditative manner, "was a thoroughbred collie, that I called Queen; a handsomer or more faithful dog I never expect to see."

The foregoing remarks took place in an office of the stock-yards of a large western city, where four old cattle men had been thrown in each other's company. They at once assumed an attentive attitude and gave the speaker their closest attention, for he had the mysterious air of one who has a seldom told old "cow-boy" yarn in store.

"Well," he resumed, "it was way back yonder in the sixties, when I was hardly grown. In those days, there were just about as many desperate "rustlers" as there were honest ranchmen; and, as you all know, it's pretty nervy business where you have a thief for every guard. At that time I was living with my uncle, who very often sent me into the hill-country on very dangerous expeditions. On all of these trips I never had more than one helper, and, of course, my dog Queen, who was my ever-watchful companion in peril or in safety.

"One night, just after supper, as I started for my bunk, Uncle Tom called to me to come there. 'Henry,' he said, 'as you know, winter is coming on, and we ought to bring those sheep up at the Melto Ranch down here, so as to be ready to market them before cold weather sets in. Now, I want you and Bill to go up there to-morrow and bring them down the next day. Be sure and start early, so as to reach Andy Creek with the herd before night, or you may lose them if you camp anywhere between there and Melto Ranch.'

"The next day, Bill, Queen and myself accordingly set out for the upper ranch, which was about forty miles up among the hills. With the herd, it would take us two days to make the return trip; so we were going to try to travel the greater distance the first day and reach a place to camp where we would be in comparative security from

the rustlers. Thinking of it afterwards, I came to the conclusion that the villainous rascals knew we would not be on our guard, and it would be a good chance to make a haul.

"We got an early start the next morning and made good time, arriving with the herd at our intended camping place about night. Feeling ourselves secure, we prepared to spend a peaceful night. I took the first watch, and Bill took the last. After worrying with a big herd of sheep all day, and setting up until twelve that night, you may be sure I slept pretty sound.

"When I woke the next morning, there was not man or beast in sight. Upon going down the valley about a hundred yards, I found Bill, apparently dead, lying in the grass. He had been struck on the head from behind and left for dead. After doing all I could for him, I turned my attention to find Queen, expecting every minute to come upon her dead or dying. Look as I would, I had to give up the search without so much as a trace of her whereabouts; though I suspected that the rogues had stolen her, together with our two horses, which were missing also. Our saddles was all they had left us.

"All day long I remained with Bill, and did everything in my power to restore him to consciousness. I couldn't follow the thieves because they had taken the horses; and I couldn't leave Bill long enough to walk fifteen miles or more after one. I hated the loss of my dog more than the loss of the sheep and horses together.

"Just before night, Bill came to himself again. By dark he was as good as ever, and we had decided to start for the home ranch early the next morning.

"Suddenly Bill looked up and said, 'What's that noise?' As I listened, the clatter of horses' feet became audible. As the animals came over a little rise in the distance, we could see two riderless horses silhouetted against the star-lit heavens. Instantly, I recognized our horses and was won-

dering why they were coming back, when Queen, to my astonishment and delight, rushed by them and ran to me, telling me in every possible way that she had done her best.

"Queen must have known that crooked work was afoot. I believe she followed the rustlers until they camped for the night, when, under cover of darkness, she was able to 'cut-out' our horses; while they thought the horses had only wandered off in search of food. How true that supposition may be, I do not know; but I do know that she displayed a wonderful amount of intelligence by her actions.

"As I was pondering over the facts, Bill exclaimed, 'Why not give these brutes a bit to eat, and get back the trail?' The idea struck me as plausible; so, after another half hour's delay, we set out on the track of the thieves, Queen taking the lead.

"Along towards day, the dog began to advance with more care. We knew this meant that the enemy were not far ahead. After going a little farther, I dismounted and went on foot to reconnoiter, keeping in the woods. By these manoeuvres, I was able to ascertain that three rough-looking ruffians constituted the party, one of which was in charge of the herd. After holding a short consultation, we decided to conceal ourselves behind the boulders on the hillside and wait for daylight.

"Soon after light, the watchman got the herd together and prepared to leave. Then, as he rode back to where his comrades were camped, I gave the impatient Queen a push, with the low command, 'Go it, Queen; bring 'em in.' In less time than it takes to tell it, she was between the rustlers and the herd, which she was heading for the trail. Instantly the puzzled thieves leaped to their horses and started in pursuit—yes, started only, for they had not gone a dozen paces before our two six-shooters brought down the two foremost horses, quickly followed by the third. Well, of course, you can imagine the rest. The "rustlers" took to

the woods in the opposite direction as far as their legs would take them; while we proceeded unmolested on our way, after a two days' delay."

The American Law of Impeachment

Since the time when the human race began to organize itself into societies and to feel the strength of concerted action for mutual advancement, there have been enacted laws for its protection. These laws were designed to protect the weak; to foster the energetic; to punish the criminal; and to shield the innocent. But in many instances they failed of their purpose, either from inherent defects or from inefficient administration. For there were then no temples of justice wherein sat sober judges sworn to do impartial justice—no high tribunals created solely for the purpose of the correction of crime and the equitable adjustment of civil rights.

But time in its onward flight always leads man forward to higher levels. The race as the centuries passed acquired new ideas; was circumscribed by new conditions, and began to formulate new laws and to inaugurate new methods of administering them. This was but a natural result in the regular process of the evolution of human affairs. For, with the advance in civilization, there originated new ideas of obtaining justice, which, *crystalizing* in the *jury system*, has been handed down to us, and with modern adaptations is cherished by us as the foundation stone on which depends our personal freedom.

Yet, even this new system, which so far transcended any previously conceived method of administering justice, which was pre-eminent in safeguarding the rights of men and ample in its provisions for the interests of all the people, was not able to include all classes of citizens in the scope of its ministrations. It did not ascend to the realm of the

high officials of the State, snatch them from their secure enthronement behind the shielding mantle of office, and arraign them for official misconduct. Here was a glaring defect—too evident not to be observed; too imminent not to be recognized; and too dangerous not to be remedied. So the English Parliament, realizing this defect, instituted an additional method of criminal procedure, known as trial by impeachment, which was singular in its conception, peculiar in its operations, and, in most instances, futile in its effects.

The history of this form of procedure covers a period of little more than five centuries and embraces two epochs easily distinguishable from each other. Early in the reign of Edward III. Parliament was definitely and finally divided into two houses that deliberated apart; and, following this, near the close of that reign, the Commons, as the grand jury of the whole realm, first attempted to present persons accused of grave offences against the State to the Lords for trial. Also, it was in 1376, during this reign, that the first of these epochs began with the proceedings against the Lords Latimer and Neville—proceedings which are regarded by constitutional historians as the very earliest instances of trials by impeachment. Thus began the first of these epochs, which, in 1459, ended with the proceedings against Lord Stanley.

After this, Parliament having lost much of its prestige and influence, impeachment was not again employed until 1621. The directing power in the kingdom passed to the King in council, the judicial aspect of which was "The Star Chamber;" and there it was that the great State trials took place during the reign of Edward IV. and the succeeding reigns of the princes of the house of Tudor. But such impeachment trials as did take place during this first or formative epoch were strikingly less impressive than were those of the second epoch, which began with the revival of the powers of Parliament in the reign of James I. Here, in-

deed, began the practice of trial by impeachment as a weapon of constitutional warfare—as a means of combatting official turpitude.

It was during this epoch that the great trials before the English Parliament occurred. Beginning in 1621 with the impeachment of Sir Giles Mompesson and ending with that of Lord Melville, in 1805, fifty-four impeachment proceedings are included in the records of Parliament. Typical among these are those of Lords Bacon and Stafford, and of Warren Hastings, each of which serves to definitely illustrate the mode of procedure then extant and to disclose the inefficiency of all impeachment trials in England.

But before the historic trial of Hastings, with its pathos and eloquence, and with its failure and disappointment, drew to a close, the English people had resolved that that ancient and cumbrous weapon for defending the Constitution was no longer adapted to the needs of a free and progressive people. So from that time, excepting the trial of Lord Melville, in 1805, Parliamentary impeachment ceased to be a living and working organ of the English Constitution. But before it passed thus into disuse in the land of its birth, it was embodied, in a modified form, first in the Constitution of the several States, and, finally, in the Constitution of the United States of America. "And, so, at rare intervals, this ghost of the past stalks upon the shores of the New World like a spirit exorcised from the old." Drawn from the English Parliamentary law, it embraces the same principles and admits of the same interpretations here as it did in England, and, since its adoption into our Federal Constitution, eight impeachment trials have taken place under its provisions, each of which has served to confirm the wisdom of the English Parliament in abolishing it.

But however defective and inefficient this method of procedure must have been regarded for Parliament to have absolutely discarded it, it was, with only slight opposition,

incorporated into our Federal Constitution with such modifications as to render it even less efficient. The law in England was applicable to private citizens and to officials alike, but, in America, it was restricted so as to apply only to officers, and was completely paralyzed by decreeing that the only punishment on conviction should be removal from office, and that when impeachment charges were preferred against an officer he could stop the proceedings by simply resigning his office.

But before venturing an unreserved condemnation of this law, we should pause and consider for a moment any meritorious features that it may possess. No one could under any principle of law doubt the righteousness of its purpose, and this one element has kept it alive to this day. The criminal provisions of our Constitution are indictment for personal misconduct and impeachment for official misconduct, and the difference between them is that the prosecution of a private citizen or an indictment touches individual rights, while the impeachment of a public officer concerns the exercise of public functions which are not his own, but which have been conferred upon him by the State for the benefit of all his fellow-citizens. When the government seeks to thus deprive an individual of rights which are his own, it must begin by letting him know of what he is accused, and cannot give evidence of a single act that is not described with minute particularity in the written accusation, so that the culprit comes into court fully informed of the accusation that he must meet and of the proof by which it is likely to be supported, and stands before that impartial tribunal with every presumption of innocence until demonstration of his guilt is complete. But an impeachment has an entirely different source and object. When an officer is impeached for high crime, the government does not seek to deprive him of rights that are his own, but to make him account for the exercise of powers that belong to the State.

The duties and privileges for which an officer is called to account are not burdens imposed on him by the State, but they are privileges which he has eagerly sought and which he retains voluntarily. No one is urged to become an officer. No power known to our political system can compel any man to remain an officer. So, impeachments are a well intentioned effort on the part of the State to purge its public servants of official baseness and to place them upon such a plane of integrity and faithfulness to duty as will redound immeasurably to the honor and glory of the State.

Yet, how far short of its purpose has this method, possessed of so much of good intention and merit, fallen. How plainly evident has every instance of its operation stigmatized it as groaning with formalities and reeking with opportunities for the exercise of unalloyed partisanship! How often has been witnessed the spectacle of a great State trial, involving the official honor of a chief functionary of the State, being decided on purely partisan lines. Yea, verily, and herein lieth the fountain-head from which hath issued the toxin which has so poisoned and paralyzed the very vitals of the law as to make it only a revengeful weapon of political parties.

Nor need we refer to the history of any country other than our own for instances confirmatory of this statement. For, although England furnishes instances in point in the cases of Bacon and Strafford, Warren Hastings and others, our Congressional Records give like instances that have occurred among the proceedings of the Congress of the United States, and show that this political animus is even more plainly evident with us than it ever was with the English. No one south of the Mason and Dixon line would hesitate to declare that the impeachment proceedings against Andrew Johnson were absolutely unfounded and were conceived and presented at the bar of the Senate through a blinding storm of political animosity. No one

doubts that Belknap was guilty of acts deserving of the severest punishment, and that he, through the exercise of the power to stop the proceedings by resigning his office, escaped the justly merited condemnation of the Senate and the people. No one questions that the proceedings recently carried through the Senate impeaching Judge Swayne—proceedings which from point of recency are of detailed familiarity to us all—were proceedings in which the element of partisanship figured from the very beginning, and finally resulted in a verdict based on the political affiliations of the accused rather than on the evidence submitted. And thus it has ever been that no greater shield has been devised for the exercise of revenge by the political party in power than that of our impeachment law.

And shall we of this age permit this law in its present status to continue to be regarded as one of the indestructible gems of our constitutional law? Shall we still foster and approve this law which, the records of the past stigmatize as serving only as a cloak for the exercise of the meanest passions of political hatred, and which the possibilities of the future declare as unwholesome to the maintenance of our present standard of integrity and faithfulness to duty, or shall we, like an enraged populace, demand that this law, which, with its application shorn of all partisanship, would be a true moral guide to every officer in the land, shall be exalted with other laws of our country to a plane of impartial administration, that our judicial system may be vindicated; that our political integrity may be elevated, and that official honesty may reign supreme. Yea, that we may become immaculate and that "Justice and judgment may be the habitation of our throne."

L. E. BOYKIN.

Billy McGam

Scarce an hour's space separated the sun from the western horizon when a solitary hunter, accompanied by a huge black dog, disentangled himself from a patch of briars and slowly made his way to a fresh blown oak, seating himself upon its furrowed trunk. He was a tall, rather thin young man, probably thirty, but his stooped shoulders and premature grey hairs proclaimed him fifty. Poor man, his portion had been enough to bring grey hairs to his head and a hump to his back. Throwing his handsomely mounted gun aside, he rested his chin in his palm and appeared in deep and melancholy thought. Seated there on this gnarled old trunk, the tall oaks and hickories gently swaying in the autumn breeze, and shedding their now useless leaves about him, his mind wandered back to his boyhood, and, event by event, traced his life's career through thirty years. How well did he remember, when, as a boy of four years, he was petted, caressed and cajoled by his fond parents, and granted every privilege consistent with his childhood. Everybody knew Cornelius McGam, the great wholesale merchant, and his handsome little curly-headed Billy.

Only a dream, he thought, those, the few happy moments of his life.

One day, while playing near his father's office, a runaway team whirled around the corner and dashed along the street towards him. Being young and inexperienced, he did not realize the imminent danger, and stood gazing in open-mouthed wonderment at the oncoming horses. Ere he was aware, they were upon him.

The crash, a sharp pain in his head, and oblivion. For months he lay in bed, his life despaired of; his mind certainly gone; but, despite all, he recovered, only to live a life of solitude and despair. The horse's hoof had done its work—the livid horseshoe scar, stretching from the corner of his mouth to his ear, would always keep fresh the

memory of his fearful experience, even until the flesh dropped from his bones.

His appearance forever ruined, he was always eyed askance by strangers, and even his friends took less interest in him. Naturally sensitive, this apparent indifference became unbearable, and although his devoted father and mother consoled him, taking every means to make his life worth living, despondency and despair took complete possession of his soul, and imprinted itself in his features. He was prevailed upon to attend college, and there he received great distinction, but during his whole course he lived in seclusion, fearing that every one shunned and despised him. True, he had a slight acquaintance with a few students, but he appeared ill at ease when thrown in their company.

Often did he spend the long weary nights in his favorite attitude, chin in palm, given entirely to morose and melancholy thoughts, or studying with diligent care his favorite classics, but never taking part in any gaieties, or even intermingling with his class-mates.

Ten years ago he had received his diploma, along with the praise of a generous faculty for his efficiency, but it all seemed as an empty honor, given as a consolation rather than as a reality. Since then he had traveled all over the world, and always quiet and observing, had seen and learned many things, but the haunting fear that he was despised by every one was still in possession of his soul—even stronger than ever. No particular ambition propelled him onward, only the desire to keep away from all human beings. Billy's one passion, aside from his fondness for classics, was his almost insane love for music. An accomplished musician, many instruments would give forth exquisite melody under his touch, and often he would sing to his own accompaniment. One day, while traveling in Europe, he found a small black puppy of the Danish breed, and of this he made a pet and companion for life. Now

grown to an immense size, this big black dog, "Dan," always accompanied him, suiting his actions to the whims of his master. Sitting on this giant old oak, his thoughts wandered on and on, and finally rested in a bamboo pagoda in darkest India. There, some months ago, a messenger, riding hastily up, handed him a cablegram—the sad intelligence of the severe illness of his beloved father. Hastily making ready, he began his tedious journey to Calcutta. From there he came back immediately to his native land, only to find that his father had been buried some weeks before.

Terribly wrought up on account of such sadness, Billy, accompanied by his mother and the ever faithful "Dan," left the city and removed to the solitude of a country life, there to grieve over the loss of a beloved father and husband. Billy and Dan spent the greater part of their time in the woods, he occasionally shooting a bird or squirrel, but generally doing what he was busily engaged in on this particular afternoon—thinking, thinking, thinking.

Presently something attracted his attention, and starting up he found that it was night. Only a faint purple streak told of the point where the sun had sunk behind the distant mountains, but the eastern horizon was beautifully lit up in the soft, mellow light of the full moon. Calling Dan, he shouldered his gun and started off, not knowing or caring where he went, but he had hardly taken a dozen steps when through the elastic atmosphere, wafted on the gentle breeze, there came the soft melodious music of a violin. The mellowness and perfection of tone told him that it was of fine make, possibly a Stradivarius—twin to his own. Slowly and cautiously making his way in the direction from which the music came, he walked into a large oak grove, near the center of which stood a stately, white-pillared old mansion. By the light of the moon he saw two people sitting on the

wide veranda; one, an old grey-haired man, and the other a beautiful young girl, hardly attained to womanhood.

The old man was playing the violin, and now the young lady raised her sweet, clear voice in rendering to her unseen auditor a beautiful old Scottish anthem.

Billy and Dan stood as if spellbound until the song was finished, when, impelled by some unseen hand, they, master and dog, walked slowly up to the house.

In perfect strangers, these residents of this country homestead, Billy, for the first time in all his life of many and varied experiences, recognized kindred spirits.

For a long while he sat and talked with these good, simple-minded people, unburdening his soul to them. The old man cheered him, counseled him as to his future, and succeeded in relieving the melancholy thoughts preponderant in his mind. When the moon had reached its zenith, Billy and Dan began their journey homeward. The old man accompanied him for some distance, speaking words of bright cheer, telling him to forget the unpleasant memories of the bitter past, and urging him to higher aims. They parted with a hearty hand-clasp, Billy gladly accepting the insistent invitation to repeat this first visit.

Often did he come to "The Oaks"—as he afterwards familiarly called the old homestead—and commune with the nice old gentleman, and after each visit he went home with a lighter step, a happier mind, and a more nearly realized ideal.

With the young lady there also sprang up a mutual relationship, which added much to the entertainment of the trio.

Their favorite resting place was on a rocky eminence that jutted out beyond the bank of the small sparkling stream that bubbled into the great Mississippi. Here they would come to talk and plan for the future. He, with a new lease of life, had at last conceived an ambition—he would

be an author. In that capacity he could possibly render to mankind a great service, at the same time remaining out of sight of the populace, yet receiving their applause and sympathy.

His wanderings over the world had necessarily led him through many countries, and his seclusion had given him ample opportunity to a profound and thorough study of the natural, and now he could impart his knowledge to the world. He was greatly assisted by his self-made sister, whose education, though lacking in travel, centered on this subject. They set to work with expedition, and in the course of time the book was completed and sent out to the world. It was geological, presenting some distinctly new ideas, founded upon observations and experiments, but it was not accepted with the spirit in which it was written, and its sale was limited to a few volumes. This was a severe backset. The pecuniary compensation was immaterial, nothing compared with the wild desire for recognition and sympathy of which he was so much in need, and its failure caused his return to a state of despondency from which Billy could not be roused. For days he neither ate nor slept, only rambling listlessly through the woods, in absolute despair. His now half demoniac mind laid all blame at the door of his one-time friends, and he inwardly accused them of plotting for his downfall.

In this state of mental derangement, he and Dan, the only living creature whom he would trust, betook themselves to the mountains where there was no danger of interruption, and lived almost in a fanatical solitude.

For many weeks he lived thus, an insane desire urging him on to some vast and foreign wilderness, but the filial love for an aged and enfeebled mother was so strong within him that he could not bring himself to leave her. Occasionally he would come during the night and stay with her for a few hours, but would be gone before day dawned.

Despondency bred recklessness—his hair long and now silvery white, his clothes tattered, his frame thin, his appearance unkempt, were the outward signs of this self-neglect.

One day we find him again, seated this time at the roots of a large tree, idly watching the gentle ripple of the river as it wended its way westward. Completely worn out from long walks and vigils, utterly exhausted, he fell into a deep sleep. His face turned down the river, he saw in his sleep a party of pic-nickers, laughing and making merry, round the bend in a large bateau, and slowly come on up the river. As the boat drew nearer he thought that the faces were familiar, but for all his life he could name none of them. Now they had espied him, and they looked with interest at his sad countenance. Of a sudden, one of the party uttered a sharp exclamation, and leaning over the bow of the boat, scanned his features intently. The boat grounded on a sand-bar, and the entire party drew up around the sleeper. A glance into their faces would have told all, but not one word was spoken. One of the men, kneeling, touched his hand, and instantly he started to his feet, staring wildly around him. "Billy McGam!" "Ned Foster! Is it true? Am I dreaming?" Such a scene as immediately followed cannot adequately be described with pen. Directly they seated themselves on the luxuriant grass, forcing Billy to sit with them, and, one by one, they told him of their lives since the end of their college days, and especially how they had missed him, wondering what had become of him. Now that it was forced on him, Billy remembered some little attentions these very people, his class-mates, had paid him, but then he thought it was done only through pity. Oh! how glad he was to learn that his class-mates had taken so much interest in him, and how he had misjudged their actions; how glad he was when pretty Nell Foster, just two years his junior, expressing the inmost thoughts of the whole party, said, "Dear old Billy, how foolish you were

to run away from us all when we loved you so much; couldn't you see it?" But his joy almost leaped out of bounds when big Ned told him that within the last month his book had become very popular, and the scientists were even now hailing him with acclamation.

Need we record the rapid transpiration of events that followed so rapidly upon the heels of each other? Suffice it to say that his first act was one righting the cruel wrong he had done his country friends at "The Oaks."

A year has passed by. This time we find him sitting by the window in a large and handsomely furnished room in the city of his Alma Mater. As usual, he was in deep thought, but not the kinds of thoughts flashed through his brain now as one time did. The memories seemed pleasant to him, and he was satisfied—more, he, the successful author, the efficient scientist, the dutiful son of a loving mother, was happy; his ideal had been realized. S. P. HARPER, '06.

A Life Purpose

Before that first morning when the sun shone upon the earth in its pristine beauty and splendor, a master mind had planned each detail of its formation. Each individual thing in the three kingdoms had been placed in its proper sphere, and was working in silent and perfect harmony. Everything, from the most minute atom and cell to the largest and most complex bodies, had been assigned its own special mission to perform.

Since the beginning, everything in nature has been controlled by inflexible laws, which have caused the earth to swing on in its path with frictionless momentum. Nowhere is this fact more clearly shown than in the things about us. Geology will show how the atmospheric elements act upon the original rock to form a soil, capable of producing plants that will sustain the life of the animal

kingdom. And we see the same relation existing between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, each producing elements which are necessary for the life and well-being of the other. If we follow this relation a little further, we can see how these two kingdoms unite to give to the atmosphere part of the elements which in turn again act upon the original rock to produce soil. Thus we see that in the economy of God, it required a fixed purpose, founded upon fixed principles, to produce a world that would stand the test of time, that would show through ages one divine event, one increasing purpose, "to which the whole creation moves."

Let us bring this example home to ourselves. The time has now come that by following certain principles it is possible for man to accomplish almost anything. The time is at hand when, as never before, man is the architect of his own destiny. Whether our lives shall count for something that is useful, that is noble and great, lies in our own hands. Whether we shall make our bodies the homes of idleness or corruption, or make them fit temples for the indwelling of all those qualities which go to make up a great character, is left to man's own discretion. It is left for each individual to decide between making himself an aimless wanderer, a mere parasite, or making himself a pillar of strength and a source of life for those around him. It is given to each one to say whether he will

"Make by force his merit known
And live to clutch the golden keys,
Or mould a mighty State's decrees,
Or shape the whisper of a throne,
And, moving on from high to higher,
Become on fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a world's desire,
The center of a people's hope."

If these conditions are true, it becomes us as students, as men who are accustomed to think, to fix our lives on one purpose at the beginning. We should do it for our own sake. We shall be stronger and better fitted to cope with the great problems of life by doing so. It will prevent mind wandering and enable us to concentrate all of our energy and ability upon one thing, increasing the chance for success in life. It will lead us to a realization of what will be our duties and obligations as citizens. It will make us honor our country and cause us to do something worthy of our existence. And greater than these is the fact that when we have done this, we have created for ourselves an appetite for all that is ennobling.

We should form a life purpose because it is our duty. We are standing in the early morning of the twentieth century and greater opportunities than ever before await us. Grand privileges are extended to us, and much is going to be required at our hands. We have the lives of all men of all ages to observe, to guide us into the way of right. It is here that the battle of our lives must be fought, and victory is awaiting our decision. The call of the twentieth century is sounding clear. Let us catch inspiration from those who have gone before us, and form a purpose that will lead us to a realization of the sublime meaning of life.

And in forming a life purpose, let us remember that the one great need of humanity is a spiritual awakening. Something that will make each and every one feel that character, truth and justice are the most valuable things in the world. We need a divine touch that will make us gentler and more considerate of the rights and feelings of others. Let us remember that "every voice should be raised for the pure and helpful, for the nobler, higher, sweeter and holier things in the world."

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College

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A. R. McALILEY (Calhoun)	- - - - -	Local Department
W. O. PRATT (Palmetto)	- - - - -	Local Department

Contributions are solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute.

All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.

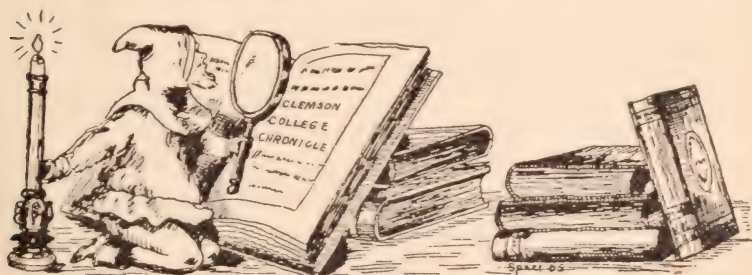
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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

T. E STOKES - - - - - EDITOR IN-CHIEF

The
Chronicle

Unfortunately the college magazine hasn't a long period of steady growth. Once a year it relapses toward a state of incipency to again strive for the high standard attained the year before. To do this requires an enormous amount of work, and too much of the work of running the magazine is left to the staff; consequently the magazine falls short of what it might

be with the proper support from the student body. Realizing the vast amount of work before and the exceptional ability required, we begin the editorial duties of the year with many misgivings lest we fail to accomplish what should be justly expected of us. We are trusting, however, that we may receive greater aid from the student body, both in finances and in contributions to the departments, than has been customary heretofore; and to stimulate greater action among the students, the staff is offering three gold medals, one each for the best story, essay, and poem, and we cordially invite all students, old and new, to compete for these prizes. The new students should ally themselves with the interests of *THE CHRONICLE* at once, and their support will bring its own reward. The old students know, and the new ones may learn by consulting the last issue of *THE CHRONICLE*, just what rank this magazine holds in the estimation of the exchanges. We trust that we may have the necessary support to keep it on the same plane.

**The
Dispensary**

It really looks as if this year will mark the exit of the Dispensary. Already, in many counties of the State, the voice of the people has declared against its longer remaining in their midst.

But why, we might ask, is it that this determined move against the Dispensary has so suddenly acquired such force? Can it be that a majority of the people of South Carolina have just begun to discover defects in it which might have been observed at its incipency? Are our people slow to see the evils of a system? No, and far hence be the day when they shall be so. All South Carolina knew there were lurking evils in the Dispensary System, as there are in every administrative system, but the hope was, that, by a proper administration of it its evils might be minimized, and whatever of good there might be in it would thus be allowed to predominate. But this hope has not been realized, and, in their disappointment, the people are voting to rid themselves

of a system which they once adopted on the strength of a forlorn hope. So it is more the mismanagement of the Dispensary than the system itself, that has so excited the wrath of the people against it.

And what will be the ultimate outcome of this present agitation? It seems plainly evident that the Dispensary will be voted out of nearly every county in the State. This will be a virtual establishment of prohibition. But can such prohibition be effective and enduring? Can it be enforced when there is not a law existing for its enforcement? It is true that the law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, except by the Dispensary, will still be in force, but there will be no means of enforcing it. The voting out of the Dispensary votes out the State revenue from that source, and, hence, puts out of commission all those who were paid from those funds to enforce the only law on the statutes which would in any way operate toward enforcing prohibition. Does this not vote freedom to those who have been selling and will sell whiskey in those counties? The citizens are not accustomed to exerting themselves to stop such illegal sales, and it cannot otherwise be done under existing conditions.

So, will the present resultant prohibition be a lasting one? Prohibition is what is needed in South Carolina and all other States in the Union, but it should be established on a lasting basis—one that will endure forever. For, when it is prematurely ushered into existence on a popular wave of uncertain endurance, it is destined, more or less, to fail, which would be an insurmountable barrier to its re-establishment. Let's have prohibition, if we must, but let's have one that is lasting and effective—one that will be a blessing to our own generation and to those who are to come after us. A prohibition that is established by the free, outspoken voice of the people when that is the only issue, and not as the accidental result of the downfall of another system.

Athletics

Never before in the history of the college has such interest in athletics been shown at Clemson. The enthusiastic ovation tendered Mr. Cochims on the day of his arrival to begin the work of training the football squad removes the even shadow of a doubt that Clemson is not successfully launched for a period of prosperous athletics. A coach as good as the best in the South, half of last year's team back again, and an abundance of good material to choose from, make the prospect very bright for a good team this year, and we feel assured of one of the best teams in the South this year. The team, however, has a very hard schedule before them, consisting, as it does, of many of Clemson's oldest and strongest rivals and the invincible Vanderbilt, which so easily won the Southern Championship last year, with the distinction of not losing a game during the season. Would it seem preposterous for us to hope that the death knell of her football supremacy will be sounded on the day she meets Clemson this season? Be this as it may, we are going to put up one of the hardest fights ever known in the South, and we see no reason why Clemson will not, at the end of the season, hold one of the first places in the rank of Southern teams.

**The Portsmouth
Peace Treaty**

The superior diplomacy of M. Witte, the influential interference of President Roosevelt, and the overwhelming fear of public opinion, have brought Japan to terms of peace at the sacrifice of her demands made just by the triumphant campaigns of her armies, which rendered the most patriotic service of modern times. The whole world hoped for peace, but an everlasting peace, and not one of uncertain endurance, as has resulted at the Portsmouth Peace Conference because of Japan's unfortunate choice of her plenipotentiaries and the sentimental appeals of Mr. Roosevelt on behalf of the world for Japan to make required concessions for the sake of civi-

lization and humanity. Russia's stubborn refusal to grant Japan's demands was based on reasons not in accordance with the laws of international warfare, and Japan should not have been prevailed on to make such unjust concessions as the only way possible to ratify a treaty with persistent Russia. Evidently the President's policy was from an altruistic standpoint, but has he really rendered a valuable service to humanity? The reception of the terms of peace by the Japanese evinces a deep laid and continuing dissatisfaction in Japan, which augurs a pending disaster; for this fiasco in the peace negotiations has, of itself, already brought about domestic strife in Japan, and is sure to set up a deadly hatred for the Russians, which can be quenched only by bloodshed. The Emperor and plenipotentiaries of Japan have not been just to their country, and the fact that their vision of justice was dimmed by Mr. Roosevelt's influence and Komura's inferiority to M. Witte will not bring about permanent amicable relations between the two countries. The world hailed the Treaty of Peace with rejoicing, but withal there is a substratum of fear lest this period of peace will be a period of preparation for a longer and bloodier struggle.

The Fair Realizing the numerous benefits to be derived from a trip to the Fair, and the unanimous wish for the trip on the part of the cadets, the Trustees were kind enough to grant us permission to make the trip if the uniforms are supplied by the contracting company in time. This announcement was hailed with great rejoicing. Alas, the joyful anticipation of the trip has been replaced by a feeling of deep regret, for it is now known that the company has a longer time in which to comply with the contract than was at first thought. The company having six weeks, it is almost certain that the uniforms won't get here in time, for such concerns are never very

prompt. This is extremely unfortunate, for such a large corps, under perfect discipline, bubbling with the spirit of youth and enthusiasm, intellectually awakened and ready to yield to the magnificent influence of inspiration which the trip would excite—should be allowed to make such a trip at least once a year. It was the purpose of the Commandant to take us in encampment for most of the week, and give the corps as much military training as practical on such an occasion. In the absence of an annual encampment, this would afford the best substitute for this year. Then, such trips are far more beneficial to college students than any one else, and the conditions here at Clemson make them peculiarly needful. We hope the authorities will arrange for such a trip at least once a year in the future.



J. H. McCLAIN }
C. E. JONES }

EDITORS

The ninth voyage of THE CHRONICLE into the "sea of literature" has begun. The question now arising in our minds is: Is this voyage to be as successful as all former voyages? This question, of course, cannot be answered, but we trust that our now trembling hands may become steady and strong, so as to withstand any winds of adversity and gales of criticism that may come upon us.

The exchange department fills a place in the college magazine that cannot be replaced. The literary and editorial departments show the ability of the home talent, but the exchange department not only brings the editors in close touch with each other, but serves as a channel through which the colleges themselves become acquainted.

The object of the exchange department is to criticise, and one should bear in mind that criticism is one of the greatest incentives to improvement. It is our aim and desire to render our criticisms in the most just and unprejudiced manner, and should we fail in our purpose, attribute it to our ignorance and not to any wrong intention.

We send greetings to our old exchanges, and hope to see them on our table promptly. To any who wish to form our acquaintance, we extend them a cordial welcome.



LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

A. R. MCALISEY }
W. O. PRATT }

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EDITORS

Clemson opens its thirteenth session with an enrollment of six hundred and sixty students. Six hundred and thirty is all the college can accommodate, but more than that number were enrolled, as a good many will leave college for various reasons during the first few weeks of the term.

The first chapel exercises were held Wednesday morning, September 13, and it was inspiring to see the large chapel full to overflowing with boys. The exercises were conducted by the Rev. K. G. Finley, and the President spoke a few words of welcome to the new cadets, after which the regular class work was begun by the higher classes. The freshman and preparatory classes being almost entirely new men, were organized as promptly as possible, and these were at work by the afternoon.

Dr. MacGruder, rector of the Spartanburg Episcopal Church, preached a strong and appropriate sermon, September 10th.

Though the prospects for the ensuing football season are not exceptionally promising, still, taking everything into consideration, the outlook for a winning team is more encouraging than that of last year. The schedule for the games is about as follows: October 7, Dahlonga; October 14, University of Tennessee at Clemson; October 21, University of Georgia in Athens; October 25, University of Alabama in Columbia (Fair Week); November 4, open; November 11, Alabama Polytechnic Institute in Auburn; November 18, Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tenn.; November 30, Georgia Tech. in Atlanta.

The vacancy at the head of the Agricultural Department has been filled by Mr. Joseph Nelson Harper. He was born March 11, 1874, in Winston County, Miss. His primary education was received at the public schools of Starkville. In 1895, he was graduated from the A. & M. College of Mississippi. After graduation he had charge of the Dairy Department of the Mississippi Experiment Station, and in 1896 he was elected to the position of Dairy Husbandryman at the Kentucky Experiment Station. In 1898, he was made agriculturist at the same place. In 1897-98, he took post graduate work in bacteriology under Prof. H. Garman. For the last five years he has been lecturer on agronomy at the Kentucky State College, and has written a number of bulletins on the cereals, hemp and tobacco. In 1904, he was in charge of the Kentucky exhibit at the St. Louis Exposition. He has conducted several successful tobacco experiments in Ireland, under the control of the British Government. This year he came to Clemson as Professor of Agriculture and Director of the Agricultural Department and the Experiment Station.

John Michels, born in Fond du Lac County, Wisconsin, June 13, 1875, is the new Professor of Animal Husbandry. He worked upon the farm until sixteen years old, then for five years studied and practiced the manufacturing of butter and cheese. In 1893, he was granted a dairy certificate from the Wisconsin Dairy School, in which he taught the following year. At twenty-one years of age, Mr. Michels entered the University of Wisconsin; at twenty-five, he was Instructor in Dairying in Michigan Agricultural College; at twenty-six, he again entered Wisconsin Dairy School, getting his Master of Science degree in Agriculture one year later. His book, "Creamery Butter-making," has been adopted in nearly every agricultural college where dairying is taught.

Benjamin Freeman, the new assistant in the Chemical Department, was born in Mt. Pleasant, S. C., November 10, 1882. He received his early education in Mt. Pleasant Academy, entered Clemson College in September, 1899. After graduation, in June, 1903, he worked for a year on a pecan farm, then for some time he was connected with the United States Department of Agriculture.

The Y. M. C. A. has started off this year with Mr. Ray H. Legate as general secretary. He was born July 23, 1877, in Jersey County, Ill. He was reared on the farm. His primary education was received at the public schools of his native county, and the years of 1896 and '97 were devoted to teaching in them. His parents moved to Arkansas in 1897. He entered the University of Arkansas in 1901, and was graduated in 1905. The past summer was spent at the Northfield Conference. At the beginning of the session he came to Clemson as general secretary of the Y. M. C. A.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Cochims are on campus, and are

located at the hotel. As coach, Mr. Cochims was tendered an enthusiastic reception by the corps.

V. Baker, Clemson, '04, University of Wisconsin, '05, spent a few days at his Alma Mater.

Mr. Sam. Robertson, of Class '01, recently spent several days on the campus.

Mrs. McDonald is home from the mountains.

Rat Wooten—at exchange: "I want to buy a set of Free-Hand drawing instruments."

Prof. F.: "Mr. Putnam, what is a nymph?"

Putnam: "A shark, sir."

Prof. F.: "Umph! Well, Mr. Putnam, do you know what a pilot is?"

Put.: "Yes, sir, a man who robs ships."

Mrs. J. W. Willis, of Rock Hill, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. M. Riggs.

C. B. (to Hoyt): "Is there a bucket-shop in this town?"

Hoyt: "Yes; I left my watch there a few minutes ago, and here's the ticket."

Prof. C. S. White, well known to most of the boys as a former member of the faculty, was a visitor on the campus last week.

Charley Webb, the popular featherweight "end" of last year's team, spent a few days on the campus recently.

Prof. McC.: "Atoms can be seen with a microscope in some states."

Lykes: "Prof., can they be seen in South Carolina?"

Prof.: "You will have to get a schedule."

Rat Martin: "Will I have to go to Calhoun and get it from the ticket agent?"

Rat McLaurin wants to know if the flag pole is a wireless telegraph station.

Prof. Rawl, an ex-member of the Clemson Faculty, has been visiting friends on the campus.

Joe Beane, '06, Ga. S. Tech., and pitcher for that institution, was on the campus. He is detained at Seneca by the Georgia State Quarantine.

At the "Rat" Reception:

Waiter: "Have a plate of cream?"

Fike: "I would, but they say thirteen is unlucky."

Miss Eva Kemp, of Texas, spent several days at Clemson visiting friends on the campus.

Miss Cary Calhoun has gone to Sumter to teach school.

Miss —— (to Moss): "I dreamed about your red hair the other night and waked up screaming 'fire.'"

Rat Green (when he saw the flag pole): "Great Scott! what a tall pine that was before the lightning struck it."

Mrs. S. M. Sloan and Miss Lucy, from Greenville, are guests of Mrs. P. H. E. Sloan.

Mrs. M. B. Moore is visiting Clemson as the guest of her daughter, Mrs. W. M. Riggs.

Sophomore McLane: "Say, Bill, why don't you take your kodak?"

Bill: "I haven't any plates."

McLane: "Oh, pshaw; 'Shorty' has got plenty of them in the mess hall."

First Rat: "What course are you going to take?"

Rat Pitman: "I would take the Civil Engineering course if I wasn't afraid I'd fall off the engine and break my neck."

Cecil Alexander, formerly a student of Clemson, spent several days with friends on the campus recently.

The Y. M. C. A. held its first meeting Sunday night, September 10. The Secretary and others gave interesting talks.

On Friday night, September 15, the annual Y. M. C. A. Reception was given for the new students.

Mr. C. M. Furman, Jr., is visiting his father, Prof. Furman.

It is reported that Prof. Earle can flunk "Nick" Cherry the best two out of three.

The following officers were elected last June for the literary societies for the first quarter:

Calhoun.

L. G. Southard	President.
J. V. Phillips	Vice-President.
T. E. Keitt	Critic.
L. Boggs	Recording Secretary.
W. A. Putnam	Corresponding Secretary.
P. Quattlebaum	Treasurer.

Columbian.

J. E. Johnson	President.
C. A. Grainger	Vice-President.
J. W. McLendon	Recording Secretary.
T. E. Stokes	Literary Critic.
P. W. Spencer	Prosecuting Critic.
A. P. Bathea, B. D. Carter	Reporting Critics.
J. H. McClain	Chaplain.
J. J. Rouch	Sergeant-at-Arms.

Palmetto.

E. H. Jones	President.
L. R. Hoyt	Vice-President.
L. W. Perrin	Secretary.
D. H. Hill.....	Literary Critic.
T. P. Kennedy.....	Prosecuting Critic.
W. S. Baskin, W. O. Pratt, A. G. Kennedy, T. S. Allen	Reporting Critics.
W. J. Evans	Sergeant-at-Arms.

Minutes of the Alumni Association Meeting

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., June 5, 1905.

The Association was called to order by the President at 9:55 p. m., Monday, June 5, in Calhoun Society Hall. After the reading and adoption of the minutes of the last meeting, the Secretary announced the result of the vote by correspondence for President and Third Vice-President as follows:

President, D. H. Henry; First Vice-President, E. T. Hughes; Second Vice-President, B. R. Tillman, Jr.; Third Vice-President, W. E. G. Black.

Mr. J. H. Hook and Mr. P. N. Calhoun were appointed to escort the President-elect to the chair.

In retiring, Mr. Ziegler expressed his appreciation of the honor he had had, and said that he had striven to bring the alumni nearer together. Mr. Henry then assumed his duties in a brief speech, and the body proceeded to the election of other officers. Messrs. R. E. Lee and W. W. Klugh were nominated for Treasurer, the latter being elected.

Upon nomination of Mr. Turnipseed, Mr. A. B. Bryan was re-elected Secretary. Mr. E. T. Hughes was elected Alumni Orator for 1905, and Mr. N. B. Boykin alternate. The Constitution Committee reported by presenting a new

Constitution, which, after discussion and a few changes, were adopted. (See copy attached.)

On the Board of Directors called for in the new Constitution, the President appointed Messrs. M. E. Zeigler, J. R. Connor and F. L. Bryant.

On the Entertainment Committee were appointed Messrs. W. W. Klugh, D. H. Henry and J. H. Hook.

There was a discussion on the subject of a purpose of the Association to start a fund for an Alumni Hall in course of time, and the Chair appointed as a Committee to plan the work of raising a fund Messrs. F. L. Bryant, M. E. Zeigler and T. W. Cothran.

The Chair appointed Messrs. Henry, Bryant, Connor and Turnipseed a Committee to present resolutions concerning the deaths of Col. D. K. Norris, of the Board, and Mr. W. M. McWhirter, of the Class of '04.

It was also ordered by the Association that a page in our minutes be inscribed sacred to the memory of J. S. Garriſ, '98.

Before adjourning, the President appointed Mr. J. H. Hook as Sergeant-at-Arms.

On Tuesday, at 12:30, immediately after the Class of 1905 had graduated, the second session of the 1905 meeting was held, to receive the graduating class and to transact any unfinished business. All the members of the Class of 1905 who were present applied for membership and were received, and after the Constitution had been read to them, they signed it according to requirement.

Mr. F. L. Bryant moved the appointment of a Committee to look into the feasibility of giving an Alumni Dance in Columbia yearly during the State Fair. It was adopted, and Messrs. M. E. Zeigler, F. G. Tompkins and T. C. Shaw were appointed to serve on the Committee.

Mr. S. M. Robertson moved and Mr. Zeigler amended a motion to have the Entertainment Committee confer with

the college authorities regarding taking care of alumni visitors to the college yearly, so as to have some place for them to stay when they come.

The Committee appointed to draw up resolutions on the deaths of Col. D. K. Norris and W. M. McWhirter presented fitting resolutions, which were adopted.

After some discussion on the subject of a Commencement Banquet, the Association by a unanimous vote decided to have a banquet in 1906, the arrangement of which was to be left to the Entertainment Committee.

There being no further business, the body adjourned at 1:15 p. m.

By order of D. H. HENRY, President.

A. B. BRYAN, Secretary.

HEADQUARTERS CORPS CADETS,

CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., June 5th, 1905.

General Order No. 18.

Par. I.—The order issued from this office appointing cadet officers and non-commissioned officers for the session 1904-1905, and all orders appointing cadet officers and non-commissioned officers since that time, are hereby revoked.

Par. II.—The following appointments of cadet officers for the session 1905-06, to rank in the staff and line in the order in which their names are read, are hereby announced:

Staff—Cadet Captain and Adjutant, T. F. Barton.

Cadet Captain and Quartermaster, O. L. Derrick.

Cadet Captain, Hospital Corps Detachment, A. G. Ellison.

First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant, W. J. Latimer.

First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant, D. H. Hill.

First Lieutenant and Chief Musician, W. R. Smith.

Line—Cadet Captains, E. H. Jones, T. E. Stokes, J. E. Johnson, M. A. Savage, W. P. White, I. W. Bull, L. R. Hoyt, W. A. Sanders.

Cadet First Lieutenants, J. M. Moss, T. B. Jacobs, S. L. Johnson, C. A. Grainger, H. W. Schumpert, A. R. McAliley, S. P. Harper, J. A. Gelzer.

Cadet Second Lieutenants, L. G. Southard, J. C. Boesch, J. H. McClain, D. G. Adams, T. R. Ellison, J. V. Phillips, P. H. Adams, D. F. Cherry, J. C. Summers.

Par. III.—The following appointments of cadet non-commissioned officers for the session 1905-06, to rank in the staff and companies in the order in which they are named:

Staff—Regimental Sergeant Major, F. M. Stephenson.

Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant, F. M. Furtick.

Color Sergeant, J. W. McLendon.

Battalion Sergeant Major, S. R. Perrin.

Battalion Sergeant Major, J. B. Bailey.

Drum Major, A. S. Heyward.

"A" Company: 1st Sergeant, W. P. Sloan.

Sergeants, H. P. Lykes, H. W. Moore, E. B. Plenge, L. E. Dew.

Corporals, D. L. Tindal, D. N. Harris, J. D. Goldsmith, E. J. Crider.

"B" Company: 1st Sergeant, C. E. Jones.

Sergeants, R. R. Talbert, B. D. Carter, M. M. Platt, P. Quattlebaum.

Corporals, K. E. Stello, C. F. Cannon, J. C. Littlejohn, J. L. Boyd.

"C" Company: 1st Sergeant, A. E. Crawford.

Sergeants, E. A. Crawford, A. M. Klugh, P. L. Howle, A. V. Hooks.

Corporals, C. A. McLendon, W. M. Lunn, F. P. Caughman, W. H. Rumff.

"D" Company: 1st Sergeant, E. D. McCutcheon.

Sergeants, H. C. Crum, G. R. Jones, C. W. Wannamaker, J. J. Brown.

Corporals, W. C. Erwin, W. L. Easterling, H. C. Wilburn, W. N. Henderson.

"E" Company: 1st Sergeant, J. W. Hicklin.

Sergeants, J. M. Bryan, F. A. Connor, R. A. Reid, E. M. Kaminer.

Corporals, R. E. Blake, T. S. Allen, S. C. Blease, W. C. Camp.

"F" Company: 1st Sergeant, J. W. Keel.

Sergeants, R. A. Easterling, D. M. Fraser, S. L. Lebby, W. L. Stone.

Corporals, E. H. Wyman, E. H. Shuler, C. C. Johnson, G. W. Speer.

"G" Company: 1st Sergeant, H. Stevens.

Sergeants, C. W. Bush, P. W. Spencer, T. D. Eason, A. V. Bethea.

Corporals, T. P. Kennedy, A. G. Kennedy, R. B. DuPre, W. P. Gee.

"H" Company: 1st Sergeant, W. A. Latimer.

Sergeants, M. H. Banks, A. B. Taylor, M. A. Woods, W. A. Keenan.

Corporals, H. B. Ellis, C. L. Moore, J. S. Wessinger, B. B. Ezell.

By order of CAPT. CLAY.

E. R. McIVER,

Cadet Captain and Adjutant, Corps of Cadets.

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

P. H. Mell, President. P. H. E. Sloan, Sec'y and Treas.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

T. E. Stokes, Editor-in-Chief. L. G. Southard, Bus. Mgr.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

L. G. Southard, President. L. Boggs, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

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S. P. HARPER }
J. E. JOHNSON }

- - - - - EDITORS

The Commercial Progress of the South

Among the wonderful developments of the past quarter of a century, none has been more marvelous than the commercial progress of the South. Considered in general, its developments in all avenues of human activities has been coincident and parallel to the growth of the country at large. When, however, this great region is considered by itself, or in connection with individual sections of the United States, a basis of comparison is presented which

brings out with startling clearness and in unanswerable figures the rapidity and majesty of its unparalleled progress.

And what is the meaning of this great prosperity?

When we take into consideration the extent, variety, and value of her great agricultural products and resources, the mineral deposits and forest wealth, the advantages of climatic condition and geographical position, this question becomes easily answerable.

Of her great agricultural crops, take cotton alone. It is hardly too much to say that its cultivation and subsequent handling is the dominant industry of the world. Twice the world's total gold product for last year would have been required to purchase from Southern farmers their lint and seed; the capital of three-fourths of all the national banks would have been inadequate. Nor is there a plant with a career more marvelous, or more peculiarly interwoven into the history of our people. It was the influence of cotton that did most to bring us an alien race from the jungles of Africa, and then did most to perpetuate in this Southland of ours the institution of slavery, which cost us so dearly in life and property. It helped a vanquished people to their feet after they had fought a great war, and it is this great staple which promises to make "Dixie land the land of cotton," the centre round which the rest of the commercial world will some day revolve. It has been said: "The sun that shines on it is tempered by the prayers of all people. The shower that falls whispering on its leaves is heard round the world. The frost that chills it and the dew that descends from the stars, are noted, and the trespass of a little worm on its green leaf is more to England than the advance of the Russian army on her Asian posts." For the last five crops the South has received \$800,000,000 more than for the preceding five, and the market for cotton is continuing to increase, and ere many more years of this young yet eventful century have elapsed, we shall recognize the kingship for

cotton of which the "Old South" dreamed. Small wonder that Southern railroads report heavier increase in earnings than lines in other sections of the country. Small wonder that bank accounts have increased sixty per cent. more for the past decade than in other parts of the country.

In mineral wealth we are nothing lacking. It has been estimated that the profitable production of the coal fields of the South are more than four and one-half times that of Great Britain. The inexhaustible beds of phosphate that underlie large portions of South Carolina, Florida and Tennessee have proven to be more valuable than the gold mines of California or the diamond fields of South Africa, for not only have they enriched those that dug them from "Mother Earth," but also those that have returned them to the earth.

Great as has been her progress in the past, her possibilities for the future are still greater. Situated as we are, at the gateway of the Panama Canal, we are in a position which will some day enable us to command the commerce of the world. "By the capture of Constantinople in 1453, the Turks thrust themselves across the routes by which the silks and dye-woods, perfumes and precious stones of India and China were carried by caravans, through the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris and on the Mediterranean Sea, to the western nations, and Europe was compelled to seek an ocean route to Asia. This started Columbus across the Atlantic in 1492, and sent Vasco Da Gama in 1498, down along the coast of Africa, around the Cape of Good Hope, through the Indian Ocean, and into the Bay of Bengal. Da Gama's all ocean route killed Genoa, Pisa, Florence and Venice as trade centres, built up some of Portugal's ports, and ultimately made the fortune of Amsterdam and Antwerp. Columbus' discovery made the Spain of the days of Charles V. almost as powerful in commerce as Rome was in politics in the days of Cæsar and Trojan."

In a similar way, the Panama Canal will shift trade currents and build up new centres of empire. Its influences on the Gulf ports are already showing themselves. Senator Taliaferro, of Florida, has introduced a bill in Congress for an appropriation for a canal across the northern end of Florida, by which northern markets will be brought hundreds of miles nearer the Gulf ports. There has already been organized a steamship company with a capital stock of \$5,000,000, to build a line of swift, powerful passenger and freight steamers to trade by way of the canal between the Southern ports and the west coast of South America, Hawaii, the Philippines and Asia. Thus we will be brought into direct communication with the fertile grazing plains, the rich mining districts and the great forest areas of South America, and will be directly connected with that great flood of waters that sweep along the shores of distant lands and archipelagoes. It touches the fringes of Asia, the sand bars of Japan and China, and girdles the islands of a future Australasian empire. Other countries with a commercial eye on the destinies of the East, are more or less remote from the centre of their ambitions. The South has the advantage of geographical position, and from the standpoint of proximity and native enterprise, she has the supremacy of the Pacific in her reach, and I feel sure that as the horizon of the world's commerce rounds out in a larger circle, that the South will keep step with the drum-taps of destiny, and will be found in the vanguard of national progress.

D. H. HILL.

Walker's Victory

"Riverton, Riverton!" the conductor called out, as he passed through the car. The train soon came to a standstill, and a young man left his seat among his fellow-passengers and stepped off at the station.

This was away back in the '70's, and in the far West, so the few who lounged about the station were mostly ranchmen and cowboys. "The East" and "college" was plainly stamped all over him; so the onlookers regarded him curiously, and perhaps with some misgiving. This latter feeling was caused by his fresh, young appearance, and his wiry, athletic form, which, however, they did not recognize, as they were only used to seeing strength in heavier men.

It would be well to add that he had just graduated from a noted college in the East, and had come out to work on his uncle's ranch, and later to start one for himself. At last the young man, whose name was Walker, was found by his cousin, and they soon started for the ranch, which was about twenty miles away, and reached there after what were to Walker several exciting experiences. In the first place, he had been thrown from his broncho several times, and later, when it had become quite dark, they were followed for some distance by a pack of coyotes, which, of course, gave vent to all of their various and peculiar sounds. This somewhat unnerved Walker, but only amused his companion, who had become used to such things long before. "Coyotes won't hurt anything that won't run from them, while as to the bronchoes, you'll soon learn to ride them," he explained to Walker.

Although our friend was cheerful and pleasant, and well liked around his old home, yet it became doubtful how he would be received on the ranch. The story of his experience with the coyotes and bronchoes, which soon got out, together with the ignorance which he showed in the affairs of the ranch, soon caused them to set him down as a "tender-foot," and they eventually gave him the nickname of "The Kid."

"The Kid may be all right," said Red Saunders, one day, "but I'd rather let him alone."

And this at last came to be the conclusion of all the men of the Black Canyon section. Although this was due, more than anything else, to his being unused to the free and rough-and-ready ways of these Western men, yet the feeling did not lessen. Although Walker found much to interest him in the care and management of the stock, yet he became quite homesick and lonely as fall drew near.

About the first of September was also the time for the annual picnic, which was held near the head of the canyon, and for which great preparations were made every year. Everybody in the district attended this annual affair, the cowboys, of course, bringing the girls of their choice, while the principal feature of the occasion was a game of baseball between the cattle men of Black Canyon and the sheep raisers of the Silver Creek district. Although it may at first seem odd, yet these two communities took much interest in this game, and either of these teams might have given more than one college 'varsity pretty rough handling.

Everything passed off pleasantly enough during the forenoon. Horse racing and various other sports took up some of the time, though many of the younger men were more sentimentally inclined, and doubtless the sights which Walker had of happy couples interesting themselves in various ways, more than once served to recall visions of a certain blue-eyed girl "back home."

As time for the game drew near, it began to be rumored about, that Bill Solomon, the Black Canyon team's best pitcher, had not yet arrived, and later, consternation was created by word being received that he could not come. However, another pitcher was put in. Red Saunders, who was catcher, donned his mask, a special device of his own, and in which he took great pride, and the game began. But it soon became evident that the new pitcher could not "make good," and by the time they had reached the fourth inning, things began to look very bad for the Black Canyon boys,

while the other side felt sure of victory. At the next inning, he became entirely exhausted, and then Red Saunders' men gave up all hope, though they still kept up a cheerful front.

"Toss the ball to the Kid, and see what he can do with it," said Saunders, jestingly, and to his surprise, the "Kid" hurled it back with such force that, unprepared as he was, he failed to stop it.

"Say, where did you get that?" exclaimed Saunders.

"Oh, I used to pitch a little when I was at college," answered Walker, modestly.

Of course, our friend consented to take the pitcher's box, and then the game began in earnest. The other team was at the bat when the new pitcher took his place, and the way in which he sent the ball through, with such bewildering curves, simply dumbfounded them.

"Strike one! Strike two!" and "Out!" the umpire called at last, as the third ball was sent over the plate. The Black Canyon men yelled and shouted, of course, while the other side began to look worried. It was nearly the same with the other two men, and then again in the next inning. Then, in the last half of that same inning, while Saunders' men were at the bat, they had their greatest victory. As luck would have it, three men were already on bases when Walker came to the bat. He struck at the first ball and missed, and then, when the second came, "crack" went the bat, and—well, Walker had made a home run, and every one had nearly gone wild with excitement. They took new courage from this, played with all their might, and by the end of the inning had made three more scores. The end of the game soon came, with a great victory for Saunders' men, as the others were unable to stand Walker's curves. Then Walker was caught up on the shoulders of the men, given three rousing cheers, and made the hero of the occasion.

"See here, old man," said Pete, the first baseman, "we've left you out before this, but you aren't going to stay by yourself any longer."

And so it was, for there was no hunt, or gathering of any kind after this, but what he was always present, and he formed some strong friendships with the other men. Many a ball game has also been played, but the Black Canyon men have won most of the games since then. I might also add that our friend soon after started a ranch of his own, won the girl to whom his thoughts had turned that day, who now brightens his Western home, and that he is now one of the most respected men of the community. J. W. L., '08.

The Patriotism of the Southern People

History is echoing a message of inspiration to the world. At the mere mention of a country's name, there looms before the student of history a picture of its past painted in colors that outline its history with the skill of an artist, whether it be as inspiring as the glorious defense of Thermopylae or as awful as the barbarous customs of a savage race. If the scene be picturesque, it is made so by the glittering presence of a grand and glorious principle in colors of unfading splendor, without which none can excite more than deepest regret and overwhelming gloom. Indeed, it is the great fundamental principle underlying all achievements and the heroes' fame that make the past of every great nation a glorious spectacle. As an example of its purity, power and exalted results, I offer you the Southland, with its shafts of marble towering the sky in honor of her fallen heroes, and perpetuating the memory of the most sacred heritage the world has to offer—the patriotism of the Southern people.

Even were I not a Southerner, I should still consider the South the most illustrious example of honor and patriotism

the world has ever seen, and I challenge the history of the world for a better example of this virtue of snowy whiteness than that which is the heritage of the liberty-loving South.

Overshadowing the future of a newly-settled country, a narrow strip skirting the Atlantic coast from New England to the Carolinas, populated by two millions, amid nature's paradise of hill and dale, bedecked with primeval forest and the scenic peaks of the Appalachians, were the restraining fetters of an avaricious nation sapping the life-blood of their future happiness and dimming prosperity's brightest glare. These had to be broken. The South would help do it, for there had sprung up in every heart the spirit of loftiest patriotism which made them dread death not half so much as subjection to a tyrannic power. Patrick Henry echoed the sentiment of the South in his immortal words, "Give me liberty or give me death," and they became the watchword throughout the colonies, North and South. There was nothing to do but fight, and the little armies of America prepared to give battle to a nation whose armies were feared wherever her name was spoken.

Shut now the volume of history and tell me on any flight of the imagination what results befell less than half a million soldiers fighting the greatest military power in the world. Consider an army, half clothed, without ammunition, without food, leaving their bloody foot-prints on the frozen ground, and tell me if any survived a struggle of seven bitter years. Could they triumph in a struggle seemingly as hopeless as trying to quench the patriot's love? Yea, this small army, sustained and inspired by the chivalrous service performed by the brave and patriotic women, whose names should be written in letters of living light on our memories for all time to come, in seven years defeated Great Britain, subdued the Tories, and founded a country of liberty and justice, over which the "Stars and Stripes" might float eternally as the guardian of peace, prosperity and happiness.

In this struggle, the Southern armies fought with knightly valor; and under such leaders as Moultrie, Sumter and Marion, gained some of the most brilliant successes of the war. Without any intention of detracting from the honor of the other colonies, we can justly claim that history affords no parallel of the patriotic service of the men and women of the South, the soil of which became saturated with the blood of her soldiers, christening it the home of the patriot. Washington, the greatest general the world had ever seen, was a Southerner; and no brighter example of the patriot has ever adorned the pages of history. When he, the father of his country, was unanimously chosen President, a new nation was launched on the sea of time, whose influence was to be felt around the world. Happiness reigned supreme. Patriotism had triumphed, and the patriot began a most peaceful life, making new homes and laying a foundation for a posterity thoroughly imbued with the qualities of their ancestors.

But international strife had not ceased, and in less than a quarter of a century the horrible spectacle of war again appeared over this new country, and again her soldiers faced the armies of England, proud mistress of the seas. The South had no interest to guard in this war, save that of country, but the same principles that had actuated her in the past, were as potent as ever. The South fought with the same zeal and courage as in the war of the Revolution, and in three years, England had, for the second time, gone down in defeat before a little country, whose flag knows no surrender.

Hearing of Jackson's great victory at New Orleans, with an army composed of Southern men, Napoleon dispatched two messengers to the United States to ascertain the kind of guns these soldiers used. Upon learning that they used the old flint and steel lock, he remarked, "Oh, yes, I see how it

is. It was not the guns, but the men," and added, "if I had such soldiers as these, I could conquer the world."

The Southerner's love of country as a whole was second only to the love of his immediate home—the Southland. When the question of State's rights appeared in Congress, threatening to overthrow principles held sacred in the heart of every Southerner, a solid South flashed into existence spontaneously, and her rights were defended by the grandest statesmen that ever lifted voice in defense of their country. In the fiercest combat ever waged by statesmen in convention assembled, the South was represented by such men as Clay, Hayne, and one from the proud Palmetto State, who made a speech in Congress in defense of the South, that required five days for its delivery—the immortal John C. Calhoun. This struggle finally culminated in the horrible drama of war, which some have been pleased to say was caused by slavery. This I deny. Slavery may have helped to precipitate the war just at this time, but it had to come. As long as the South held her ante-bellum views of States' rights, and every Southerner was willing to die in defense of these rights, the war was inevitable. Only a spark was needed, and at the secession of South Carolina the war spread like a prairie fire, which was the climax of a struggle beginning thirty years before. The call for volunteers was responded to by the tramp of men who had donned the gray, from the turbulent waters of the Potomac to the sunny banks of the Rio Grande, and they made the bravest soldiers that ever marched to the strains of martial music. Sacrificing everything except their sacred honor, these men upheld the Cross of the South till her soil was again drenched in the blood of her fallen foe, mingled with that of her own heroes. In the war, one division alone, under the leadership of one whose name resounds with praise wherever history is read as a hero of the South, and of the world—the immortal Stonewall Jackson—accomplished enough to clothe with

honor the Stars and Bars and immortalize the tune of Dixie, which is to-day an inspiration to every one that loves the Stars and Stripes, whether he be from the victorious North or the land of the fallen Confederacy.

Jackson dashed like a thunderbolt to and fro across the Shenandoah, defeating, capturing and destroying troops and supplies so rapidly that consternation reigned alike in the ranks of the Union army and the capitol at Washington. "In three months," says Cook, "Jackson marched 600 miles, fought four pitched battles, seven minor engagements, and daily skirmishes, defeated four armies, captured seven pieces of artillery, 10,000 stands of arms, 4,000 prisoners and a vast amount of stores, inflicting upon his adversaries a known loss of 2,000 men, with a loss on his own part comparatively small, amounting in arms to one piece of artillery, abandoned for want of horses, and a small number of muskets."

The war closed upon a seemingly ruined South. Instead of the prosperous South of ante-bellum days, the eyes of the soldiers upon their homeward march, met only desolation and destruction. Then came a period of basest crime and robbery, the only deplorable period in the South's history, but, thanks to an ever kind Providence, its cruelties and horrors were not perpetrated by the sons of Dixie. Could men who had followed the Stars and Bars four years conquer difficulties as awful as the war itself? For, as Tom Dixon aptly says, "They had taken a four years' course in the university of hell." The wearers of the gray faced these conditions as bravely as they had fought for Southern rights and the carpet-bagger and the scallawag fell as by the force of a tremendous earthquake. A new South was formed that again did homage to the Stars and Stripes, and when they floated proudly and triumphantly above the hills at Santiago, the South had fought and helped to gain another victory for the Star Spangled Banner.

The South of ante-bellum days was no more, but every soldier had done his duty; and if our country is to stand the crisis which is sure to come, whether with the fury of storm or the shock of an earthquake, it will vindicate the South's belief that its foundation is laid in the principles for which the Confederacy fought and fell.

The South when met with difficulties has only to reflect upon an honored past for inspiration. The battle fields are the homes of her fallen patriots, whose silent messages, filled with purity, honor, and the courage of conviction, should be her guide in both prosperity and calamity. But the South's influence extends beyond her own boundary, for her patriotic service has won her fame and honor wherever the school bell chimes or the poet sings. And as the story shall be told and retold throughout the annals of time, let us hope that it will "keep glowing the flame of patriotism, cherish an admiration for deeds of valor, and make the heart of every one swell with pride at the thought that his ancestors were the followers of Jackson, Lee and Hampton;" that the South will be forever radiant with the purity and honor that filled the heart of the Confederate soldier when Dixie echoed the tidings of victory, and men fought under a banner of justice and right—the beloved Stars and Bars.

T. E. STOKES.

Should College Students Have a Part in College Government

That form of fundamental rules and principles by which a nation, a state, an institution of any character, or an individual, regulates and controls its social actions, and the enforcement of the same, is government. This definition may be applied to all classes of society, and to all actions, whether good or bad. Restricting it to an institution of learning, a college, we may well ask to whom should the task of governing fall? Should the students themselves

have a part in the government of the institution, or should it be left entirely in the hands of the President and faculty?

Viewing it from a negative standpoint, various reasons may be given why the opinions of the students should be disregarded in fixing the rules by which they are to be governed. It is argued that the average student, upon entering college, is not sufficiently informed to give an opinion as to what may be best for the entire student body, and that on account of this lack of knowledge, he should have no part in forming the rules of the institution.

It may also be said, in some institutions that the average student is too young to be entrusted with this important phase of college life. And others say that the students do not always have the best interests of the institution at heart; that often they may be too easily influenced against what may be for their betterment in the end, for something that is deceptive.

Another principle which may be applied here is that to be a trained leader, one must necessarily be a trained follower, and if the students are allowed too large a part in governing the institution, much of the real purpose of college training will not be accomplished. Some of those traits which are essential to a well-rounded character will remain dormant, and will have to be developed in after life.

Looking at the question from the affirmative side, one is inclined to feel that the more the students are entrusted with their own government, the better it is, not only for the student body, but for the institution as a whole. Student government tends to cause the student body to take more interest in the proper government of the institution. Each student is made to feel that to a limited extent he is individually responsible for the name and reputation of the institution. It appeals to his honor and better impulses to see that nothing is done which can reflect upon the student body.

Again, the students very early learn under what condi-

tions the most and best work can be accomplished. They are more or less in possession of facts of which those in authority are ignorant, and for this reason they should have a voice in all that pertains to them.

Probably the strongest reason for student government is that it develops independence of thought and action. So long as one is forced to do everything just as some one else may dictate, to that extent largely is he incapable of taking the initiative in any enterprise whatever. The same principle applies to college students. If they are not allowed to learn the fundamental laws of government, by helping to form the regulations under which they must live, then they will not be fitted for maintaining and improving the civil government in after life. We learn to do by doing, and it applies to the affairs of government as in other things.

With due consideration of both sides of the question, it appears that the best solution is for those in authority to impress upon the students the importance of good government, and then to leave the matter with them as far as can be done consistently.

A Revolutionary Reminiscence

Embedded in a grove of ancient live oaks in lower South Carolina, and surrounded by a luxuriant green sward that stretched for a hundred yards in every direction, stood a stately colonial mansion. Though the house itself showed no traces of the desolations of the war then in progress, yet its surroundings did. A few hundred yards to the rear of the mansion were the blackened ruins of the stables, which had been burned to the ground by a party of marauding Tories. Not far to the west of the ruins of the stables, was a heap of ashes, which marked the spot where the corn crib had once stood. The only animals in sight were a few shy chickens that fled on the approach of every one save

the mistress of the house and her daughter. The mistress of the house, Mrs. Mellichamp, was a fair type of those devoted women, who, taking their lives in their hands, went forth into the wilderness content to brave every danger for the love of liberty. Though of medium height and rather slender, she seemed to possess the endurance of an Indian. Her piercing black eyes, made darker by a beautiful mass of iron-gray hair, beamed steady upon the beholder and indicated the suppressed power within, and if her neighbors' veracity were to be trusted, she possessed a temper peculiarly her own. Woe to the unhappy person who came under her displeasure; for he was sure to receive all the punishment that a ready tongue and biting sarcasm could devise. Her daughter, Sally, was just the opposite in disposition to her mother. She was about seventeen years old, rather tall, with dark hair, and eyes to match, and was both graceful and jolly. Mr. Mellichamp had long since fallen into his proper place in the family, and was seen only when asked for; his wife ruled the whole establishment with iron hand and despotic sway.

On the evening of October the twelfth, 1779, any one watching the road that led from Fort Motte to Charleston, about two miles above the Mellichamp plantation, would have seen a youth of apparently fifteen years of age, though he was really eighteen, mounted on a superb black horse, slowly cantering down the road, and seemingly in high spirits, for he was whistling or humming to himself. No wonder that Nat Trevoir was in excellent spirits, for he had just delivered a dispatch from his father, Captain Trevoir, to another one of the partisan Whig leaders, Captain Hughes, and was returning to his father's camp. To crown all of this good fortune, the route by which he was returning led by the home of his sweetheart, Sally Mellichamp. Nat sat erect in his saddle, and Daisy, the mare, showed no signs that she had already traversed forty miles that day.

This animal was the envy of every Tory leader in the State, but owing to her fleetness, she had always escaped capture.

There was one Tory leader, Major Chainey, who, besides his desire to possess Daisy, also had a grudge against Captain Trevoir. Major Chainey constantly kept his spies on the lookout for Daisy, for by capturing her, he would own the fleetest horse in South Carolina, and at the same time pay off his old score against the Captain.

Nat was cantering along whistling and singing, little dreaming that Sam Wright, one of Chainey's scouts, was watching his every movement, from a clump of bushes near by. After Nat had passed, the Tory scout rode out from his hiding place and followed. He could have killed Nat from ambush, but was afraid of injuring the horse, and Major Chainey's orders had been positive that no harm should come to Daisy. Wright cautiously followed, and saw Nat secrete the mare in a thick clump of bushes, leaving her standing so she could be seen from Mrs. Mellichamp's house, but not from the road. After ascertaining where the horse was hidden, Wright thought it safest to return to the camp of his comrades, for Nat carried an old flint and steel pistol and was known to be a dead shot. Nat hastened to the house, and met Sally on the veranda. After exchanging a few civilities with Mrs. Mellichamp, Nat and Sally went for a walk.

They were returning to the house, about two hours later—Nat had almost forgotten that he owned a horse—when Sally exclaimed: "Look! they have gotten your horse!" Nat took in the situation at once. The Tories had not seen him yet, for they were listening to a tirade from Mrs. Mellichamp, who was angry with them "for disturbing a peaceful woman." Nat and Sally fled to the cover of the nearby undergrowth. They saw the Tories kill the few remaining chickens and make Mrs. Mellichamp cook them, while they, with lordly airs, betook themselves to the piazza. Major

Chainey had his saddle and holsters removed from his own steed and put on Daisy. He had realized his ambition; he now possessed the fleetest horse in the State, and was avenged on Captain Trevoir. He hitched Daisy directly in front of the door, so that he could watch her while he ate, for he would not risk losing such a prize.

While all this was going on, Nat and Sally had devised a plan for the recapture of Daisy. Nat was to stealthily crawl up as near as he dared to where the mare was hitched, while Sally was to slip in the back way, unseen, if possible, and help her mother to prepare supper for the Tories; then, while the Tories were eating, she would contrive in some way to shut the door. Then Nat would mount and away! Sally passed unseen into the kitchen and was soon busily engaged aiding her mother in the preparation of supper. Nat cautiously crawled up to within a few yards of the place where the horse was hitched, and crouched close to the ground, with an open knife in his hand in readiness to cut the reins when the door should be slammed.

Soon supper was served, and Major Chainey took the seat opposite the door, that he might watch Daisy while he ate. While eating, one of the men remarked: "I didn't see that girl when I came here, she might know where that little scamp is." Sally blushed crimson, but Major Chainey relieved the situation by saying, "Well, it's a small matter about him; he would be more trouble than he's worth. We got the mare all right." Sally, to hide her embarrassment, went over and sat in a chair near the door, and leaned it back against the wall. Bang! Bang! Horrors; she had miscalculated the distance to the wall and had fallen backwards, slamming the door as she fell. To add to the confusion, Major Chainey sprang up and ran to the door, but before he reached it, the sound of fleeing hoofs came back on the night air. He dared not fire for fear of injuring the mare; besides, the chance of effective shooting in the darkness was

slim indeed. His first words were: "The little scoundrel has gotten the horse back, and the holster with the silver-mounted pistols Lord Rawdon gave me." The Tories mounted and hastened in pursuit, but they never caught a glimpse of Nat nor the fleet-footed Daisy. On their return, the Tories bandied words with Mrs. Mellichamp, but were strikingly defeated in this encounter also. Then they turned away, but before going, Major Chainey, who had incidentally learned of the strong friendship existing between Nat and Sally, complimented her on her choice, and said that he was willing for her to have Nat restored to her after the struggle, but would endeavor to make Daisy his prize again.

T. E. KEITT, '06.

A Tribute to Southern Women

As we scan the pages of history, we see recorded there in letters of gold the names of the men who, with their valor or with their intellects, have added lustre to our country's fame. Poets have embalmed the stories of their deeds in undying song. Here and there over the country granite shafts and marble tablets testify a nation's appreciation of its heroic sons. Their portraits adorn the walls of our public buildings and homes. To honor the memory of distinguished men in all walks of life always has been and I believe always shall be a pleasant duty to the American people. This is a record of which we may well be proud; but let us look again at those pages of history. How many American heroines are mentioned there? Let us re-examine those poets' songs and the granite shafts, how many of them are dedicated to feminine heroism. A few poems have been dedicated to this cause, and a few peerless women who risked their lives in masculine adventure have been mentioned in history; but how few of our heroines have received any lasting tribute to their glory?

It is a notable fact that, only when woman has stepped out of her usual sphere and performed some daring feat of a masculine nature, has her heroism been widely recognized. For instance, we applaud the deeds of women like Dicey Langston, Emily Geiger, and Molly Pitcher, but forget that there were hundreds of women during the Revolution equally praiseworthy, who never rode a wild charger, nor stood by a dead husband and fired his gun at the advancing Redcoats. We forget that the women who stayed at home and toiled in the furrow and at the loom served their country as zealously as did the men who fell at Concord or at Yorktown. We forget that she who lived alone on the frontier midst the vengeful Tories and savage Indians was as brave and heroic as the son whom she had blessed and sent to the front. Many a woman has heroically sacrificed the youngest and most cherished son to her country, and the world has remembered his valor, but forgotten the bitter tears and the sacrifices of the mother who gave him. Many such sacrifices have been made by women of whom the world has never heard, for it is true that

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

We have not only been negligent in bestowing praise upon the heroism and genius of our women, but we have actually given praise due them to some one else. For nearly a hundred years we have been paying tribute to the memory of Eli Whitney, whom we say invented the cotton gin, while as a matter of fact, the idea of such a machine was born in the brain of a woman, and only perfected by Whitney. This and many similar instances make an indelible blot upon the proverbial fairness of Americans.

Heretofore we have been speaking of the lack of appreciation shown to the women who lived during the birth and infancy of our republic, when our men were possibly not as cultured and chivalrous as they have since claimed to be. For other instances, let us pass on to another and richer field of heroism. I refer to that dark period in our Southland's history, from '61 to '65, when every true able-bodied Southerner was at the front. We ourselves were not actors in that terrible tragedy, nor were we even living at that time, but we have heard from our fathers of the heroic devotion and sacrifices of the women of the Confederacy. We have heard of how they appeared upon every battlefield and in every hospital praying for the dead and cheering and ministering to the wounded. We have heard how they prayed and strove and toiled with their own hands that the Confederacy might live; and how after the war was over, they worked shoulder to shoulder with the men to build from the prostrate Confederacy the magnificent country and commonwealth which we now possess. We know that since the war these women, with their daughters, have reared many a handsome monument to Confederate valor, and that it is chiefly through their instrumentality that we have so many memorial services and Decoration Day exercises for the Confederate dead. Knowing all this, we stand by and admire these exercises and piously say that it is an inspiring spectacle to see

“Mourning beauty drop a tear
O'er dead valor's bier,”

forgetting all the while that we have had and still have heroic women, as well as heroic men, in the South. Where, then, is the boasted chivalry of American, of Southern, of South Carolina men, of us, who profess to worship at the shrine of beauty? Is the chivalry and fairness of Southern manhood dead or is it only asleep? I believe it is the latter.

Let us wake up, then, gentlemen, and if there be historians among us, let us charge our pens to leave a truthful and appreciative account of our heroines and their deeds. If there be poets among us, let us sing now in words and "in voices of surpassing beauty," the tribute of praise due to our heroines. If there be patriots among us, let us rise up like Southerners and erect throughout the Southland opposite every Confederate monument a shaft of lofty and enduring splendor, bearing this inscription, "Erected by the sons of the Confederacy to the peerless daughters of that sacred cause."

J. C. CLARK, '07.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

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All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief.

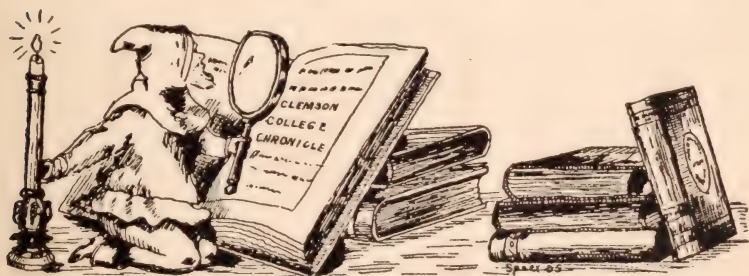
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EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

T. E. STOKES - - - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

The Cotton Situation

The present low price of cotton has caused great excitement in the ranks of the Southern Cotton Association. Whether the farmers, as a body, will hold their cotton for eleven cents is a question of great import to every one at present. The officials of the Association are being taxed to the utmost to devise some means which will cause and enable the farmers to hold their

cotton for the fixed price. The present low price comes as a great crash, for the Association is yet in its incipiency, and the Cotton States are not thoroughly organized, nor have adequate arrangements been made for enabling the needy farmer to hold his cotton. Favorable reports come, however, from all over the South as to the farmers holding their cotton, and it is to be hoped that they can stand firmly together till the price again rises. This is sure to come at an early date, for the latest government report is not necessarily very accurate, and is probably extremely incorrect. Then, too, the unexpectedness of such a report had a great deal to do with the rapid decline in the price, but soon conditions will become normal and the price will again advance. It may appear to some that the fixed price was made too high by the committee at Asheville for the first year of the organization, and that they do not care to sustain their action. True, the committee evidently blundered, but this is an improper attitude towards the Association, for it needs the united support of every farmer of the Southland, and the future results of the Association depend largely on the action of the farmers in this instance. It is not impossible to get eleven cents for the remainder of this year's crop, for the amount already marketed is not sufficient to warrant the present low price for a very long period. The merchants and bankers are giving their support, the officials of the Association are doing their part, so it remains to the members of the Association to demand a higher price. Then, when the Association has forced success out of the present gloomy situation, the farmers will have entered into a period of prosperity previously hindered by speculators and "grafters."

**The Old Stone
Church**

Professor R. N. Brackett is the collector and editor of a number of sketches and addresses bearing on the history of Old Stone Church and of the lives of many distinguished South Carolinians,

whose tombs were made in the adjoining cemetery. They are neatly compiled in book form, which is entitled "The Old Stone Church, Oconee County, South Carolina." This work is intended to serve a two-fold purpose: that "of preserving the history of Old Stone Church, and of stimulating the interest of South Carolinians, and possibly others, in the restoration and preservation of the church building and the improvement and perpetual care of the cemetery and grounds." The objects of this book are worthy ones indeed. The historic significance of Old Stone Church demands attention in establishing as complete a history as it is now possible to construct. In the absence of a continual record, this book serves the purpose admirably, containing, as it does, contributions from many whose authority on this matter cannot be questioned. Now the contents being of this historical nature, the reader will naturally be brought in sympathy with the movement of perpetuating an object about which so much valuable and interesting history centres. The Old Stone Church and Cemetery Association is an organization for the prosecution of this noble work, and the proceeds from this edition of "The Old Stone Church," which is limited to a thousand, will be expended in this way. Professor Brackett is managing the sale of this book, and copies may be secured by application to him.

**The General
Secretary of the
Y. M. C. A.**

The Y. M. C. A. bids fair to become a more prominent factor this year than ever before, in moulding college sentiment and spirit. The Association has engaged a General Secretary to direct the work, and it hopes to become a leader among Southern colleges in Association work. Clemson is the first college in the Carolinas to secure a Secretary, and this in itself is a great step in the right direction.

The coming of a Secretary to Clemson will result in untold benefit. He is boarding in the barracks, and is thus

thrown in daily, personal contact with the students. This will tend to purify the moral atmosphere, which is always more or less impure where large numbers are living in the same building. It will also be encouraging to those students who are striving to live a manly, Christian life. All forms of Christian activity, such as individual, daily Bible study, personal evangelical work, attendance upon religious meetings, will be greatly promoted. Not only will it be a benefit to each individual, but it will give tone and prominence to Christian work in general.

The social problem at Clemson in the past has been of great import, and the Association, through its Secretary, hopes to bring about a better social status.

Indirectly, the influence of the Secretary will be felt, not only in the college community, but all over the State. A greater number of students will go out from the college capable of taking a prominent, public part in all phases of Christian work. This is to be desired very much. Heretofore the enemies of Clemson have pointed to it is a godless institution. This can be said no longer. The coming of a Secretary to Clemson was brought about by the students themselves, and the faculty and the Trustees are in hearty sympathy and co-operation with the movement. Parents may rest assured hereafter that the religious welfare of their sons will not be neglected. Altogether this forward movement augurs great things for the college.

The Insurance Scandal

The numerous instances of crime and corruption now being disclosed in the legislative investigation of the big Insurance Companies afford splendid proof of the fact that men when placed in positions of power become infatuated and are stopped at nothing in the category of crime in prosecuting any plan that a scheming mind can devise. Now, that the officials of the various Insurance Companies now under

investigation have made themselves criminals is a self-evident fact, though some have offered dissenting opinions. Those holding these dissenting opinions base their belief, it seems, on the statements of certain of these officials that a Democratic success in the last and some few preceding presidential campaigns would have meant a big reduction in the value of the companies' investments, and the stockholders would have suffered accordingly. These officials, they declare, are the guardians or trustees of the companies' finances, and, therefore, have the right to employ any means available to protect the interests of the company. This no one denies, as long as their protective measures are exercised within the limit of legitimate business methods. This is a free country, however, and democratic in its very foundation, therefore, every one has a right to exercise his own opinion in every election. So when any official takes the money of others without their knowledge and consent, and contributes it for the purpose of influencing election results, a purpose absolutely foreign to their wishes and almost as vicious as the crime of taking the money, he out-steps all principles of honesty and places himself in the class of merciless thieves. Then this terrible corruption appears in another aspect, one that is, if such a thing is possible, even baser than the one just mentioned—the robbing of the savings bank of widows and orphans. These helpless creatures, expecting nothing but an honest administration of justice, get the work of a thief instead. There can be no condemnation too strong nor punishment too severe for any one guilty of such merciless crime. Now, any one sanctioning such crime is either a criminal or blinded by an overwhelming love of Republicanism. No honest, fair-minded person can conceive of the action of these officials being anything but theft, and any statement to the contrary is absurd.



J. H. McCLAIN }
C. E. JONES }

- - - - - EDITORS

The first magazine that comes to our desk is the *Trinity Archive*, and therefore, we feel necessarily bound to review it first. From the attractiveness of the cover and the amount of the contents, we judge that the *Archive* will be kept up to the high standard that was maintained last year. We pass over the eulogy on John Hay and the short poem, "The Awakening," to "A Twentieth Century Rubicon." This story is deserving of praise because of its originality, which is a departure from the usual run of stories of this character. Such stories, light and original, should be more sought after for the college magazine. With the exception of "Majorie," the poetry would be better fitted for some "Current Literature." Our space being limited, we overlook the lengthy "Trent Affair," and take up the editorials. We are somewhat surprised to find that all of the editorials of this high standard magazine are dealing exclusively in strictly local topics. At this time, when so many important and interesting problems confront the people, we think it strange that the editor so confines his discussions. We trust this will not continue. The "Literary Notes," a new feature in college journalism, serves as a medium through which the stu-

dents may keep in touch with the best of the latest literature, hence it well deserves its name.

The second magazine that we take up is the *Davidson College Magazine*, which comes to us under a neat cover and exceptionally full of matter for a first issue. Passing over the short introductory poem, "Life," we come to "North Carolina and Her Motto." It is always fitting and patriotic to praise and recount the glory of our native State, but in so doing, we should bear in mind that other States have glories that are as dear to them as ours are to us. The writer seems to be well versed in the history of his own State, but we suppose in his enthusiasm that he has overlooked deeds wrought by the two States he takes as especial examples, for we are sure that as far as South Carolina is concerned, she could well adopt his quoted motto, "To be rather than to seem." We do not agree with the writer of "Passing" in his suggested move to discontinue the reunions of our old soldiers. It is true that the ranks are gradually being thinned, but this living over again their experiences in the sixties should not be denied them. Their doings were too noble to be so easily forgotten. Poetry is always an important factor in any college magazine, and we are glad to notice the large amount that this first issue contains.

The exchanges have been slow in reaching us, but we hope that our usual number, with as many new ones as possible, will be on hand before the next issue. We beg to acknowledge receipt of *The Blue and White* and the *Gamilacad*.



LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

E. H. JONES

W. O. PRATT

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EDITORS

The boys are taking a great deal of interest in our prospective trip to the South Carolina State Fair at Columbia. They are drilling hard and working faithfully to make a fine military display, and rapid progress is being made. The recruits are being worked hard, that they may acquire the necessary tactical training before the trip.

Col. C. D. Clay went to Columbia last week to make arrangements for the corps, and besides selecting a very desirable camping ground, had the good fortune to make arrangements with Adjutant General Frost, of the State militia, for the entire camping outfit used by the State troops while on encampment in Columbia this summer. Mr. Schilleter, our steward, also went to Columbia, and states

that he has made very satisfactory arrangements about the cuisine for the corps.

Altogether, the prospects for a fine time in Columbia are very promising, and the boys are much pleased with them.

Mr. Herndon, of Yorkville, is now in charge of the Cadet Band, and if we may judge of the results of his control by his success with other bands, the boys will have plenty of good music, and that of their own furnishing. Mr. Herndon is well known all over the State as a band master, and has quite a fine reputation as a quick, efficient director. We are very fortunate, indeed, to have secured the services of so competent a man.

The entertainment given for the benefit of The Annual of 1906 was quite a success. Prof. Josef Hagstrom has one of the sweetest voices ever heard at Clemson, and he delighted his large audience. Miss Emma Clinton, the teacher of elocution at Chicora College, captivated the cadets, and others as well, with her delightful reading and pantomiming. Miss Eleanor Gourdine sang several solos and, though she is yet a student, her selections were excellent. The work of Prof. John Williams, of Greenville, as accompanist, was unusually fine. A neat sum was realized for The Annual.

The Annual has a strong staff of editors, as follows: T. E. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief; L. G. Southard, Business Manager; W. R. Smith, Assistant Business Manager; A. R. McAliley, Assistant Business Manager; Literary Editors, T. F. Barton, F. Auld, J. A. Gelzer, T. E. Stokes, W. P. White, D. H. Hill, J. H. McClain, L. R. Hoyt, C. A. Granger and A. G. Ellison; Art Department, J. Klink, Chief; S. L. Johnson, F. R. Sweeney, F. B. McLaurin, J. C. Boesch, C. Coles and W. J. Latimer; Junior Class Editors, L. Boggs, C. T. Pottenger. With this staff, we expect to have out the best Annual in the history of the college. Work is progressing rapidly,

quite a great deal of very desirable matter having been collected.

Rev. W. J. Junkin has been visiting on the campus during the past week as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. R. N. Brackett.

Mr. G. A. Barksdale, of Greenwood, spent several days on the campus recently.

Ross Brown, formerly of Clemson, '06, stopped over several days, while on his way to Mississippi.

On Wednesday afternoon, September 27, Mrs. L. A. Klein entertained the Ladies' Thursday Club in honor of her mother, Mrs. Ben Harris, of Fort Worth, Tex. Nearly all of the ladies of the hill were present. Refreshments were served and a most delightful afternoon was spent. Mr. and Mrs. Harris left the next day for their home in Texas.

Rat (at exchange): "Please give me a nickel's worth of exclamation points (explanation blanks)."

Barksdale, R.: "Paris green would make a white mark on some of our rats."

Dr. Chas. L. Doggett, the newly-elected director of the textile department, is here. Dr. Doggett comes not only with unusually strong testimonials, but with years of valuable experience. He graduated at Oberlin College, and then studied for several years in the leading schools and Universities of Germany, France, and England. He has taught in the Massachusetts School of Technology and in other leading schools. Besides this, he has had much practical experience in the chief chemical manufacturing plants, both in this country and abroad. He has also had valuable theoretical and practical training in weaving, designing and manufacturing cloth of various kinds.

Miss Aileen Sparks has left for Birmingham, Ala., and Mrs. Milton Mallory for Savannah, Ga., after a visit of some weeks to their sister, Mrs. James N. Harper.

"Snipe" Cherry informs us that the Legislature of South Carolina is composed of Congress and the House of Representatives. And when corrected, he said that he wasn't supposed to keep up with what happened in Washington.

Jacobs, when at Seneca to see the Barlow Minstrels, wanted to know if that "blooming" picture on the curtain was what they had come way up there to see.

Mrs. Charles E. Chambliss and sons have returned from Knoxville, where they have been spending the summer.

The Clemson College German Club has been reorganized, and will give the usual number of dances from time to time during the year. The officers for the present year are: J. A. Gelzer, President; D. H. Hill, Vice-President; E. M. Kaminer, Secretary and Treasurer.

On Friday night, September 29, the Clemson College German Club gave a dance in the agricultural hall. The attendance was not large, but the dance was one of the most pleasant ever given by the club. The following young ladies were present: Misses Eoline Richardson, of Greenville; Fleeta Steele, of Rock Hill; Hattie Hayne, of Greenville; Mittie Hayne, of Greenville; Alice Maxwell, of Anderson; Lila Stribling, of Pendleton; Misses Stribling, Maude Douthit, Gantt, Sue Sloan, of Pendleton; Sinclair, of Charleston; Ella Reid, of Walhalla; Sue Crawford, of Pendleton. Chaperones, Mesdames Lee, Lewis and Sloan. The Clemson College String Band furnished the music.

Mr. W. D. Weatherford has been delivering a series of addresses before the student body. Mr. Weatherford is the

student secretary for the Southern colleges and universities, and has addressed more college men than any other man in the South. He is an eloquent speaker, and always draws a crowd at Clemson.

Mrs. J. H. M. Beaty has been spending a few days with Mrs. Mell. Her many friends were glad to welcome her back at Clemson.

Miss Alice Maxwell, of Anderson, is the charming guest of her cousin, Miss Sue Sloan.

Chauncey Williams, a popular member of the class of '03, was seen on the campus a few days ago.

Mr. F. E. Taylor, of Macon, Ga., and formerly a student of Clemson, was recently a visitor at the home of his father, Mr. G. E. Taylor.

Professor M.: "What is the Hellespont, Mr. Folk?"
Folk: "A bridge built by Xerxes."

Latimer: "Rat, want to buy a jersey?"
Rat R.: "What is it, a heifer?"

Mr. William Houston will spend the winter at Clemson with his mother. Mr. Houston has studied music in Germany, and will be a welcome addition to the musical circle on the hill.

Prue Norris, '03, Clarence Norton, '04, Charlie Ballinger and L. P. Slattery, '05, have been recent visitors on the campus.

Rat McWhorter: "Why does the Adjutant always end up an order by saying 'Rats' (rest)?"

Prof. F.: "Mr. Britt, what is a Mussulman?"
"Foots." "Some kind of a sea fowl."

Mrs. Stamps is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Parker.

Rube Moorman, formerly a student of this college, was on the campus, visiting friends.

First rat: "Don't we have some queer customs here?"

Second rat: "Sure; why the other night I woke up with the bed lying on top of me, instead of me on top of it."

Miss Lucy Evans has gone to Greenville to enter Chicora College.

W. H. Newell, '01, has returned to college, and is taking a post-graduate course in civil engineering.

Rat Jordan (to doctor): "I'd like to get excused from military drill."

The Ladies' Missionary Union of the Presbyterian Church of South Carolina, met at Clemson, on the 21st and 22d of September, and was well attended. Mrs. Mell gave the visiting members a most delightful reception during their stay on the hill.

A good number of cadets went over to Seneca to see the Barlow Minstrels, and all say that they had a fine time.

The Fort Hill Academy has been opened under the charge of Miss Connor, of Orangeburg.

B. H. Martin, of Clemson, '06, now of Citadel, '07, spent several days in barracks, visiting friends.

In recent meetings the different classes elected the following officers for the ensuing year:

SENIOR.

L. R. Hoyt	President
O. L. Derrick	Vice-President

D. G. Adams	Secretary and Treasurer
L. G. Southard	Lawyer
J. E. Johnson	Chaplain
J. H. McClain	Poet

JUNIOR.

F. M. Furtick	President
H. P. Likes	Vice-President
W. L. Schachte	Secretary and Treasurer
L. Boggs	Historian
E. A. Crawford	Chaplain
E. B. Plenge	Poet
W. B. Aull	Lawyer
W. P. Sloan	Prophet
J. M. Smith	Sergeant-at-Arms

SOPHOMORE.

C. A. McLendon	President
J. W. Lewis	Vice-President
J. E. Lunn	Secretary and Treasurer
W. W. Kirk	Historian
D. L. Tindal	Poet
W. H. Rumff	Chaplain
S. C. Blease	Sergeant-at-Arms

FRESHMEN.

J. Wylie	President
M. Tyler	Vice-President
L. B. Brandon	Treasurer
B. Wolf	Lawyer
D. W. Watkin	Poet
H. K. Sanders	Historian

The Clemson College Science Club held its fifty-sixth regular meeting, and the first meeting of the year, in the lecture room of the electrical laboratory, Friday evening, September 22d. Dr. Mell discussed problems of the summer school. His talk brought out a great deal of discussion. Prof. Howard gave an interesting talk of the great machine shops of Cincinnati. Dr. Metcalf talked upon his summer work in the rice swamps. He showed specimens of the rice stalk that had been attacked by the disease, and gave many interesting facts as to its nature, and the method by which the disease is carried from one plant to another. Prof. Chambliss also spent the summer in the rice swamps. He found the number of rice-injuring insects to be twenty-one, instead of eight. He also found one species which is undoubtedly new.

Dr. Calhoun spoke of his work in the West this summer, dwelling especially upon the collections which he had made for the museum. A number of specimens illustrating various groups of minerals and rocks were exhibited.

After the meeting, a business meeting was held for the purpose of admitting new members and installing new officers to take the places made vacant by those who have left since last session.

The Constitution of the Clemson College Alumni Association

ARTICLE I.

TITLE AND MEETINGS.

SECTION 1. This Association shall be known as the Clemson College Alumni Association.

SEC. 2. The regular meeting shall be at Commencement each year, and there shall be not less than *two* sessions—one before the class of the year is graduated, and one after it is graduated. The first session shall be on "Alumni night" of the Commencement programme, and the other on the afternoon of graduation day, unless otherwise ordered by the President.

SEC. 3. The President may call special meetings whenever he may deem it expedient.

SEC. 4. All meetings shall be held at Clemson College, except in some case of emergency, when the President may direct otherwise.

ARTICLE II.

MEMBERS AND THEIR DUTIES.

SECTION 1. There shall be two classes of members—Full and Associate. Full members shall be graduates of the college holding diplomas, and having been duly elected to membership in the Association.

Associate members shall be those who have completed the Junior Class, and have left the college in good standing; and those who have completed a special course approved by the college, but have not received a diploma. But such eligibles must be duly elected to membership in the Association: *Provided*, That all graduates previous to the class of 1905, shall, upon payment of dues for 1904 and 1905, be considered full members.

SEC. 2. Only full members may hold office; but associate members may vote, and are entitled to all printed matter sent out by the Association.

SEC. 3. The duties of members shall be of three kinds—towards the individual member, towards the Association, and towards the college.

Towards the individual member—to aid, console, relieve, counsel, and to avoid any acts that might injure him in person, character, purse or feelings.

Towards the Association—to obey its Constitution, laws, regulations, in letter and in spirit, and to uphold its interests, and to extend its honor and usefulness.

Towards the College—to do all in his power as an individual and as a member of the Association to uphold its name and standing, and to encourage every person and enterprise making for its usefulness and advancement.

SEC. 4. Applicants for membership must petition in person or by letter, and upon being received as members, must sign the Constitution in a record furnished by the Secretary.

ARTICLE III.

OFFICERS—THEIR ELECTION AND DUTIES.

SECTION 1. The officers shall be a Board of Directors, a President, three Vice-Presidents, a Secretary, a Treasurer and a Sergeant-at-Arms.

SEC. 2. These officers, except the Board of Directors and the Sergeant-at-Arms, shall be elected by ballot (see Sec. 6), at the first session of the Commencement meeting each year, and the candidate having the greatest number of votes shall be declared elected.

SEC. 3. Each officer duly elected and installed shall hold office until his successor shall have been duly elected and installed; and no officer so elected and installed may resign during his term.

SEC. 4. In case of the death of an officer, or temporary inability to serve, through absence or otherwise, the next in order shall assume the duties of said office.

SEC. 5. The installation of officers shall take place at the session of the Commencement meeting following the graduation exercises.

SEC. 6. Balloting. Only full and associate member in good standing, with dues paid up to date, may vote at an election, and the Secretary shall not mail blanks to, or count the votes of, any other members.

The voting for President and Vice-President shall be done by correspondence, the Board of Directors mailing, through the Secretary, a list of nominations of five or more candidates (including the present officers), accompanied by an addressed envelope for the return of the ballot. The Secretary shall send to members said nominations at least thirty days before the election is to be declared, and members shall return their ballots in time for such election.

These ballots shall be held unopened until the first session of the regular Commencement meetings, when three tellers appointed by the Chair shall open, count and declare the votes. In case of dispute or disagreement of said tellers, the Board of Directors shall have power of final decision. The Secretary may use an envelope of special color for the return of ballots, in order that he may recognize them as ballots without opening them.

SEC. 7. Board of Directors. This body shall consist of three full members in good standing, who shall put in nomination the candidates to be sent out by the Secretary to members (see Balloting); and shall have final power of decision on all disputes, trials, etc., referred to it.

SEC. 8. The President. The President shall be a member in good standing, and shall preside over all meetings when present, and shall notify the Secretary when he cannot be present. He shall have oversight over all other officers, and

shall claim of them any services in the furtherance of the work of the Association. He shall see that the property of the Association is preserved, appoint the Board of Directors, all committees and fill all vacancies with *pro tem.* appointments. He shall call special meetings when necessary or expedient, install his successor in office, administer the oath of office to all other officers, give the deciding vote in case of a tie, decide all questions of order, and perform such other duties as naturally fall to a presiding officer.

SEC. 9. The Vice-Presidents shall be full members in good standing, and shall perform such duties as may be assigned to them by the Chair, and preside in their respective order when their superior officer or officers are absent.

SEC. 10. The Secretary shall be a member in good standing. His duties shall be to record and preserve all proceedings of the body, conduct all correspondence, keep a list of members, and present to the Association at its regular meetings, records of transactions, etc.

Immediately after each regular annual meeting, he shall have printed the minutes, and mail them to all members, together with blanks for change of address, information concerning members, etc. He shall file for preservation, and keep in a safe place, all records and all documents of every character received by him, and shall not release them except upon the order of the Association; and he shall deliver promptly to his successor all records and other property of the Association in his possession.

SEC. 11. The Treasurer shall be a member in good standing, and his duties shall be to collect, and keep an accurate account of, all moneys of the Association; to disburse them only upon the order of the Association; and to render an annual report of the finances during the year. He shall keep as a part of his record for vouchers all bills paid by him, and all receipts for moneys expended, and shall be responsible to the Association for the finances entrusted to his care.

SEC. 12. The Sergeant-at-Arms shall be a full member in good standing, and shall be responsible for the order of the members during the sittings of the body, and shall be Door-keeper.

SEC. 13. The Board of Directors and Sergeant-at-Arms shall be appointed by the President at the first session of the annual meeting; the President and the Vice-Presidents shall be voted for by correspondence as herein provided, and the Secretary and the Treasurer shall be elected by balloting at the first session of the annual meetings.

SEC. 14. All duly elected officers shall be administered the following oath of office by the President before assuming their duties: "Do you solemnly promise to perform faithfully the duties of your office to the best of your ability?"

ARTICLE IV.

FINANCES, FEES, ETC.

The annual dues of members shall be \$1, payable in advance. The non-payment of dues is hereby declared an offence (unless the member is pecuniarily unable and is excused by the Association from so doing), and members who are guilty of such offence are suspended and declared not in good standing. Refusal to pay dues for three years in succession shall be cause for dismissal from the Association, and any member so suspended or dismissed may be reinstated only by paying up all back dues.

ARTICLE V.

COMMITTEES.

SEC. 1. There shall be a standing committee of five, known as the Finance Committee, consisting of the Board of Directors, the President and the Treasurer, who shall have general supervision of the finances, the expenditure of moneys, the examination of the Treasurer's books, etc.

SEC. 2. There shall be a standing committee of three known as the Entertainment Committee, whose duties shall be to see after the Alumni part of the Commencement programmes, the entertainment of the Alumni Orator, and such other matters as naturally fall to its care.

SEC. 3. Special committees may be appointed at the discretion of the Association for the transaction of such special matters as may be directed.

ARTICLE VI.

RULES OF ORDER.

SEC. 1. The ordinary parliamentary rules of order shall be practiced in the transaction of all matters in meetings of the Association.

SEC. 2. The following shall be the order of business of the Association:

1. Call to order by the President.
2. Reading and adoption of minutes of last regular meeting and any special meetings.
3. Election of officers.
4. Installation of officers.
5. Reports of committees and officers.
6. Petitions for, and elections to, membership.
7. Unfinished business.
8. Any business for the good of the Association.
9. Adjournment.

ARTICLE VII.

AMENDMENTS.

SEC. 1. This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote at any regular meeting of the Association.

D. H. HENRY.

I. M. MAULDIN,

A. B. BRYAN.

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

P. H. Mell, President. P. H. E. Sloan, Sec'y and Treas.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

T. E. Stokes, Editor-in-Chief. L. G. Southard, Bus. Mgr.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

L. G. Southard, President. L. Boggs, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

J. E. Johnson, President. J. W. McLendon, Secretary.

PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

E. H. Jones, President. S. R. Perrin, Secretary.

THE CLEMSON COLLEGE ANNUAL OF 1906.

T. E. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief. L. G. Southard, Bus. Mgr.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

H. Houston, Superintendent. J. E. Johnson, Secretary.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. E. Johnson, President. E. A. Crawford, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENCE CLUB.

P. T. Brodie, President. F. H. H. Calhoun, Secretary.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President. J. W. Gantt, Secretary.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

O. L. Derrick, Capt. Team '05-06. C. Coles, Mgr.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CLUB.

W. M. Riggs, President.

GERMAN CLUB.

J. A. Gelzer, President. E. M. Kaminer, Secretary.

BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.

E. H. Jones, Manager. A. G. Ellison, Captain.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

D. H. Henry, President. A. B. Bryan, Secretary.
Clemson College, S. C. Clemson College, S. C.

CADET EXCHANGE

CLEMSON COLLEGE

SOUTH CAROLINA

Book Bargains

Thompson's Dynamo-Electric Machinery, \$2.50.

Churches' Mechanics of Engineering, \$4.50.

Carhart's Field Book for Civil Engineers, Cotton Mill Processes and Calculations by Tompkins, Kinealy's Steam Engines and Boilers, Power and Power Transmission by Kerr, Agricultural Bacteriology by Coun, at 40 per cent. discount from list.

Chamois Skin for drawing instruments, 10c.

Brushes, Combs, Shaving Brushes, Tooth Picks, &c.

Waterman's Fountain Pens, also Parker's Lucky Curve, Century, Wirts, Remex and Dispatch. Special price on these.

Prophylactic Tooth Brush, 25c.

Carter's, Sanford's, Stafford's, Arnold's inks and writing fluids.

All the good pencils, black, red, blue, green, orange, etc. Paste, Mucilage, Blotters, Paper, Envelopes, Box Paper, etc.

Higgins' drawing ink, all colors; Higgins' engrossing ink, Higgins' eternal ink, ink wells, drawing instruments and supplies, cross section paper, textile design paper, water colors, etc.

Pears Soap, 10c.; Bon Ami, 10c.; Hand Sapolio, 10c.; Packêr's Tar, 15c.; Turkish Bath, 5c.; Fairbanks' Tar, 5c.; Ivory, 5c.; Williams' Shaving, 5c.; Lana Oil Soap, 10c.; Metzoap, best of all, 5c.

Putz Pomade and Cosmic Oil for rifles and brasses.

Yellow Manilla pads, 1c., 2½c., 5c.

Tan Shoe Polish, 5c. Paste Blackings, 1c.

CADET EXCHANGE

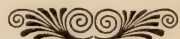
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CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C.

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in South Carolina





The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

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Literary Department

S. P. HARPER

Editors:

J. C. CLARK

The Spirit of Chivalry.

The spirit of Chivalry had its beginning with the early Teutonic tribes, who twenty-five centuries ago pushed westward from the shores of Asia and settled in the forests of Europe. It was in Europe that the plant found its most congenial soil; it was among the Teutons that it found the atmosphere most fitted for its perfect development. There it blossomed into the beautiful and brilliant flower of Knighthood, which flower in time became the rich fruit of perfect maturity—a fruit disseminated among the nations, possessed of peculiar powers, and exerting a subtle influence on the customs, the manners, the morals; on the progress and on the destiny of the human race.

The three great characteristics of the Teutons were their capacity for civilization, their love of liberty, and their chivalrous sentiment. It was the first two of these characteristics which made it possible for the Teutonic branch of civilization to triumph over the classic; it was the third characteristic that contributed largely to their ability to maintain this triumph throughout the centuries. We find this

sentiment, this spirit of chivalry, struggling for mastery among all the Teutonic peoples; we find it broadening and deepening in the breast of the fierce Saxon, groping among the fogs of Britain; in the breast of the barbarian Goth, wandering among the forests of Germany; in the breast of the warlike Frank, roving the plains of Gaul.

In the early legends of Britain we have an example of a man noted for his chivalry—that of King Arthur—wielding the sword, the famous Excalibur, that none other than he could wield; fighting and winning the battles that none other than he could win; living in regal splendor at his court in Wales, surrounded by hundreds of beautiful women, and brave knights, who swore—

“To reverence the King as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,
To break the Heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if it were his God’s,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for, indeed, I know
Of no more subtle master under Heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid;
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But to teach high thoughts and amiable words,
And courtliness and desire of fame,
And love of truth and all that makes a man.”

From the half legendary, half real characters of Arthur and his knights, we pass to Alfred the Great, one of the noblest spirits that the world has known—the man who lifted his country from the dismal mire of defeat to the high ground of victory; the man who lifted her out of the pit of

Ignorance to the plane of Knowledge; the man who lifted her out of the darkness of heathenism into the light of Christianity; the man who combined with his rare gifts as soldier, statesman and patriot, those rarer gifts of saint and scholar.

In the early history of Germany we have no striking example of chivalry, but the poem *Parsival* shows us that the early Germans had the same idea of knighthood so characteristic of the time. Turning from Germany to France, we meet the great Charlemagne, "the colossal figure of the Middle Ages," who, with his renowned Paladins, conducts fifty-two military campaigns, is crowned with the famous old Iron Crown of the Lombards, crosses the Pyrenees and conquers the Saracens in Spain, and after thirty years of war subdues the pagan Saxons across the Rhine. To all these countries Charlemagne carries the learning, the laws, and the Christianity of his court, and "lays the foundation of all that is noble and beautiful, and useful in the history of the Middle Ages." As the deeds of Arthur and his knights of the Table Round have been preserved to us in the legends of early Britain; as the ideals of the old Germans have been preserved to us in the poem *Parsival*; as the valor of the old Castilian heroes has been preserved to us in the poems of the *Cid*; so have the deeds of Charlemagne and his paladins, Roland and Oliver, been preserved to us in the songs of the *Trouveres*, those sweet singers of northern France.

With the passing of Alfred the Great, with the passing of Charlemagne, ends the first period in the history of the Spirit of Chivalry—the period of preparation. We are now to see these centuries of preparation end in the establishment of the institution of Knighthood, the institution of Chivalry, the institution which controlled the moral and social character of the people during the time in which it flourished.

The order of Knighthood was one to which every youth of that time aspired; and as there is "no royal way to know-

ledge," so there was no royal way to Knighthood. The youth with dynasties of kings for his ancestors had to go through the long years of preparation; had to endure those fourteen years of service; had to pass the stages of page and squire, before he could "the order of the knights attain," then in his twenty-first year, amid imposing ceremonies, the coveted honor of Knighthood was bestowed. The youth was placed in a bath, symbolical of purification; clothed in a white tunic, the symbol of purity; a red robe, signifying the blood he must shed in upholding the faith; and a black coat, a reminder of the death that awaits all men. Then he fasted for twenty-four hours, spent a night in prayer, confessed all his sins, took the communion and attended Mass. At last, in the presence of lords and ladies assembled, a knight advanced, gave him three blows with the flat of a sword, and said, "In the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee Knight." In these old knights of the Middle Ages we find many noble traits; we find them always ready to shield women and protect the weak and oppressed; yet in battle they never gave up the fight until the flag of surrender was hoisted—whether it was the white flag, the symbol of surrender in war; or the red flag, the vermillion blush on the maiden's cheek, the token of surrender in love.

Out of this order of Knighthood, out of the institution of Chivalry, there developed the Crusades,—the great Holy Wars. It was the spirit of chivalry, the sentiment of protection of the weak and oppressed, the belief in Christian duty, that lead to the marshalling of the mightiest armies that Europe has ever seen. It was this spirit of chivalry that inspired the fiery eloquence of Peter the Hermit, an eloquence that aroused all Europe, from the Mediterranean to the Baltic; it was this spirit of chivalry which moved Godfrey, Duke of Loaraine, and Tancred, "the mirror of knight-hood," to lead the First Crusade; it was this same sentiment that inspired the preaching of St. Bernard, a preaching that

found its response in the Second Crusade; and again, it was this sentiment that made it possible for the armies of Europe and those of England to be "gathered together, swept together, riven together, welded together" into one single, mighty mass—the Third Crusade. The great army, with its great leaders, Richard, Coeur de Leon of England, Philip Augustus of France, and Frederick Barbarossa of Germany; the army which was to rescue the Christian from the persecution of the Mussulman, which was to rescue the Holy City from the desecration of the Saracen, which was to rescue the tomb of the Saviour from the profanation of the Mohammedan. After the Third Crusade there were four others, all of which failed; thus the great crusades, the Holy Wars which had stirred Europe for two centuries, ended—ended with a loss of millions in treasure, ended with the loss of the flower of Europe's knighthood—ended in failure. Although the crusades failed to accomplish the object of their mission, they accomplished something greater in the improvement of the social and political status of Europe, in the advancement of commerce and navigation, in the diffusion of knowledge, and in their ennobling influence on the character of the people.

With the close of the crusades there ends the second period in the history of the spirit of Chivalry, the period during which Chivalry as an institution flourished. We are now to see the institution of Chivalry decline and decay; but from these ruins there is to rise the spirit of Chivalry; it is to rise purified and strengthened, and is to live on through the succeeding centuries.

After the crusades the spirit is most prominent in France—in France, "the cradle of Chivalry." It was the respect, the admiration, the reverence for woman, pulsing in the hearts of the chivalrous French, that made it possible for Joan of Arc to lead the French armies to victory. It was these characteristics which inspired the faith and cou-

rage with which they followed this pure, beautiful and dauntless peasant maid to the raising of the siege of Orleans and to the coronation of the Dauphin at Rheims.

About a century after Joan of Arc, "the Maid of Orleans," had been executed by the English as a witch, France produced the famous Chevalier Bayard, "the knight without fear, and without reproach." The knight who was a worthy son of worthy sire and grand-sire; the knight who alone was deemed worthy to bestow the honors of knighthood on the King of France; the knight who, unaided, held the bridge against the whole Spanish army, as "Horatius held the bridge in the brave days of old;" the knight who was the model of all that is most noble, most virtuous, most chivalrous in man; the knight who met a fitting death battling for his country.

"For how can man die better than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers and the temples of his Gods."

This spirit of Chivalry continues to hold a prominent place in the French character, and when the colonies, during the Revolution, were in the depths of despair, struggling against hopeless odds, it was the warm-hearted, chivalrous France that answered their appeal for help, and sent her money, her troops and her ships to the aid of the suffering colonies.

From France the South seems to have caught this spirit of Chivalry, and in the South it probably reached its greatest perfection, for it seems to have come from the very hearts of the Southern people. We find it in all the walks, and throughout all the gradations of life; we find it in our rulers and in our statesmen; we find it in our farmers and Southern gentlemen; we find it in our merchants and mechanics; we find it in our slaves—the black slaves who did their master's bidding. This was not the chivalry of King Arthur, the chivalry of semi-barbarism; this was not the chivalry of the Middle Ages, the chivalry with a false ideal.

This was the chivalry that sprang from the heart, from the very soul of man, whether ruler or slave. Chivalry was so universal in the South, and examples are so numerous, space forbids that we mention them here; they must be left for a more gifted pen to describe, for a more eloquent tongue to praise.

We have now touched briefly on the spirit of Chivalry as evinced in different countries, throughout many centuries; the spirit which has influenced man to elevate woman from the plane of slavery to that of companionship, and to make her his queen rather than his toy, the spirit to which we are indebted for the home as we know it to-day; the home that is the greatest institution of our civilization—the home that is:

“Not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded,
The home where affection calls,
Filled with the shrines the heart has builded.”

This is the spirit which Burke calls, “That generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination which kept alive even in servitude itself the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise * * *. That sincerity of principle, that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.”

We are “the heirs of all the ages,” and this spirit of Chivalry handed down to us in song and story, in tradition and in history—from the time of King Arthur and his Knights of the Table Round; from the time of Knighthood and the Crusades; from the time of Chevalier Bayard; and from the time our forefathers of the old South—this

spirit is, indeed, a rich inheritance. Are we of the present generation, are we in whom the future hopes of the South are centered, are we who are blossoming into young manhood—into a manhood which we hope to make an honor to our home, our college, our State and our nation—are we to prove ourselves unworthy of this precious heritage? If we would attain to the highest manhood, let us choose the spirit of Chivalry as one of the foundation stones on which to build the temple of our characters; let us cultivate those traits and sentiments which will make the new South as grand, as noble and as chivalrous as the old; let us:

“Mourn not the vanished ages with the great heroic men,
Who live in history’s pages and dwell in the poet’s pen:
For the grandest times are before us, and we are yet to see
The noblest work of this old world in the men that are to be.”

A. P. DuBose.

Vacation Days.

When the flowers have all withered,
And the leafless trees stand bare;
When the cold wind sweeps the meadows,
And we face the frosty air;
In the bleak and snowy winter
That succeeds the fleeting fall,
Come the days of short vacation,
Days we love the best of all.

Then we gather 'round the fireside,
Where the happy kindred dwell,
And we look into the faces
Of the ones we love so well.
On the dear face of the mother,
There is not a mark of care;
For the days that we are with her
Are the gladdest of the year.

O, the home and cheery loved ones,
Their influence reaches far;
Father, mother, sister, brother
Help to make us what we are.
And around our life and memory
They will closer weave their spell,
In the days of our vacation,
Days that we all love so well.

When the autumn leaves have fallen,
And vacation days are here,
We'll forget examinations,
And the rules we used to fear.
And we will not dream and worry
Over things yet to befall,
During days of recreation,
Days we love the best of all

F. B. M., '06.

Nervy Nat.

Railroad work had been my lot for many years, and in all my experiences I had never been baffled by a tramp but once, and that single time has ever since been a source of great torment to me, for I have never been able to work out how this one hobo managed to get ahead of me. I had always boasted of my ability to prevent hobos from beating on me, and ever since this single event my fellow-trainmen have never ceased to tease me about it. So I concluded to let this Chinese puzzle go unsolved till some later day, when it might possibly come to light and ease my poor racked brain.

Early one morning while I was standing under the depot shed at Lakesville, awaiting my orders from the agent, and my train was being made up for my trip out, I felt some one touch me on my shoulder. I turned, and before me stood a member of that famous profession—hoboing. This

old and much weather-beaten looking specimen looked as though he had had a very extended experience in his widely followed vocation.

"Well, what do you want?" I asked sharply.

"Cap," he said, in a rather confident tone of voice, "I'm a'goin' to Cleveland with you."

Can you imagine one such as this making such a nervy statement to me? Of course it riled me, and I was determined that this hobo would never see Cleveland that day on my train. I took him in from head to foot but couldn't speak for a minute, for the statement took my breath away.

"You certainly have got your nerve with you," I replied.

"All right, Cap, when you get to Cleveland you can look for me to be there too, on schedule time, with this freight."

"If you get to Cleveland on this freight, it'll be because I don't know my biz," I answered in a rather exasperated manner.

He said no more, but walked off whistling softly to himself some rag-time, and here I lost sight of him, for just then the agent came running out with my orders. So, carrying a sheet up to the engineer, I boarded the train and we pulled out.

I warned the other trainmen to keep a sharp lookout for this nervy hobo, and take extra care to see that he wasn't on the train. At the next stop, I took particular pains to look in every nook and corner, underneath, inside and on top, but no hobo did I see. And so did the rest of the crew. This I repeated at every stop, and sometimes between stations. I was now sure that this old fellow had about decided to wait over till the next one through, and so gave up the idea of his being on.

At one o'clock we rolled into Cleveland, and all ideas of the hobo had been dispelled from my mind. I jumped off

at the station and was standing by the depot, talking to the agent, when some one touched me on the shoulder.

"You got a match, Cap?" I turned, and behold there before me stood my Nervy Nat. F. R. S., '06.

Is Not War a Necessity?

The war slogan is still sounding. Nations are still at war. The animal nature in man, that, in the early morning of history, caused him to rise up in his wrath and slay his brother, is still exhibiting itself and causing him to seek an outlet for it in the blood of his fellow-man. The first accounts of the wild and barbarous tribes of antiquity are but so many tales of their frequent strifes and conquests. And all down the ages there has never been a time when there were not wars or rumors of wars. The face of every land is splotted with the scenes of former strifes and battle grounds.

"Take the wings of the morning and fly into the uttermost parts of the earth," and behold the mighty fallen in battle are there! They lie low beneath the soils of Oriental lands; they sleep in graves of glory on the classic field of Gettysburg, and on the red hills of Canada; they slumber in renown beneath the sod of every land, and on the cragged bottoms of every sea. The echo of strife and the clamor of this world's unrest can no longer disturb them, nor can a voice of thunder awake them from their eternal slumber. What a mighty throng they seem as they troop in swift review before the startled imagination!

Many great minds have pictured to themselves the days of international arbitration and disarmament, but shall that longed for day ever come,

"When the war drums throb no longer and the battle flags are furled,

In the parliament of man the federation of the world?"

Only a few years have passed since the Czar of Russia assembled at The Hague representatives of the world's foremost nations, for the purpose of establishing principles of arbitration in international disputes; and yet that very conference itself was interrupted by the rattling of musketry and the booming of cannon at Lady Smith and Manila Bay. And now the Czar himself, the progenitor of arbitration, in his mad rush for greedy gain, has plunged his people into the horrors of turmoil and strife, the outcome of which is now uncertain. Thousands of widows and orphans, ragged and starving, are crying out to him through their tears, for their unreturning kin, whose bones lie bleaching on the blood-drenched hills of Mukden or pillowed on the coral crags of the Yellow Sea. But his greedy appetite for gain must be satisfied, and so, deeper and deeper he plunges his people into the fierce toils of war, little reckoning that he is undermining, step by step, the very foundation of his government. It seems that the day of blood offering and human sacrifice shall never cease.

But let us not look ever on the darker side of war. Though I would not defend it with all of its horrors and broken hearts, still let us consider it from a more philosophic standpoint. 'Tis true they say that "War is Hell," the "Great Accursed," the sin impossible to be forgiven, but is it not evident that it was placed here by a great overruling Providence as a great purifier—an imperious necessity? For by his own handiwork has he not taught us how to war?

Turn to nature and observe the lessons therein set forth: See yon beautiful stream as it curves and flows, in and out, between hills and through valleys. All is quiet and gentle, peace seems to reign supreme, but by and by the mighty rain-storm beats down upon its shores in all of its fury. That peaceful stream becomes a troubled torrent, and, as a mighty general marshalling his host for battle, dashes forward, gathering strength as it goes. Now it

breaks the fetters of its rugged banks and sweeps some peaceful little town from time to eternity, and then on—it dashes, dealing death here and destruction there, until at last it plunges into the bosom of the mighty “Mother of Waters,” and is again soothed into its former peaceful moorings.

Again, ascend the scale just a little and see the wild beasts, in their efforts for existence, preying one upon another, each armed with his own peculiar weapon of warfare. Notice the smallest of insects as they wage their insignificant but fierce wars; and, yet still higher, and note the struggles between the forces of evil on the one hand and the blessings of love on the other. So from all this let us take encouragement and not despair; for,

“I deem it true that he who made the earthquake and the storm,

Perchance made battles, too.”

Glance down the pages of history and you will see that wars have ever preceded great achievements and successes. It purifies atmospheres too long surcharged with discontent and corruption; it wipes out old worn-out customs and burdensome institutions; it throws open new channels of commerce, preserves the political balance between nations, widens the scope of human actions, and is a mighty factor in the advancement of civilization.

When the wild Goths and Vands swooped down upon the mighty Rome in all her corrupted glory, with her arts and her effete civilization, all seemed lost. But the proud “Star of the West” rose mightier than ever in the grand spirit of the “Renaissance,” and with this new learning as her banner, she waved it over her own proud domains for many years, then passed it on to the Western nations. And so our own dear Southland as from attack of Goth and Vandal had her civilization all but swept away, but on the ruins of her former glory she has erected a nobler and

grander structure, which is approaching nearer, and still nearer, to the "Exalted Ideal" of love.

Cut from the pages of history their accounts of wars, and would not they lose their lustre, their vividness and inspiration, that have ever caused man to strive for higher and nobler purposes? Yea! would you shake from the folds of time the accounts of our own great progenitors, who did the right as they saw the right,

"Who touched elbows in the unwavering line of charge,
Who gained victory with the point of the bayonet,
Who dauntlessly rushed on the earth-work,
Who stood like a 'stone-wall' upon the field,
Who was strongest in battle,
Who was gentlest in peace."

And who in fighting taught us how to fight, who in dying taught us how to die? Would you blot out this grand record? No! a thousand times no!

In the Revolution we find them rushing to arms to beat back the base legions of England and to keep them from enslaving the people of America. Although they were few when compared with their enemy, "they had too long enjoyed the sweets of liberty and property to part with them tamely, because a king and his minions ordered it; but their conduct struck the world with a glorious truth, that a brave people who knew their rights were not to be reduced to servitude." Laying aside the plough-share, they gathered up their swords and rushed into battle, periling all in the sacred cause of liberty.

If we look at that short but decisive War of 1812, we find them not hesitating in this score, but putting themselves shoulder to shoulder to beat back the colossal strength of Great Britain, which had again concentrated to crush our little republic. Acting on the principle of "Liberty or Death," they stepped forth with all their might and flinging

down the gauntlet won the victory that was crowned with a glorious peace.

In the mighty conflict between the States we find our same liberty-loving people, though arrayed against one another, not hesitating to defend the cause that both sides believed to be right and just. Could either have refused battle and looked the other squarely in the eye without a blush of shame? No, after the issue was brought forward there was no other way to settle it; and the splendid heroism exhibited by both sides is enough to evoke a theme that would continue to excite the admiration of the world throughout the remotest ages.

Still following the accounts of our wars, I would have you notice the Spanish-American War. Cuba, "The Pearl of the Antilles," cried to us through the tears of her widows and orphans, and once more our noble sons went forth to battle for a just and human cause. They drove Spain from her much misused possession and restored peace and happiness to the people of this beautiful island.

When you look at all this grand record, with its glorious achievements and successes, can you deny the imperious necessity of war, or blame a man or nation for defending rights which were given by God himself.

Nations are made up of beings which are but human, and just so long as human passions and human talents shall compose human nature, war will be waged by the oppressed and the oppressor. Freedom is the boon of war, and as long as men continue to be overbearing, as long as man shall attempt to rule his fellow-man, freedom shall continue to fight its wars in the years to come. The only way that strife and carnage could be ended is, that every nation be established on the same footing, with equal rights and privileges, that every man in each nation be born equal and live equal. But this is a hopeless impossibility, and those who

would have universal peace are but strugglers for the unattainable.

The day of everlasting peace is but an iridescent dream, and so, my fellow-countrymen, let us, the people of the United States, who have promised to lead the human race to a land where justice reigns supreme, and who have been called the beacon light of humanity, let us look to Heaven, and with one voice exclaim, in the accents of a great statesman: "Whatever may betide, whatever war, foreign or domestic, may threaten, whatever specious sophistry may assail the political conscience of the country, or bribing of place or money corrupt the political action; above the roar of the mob and the insidious clamor of the demagogue, the voice of justice will be the voice of American patriotism and manly honor;" and let us, ever believing and maintaining, raise the standard that will carry us forward to a nobler and grander destiny.

"War is honorable in those who do their relative rights
maintain,

In those whose swords an iron barrier rear
Between the lawless spoiler and the weak."

D. H. HILL.

Love Conquers the Waves.

The distant horizon had already become a golden streak, and far over the waves glided a single sloop with spotless sails spread to catch the brisk morning breeze. Slowly and brilliantly rose the sun over the rippling water, as each white-cap burst into a thousand fiery sparks. Each noisy wave tumbled boisterously over the hidden rocks, shattering themselves into myriads of silver and golden ribbons, which chased each other madly toward the shore, now glimmering with the brilliancy of diamonds. Soon the fiery face of the master of light gleams full and round on the restless



THE CLEMSON VARSITY FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1905.

waves and playful white-caps, cheering the inhabitants of the deep so much as to inspire them to leap out of their watery home into the open beauty and fiery brilliancy of the sunlight, showing their graceful, symmetrical bodies. The clear blue sky reflected in the shimmering sea seemed to add to the golden luster a rare tint, seen only during a seashore sun-rise.

Only a few hours before, while the spray from the dashing waves fell gently over them, as they sat at the foot of the cliffs, and as the pale moon cast his cold, silvery beams over the glossy phosphorescent sea, a message had been told—a beautiful message it was, a message from one soul to another; a message no words could express; a message told only by the yearning of one heart for the other, by the gentle fluttering of one bosom against the steady throbbing of another; a message of love it was—deep, passionate love.

* * * * *

Weeks had passed—yes, even months had glided away. His cruise had been an eventful, though not an unpleasant one; for he remembered two dreamy dark eyes. that spoke more plainly than words, and searched the depths of one's soul for that which is noblest and best. He had read those eyes many times, but had never made known to her what they meant to him.

He had met her at the commencement ball three summers before—the summer he graduated from the academy.

As a lieutenant in the marines, he had shown himself a brave and daring commander.

He had decided to do, what to him meant the giving up of his commission and the struggle for success in another occupation. But did it all matter after all? Would he succeed? Yes, he could accomplish anything were this one mission successful.

Landing at Boston, he at once boarded a steamer for the Carolina coast, from whence he was to make his way rapidly

to her home, where she was to await him. He had arrived some weeks earlier than expected, the cruise having been shortened.

As the ship skirted the North Carolina coast a squall burst suddenly upon it, and almost without warning the ship was dashed violently upon the jagged rocks off Hatteras. Fast it was filling from the large hole in its side, and slowly it settled in the angry sea. The engines had stopped, and the vessel was left to the mercy of the waves. The passengers were panic-stricken. The life-boats were already lowered and filled, ready to start for the shore. The young officer had not lost his presence of mind, and was fast urging the passengers to strap on the life-preservers, and, as he helped many of the women and children into the boats, he wondered how many would reach the shore alive, for these frail boats were as nothing in such a gale on so dangerous a coast. He had made up his mind to swim for his life, and felt safer thus than in one of the life-boats. As he strapped on a preserver and prepared to jump into the sea, he noticed near him a young woman standing at the rail, gazing calmly out over the murderous waves. Jerking off the preserver and springing to her side, he threw it around her and hastily fastened it. She turned and faced him, and as a flash of lightning illuminated her beautiful, calm face, and as a single diamond flashed upon her full round throat, he uttered a cry, "My God, you on this doomed ship!" he continued, chokingly, "Oh, can it be true?" he groaned. Then bracing himself as if for the mightiest undertaking of his life, he whispered, "We shall reach the shore together by fighting the waves, or make our graves among the rocks off Hatteras."

"My life is nothing without you," she whispered, as he gathered her in his arms and ran hastily to the lowest deck. Here he strapped on a large preserver and lifted her over the rail. With his strong arm about her, they leaped to-

gether into the angry waters and sank among the surging billows, but soon his mighty efforts brought them to the surface.

The squall was abating, the heavy clouds had floated by, the moon showed his face dimly, the waves subsided, and the cliffs on the distant shore were shining dimly in the moonlight.

Both were good swimmers, but soon her strength began to weaken. He saw by every brave stroke that she was growing weaker, while his efforts seemed unbounded as he guided this precious burden through the pathless water. They had covered less than half the distance to the shore when she became exhausted. Wheeling over on his back and directing her to do likewise, he drew her closer to his side and she placed her head upon his broad shoulder, which he kept out of the water, and holding her in this position, by placing his arm around her, he used his free arm in battling against the engulfing waves.

Only a few hundred yards remained. Oh, could he ever reach the shore! It seemed impossible. He saw how slowly he was swimming and how weak he was becoming. She heard his heavy breathing, and felt, even in this tempest, the determined throb of his great, strong heart. She turned her head and looked into his suffering, tired face. His eyes were closed, his heavy cheek-bones were set in their broad, rigid fashion, so characteristic of firmness and determination in strong, fearless men. Then it was that she whispered to him the sweetest words that had ever passed her lips. The soft, silvery words seemed to have been uttered by angels, and to him each was more precious than the stars shining dimly down upon them. "Cheer up, my brave young hero, only a few leagues more and we shall be safe forever." He bent his head and tenderly kissed those upturned lips. These words made a new man of him.

and taking the steady, strong stroke once more, he soon began to feel himself tossed by the rolling billows of the surf. Struggling bravely through them, and being rapidly carried forward by them, he soon felt his feet strike something solid. He stood up, and found himself in water not waist deep. He lifted her to her feet and slowly they made their way to the high rocky beach. Stumbling over the rough, sandy shore, they found a large flat rock at the foot of one of the cliffs, and sat here, after their great struggle between life and death, to rest.

Far to the south faintly glimmered the lights of a hotel, which was well known to him. After both had been rested, they started in the direction of the lights. She was still too much fatigued to walk, and he was glad when she asked if they might stop and rest again. "I do not feel the least tired," he returned, "and besides, we must reach the hotel at once and remove these wet garments."

"Well, I can't walk much, and you will have to help me when I get too tired," she returned.

"Why, I will carry you that little distance," he said gently, and lifted her again in his arms. She made no attempt to stop him, but smiled up at him as he held her thus. He could see, even in the moonlight, those large dark eyes gazing with fathomless admiration wistfully into his. Each soft round cheek, having been slapped by the rude waves, was glowing with an almost crimson hue. The thick masses of wavy auburn hair were thrown over his shoulder, so that it might not drag in the sand and sharp pebbles, and her soft white hands were clasped loosely around his neck.

At last they reached their destination and were at once taken in hand by the proprietor, who was not lacking in hospitality.

It was on the next evening, as the stars twinkled merrily and the moon shone cheerfully, that they strolled back up the beach to the large flat rock on which they rested the night

before, and on this spot they decided that their lives could not be spent apart. He felt, as they gazed upon the wreck far out on the rocks, that he could breast any sea if she were to be his prize. She clung to him more strongly as she thought of the great struggle they had had, and of the great victory he had won against such extraordinary conditions.

They rose early the next morning to see the majestic sunrise, after which they left the coast for her home among the fleecy cotton fields of dear old South Carolina.

F. E. THOMAS, JR.

The Best in Him.

"Hooray there, Jack!" were the words which came sharp and clear from the coach.

The slanting rays of the evening sun shone softly on the hardest and most attractive field in the South. Descending the slope which led to the field could be seen one of the many aspirants for the team. He was a boy of medium height, but of stocky build, and with brown hair and eyes. Also, he wore an attractive sweater with a high collar, all of which went far towards setting off his well-proportioned body. "What are you so late about this evening?" asked the coach in biting tones. Jack muttered something and looked at the ground. The coach watched him queerly as he said: "Line up, boys; hurry there now and get into it. See?" Jack began to pull off his sweater. "Stay out this evening, Jack, you are not needed." At this Jack flushed hot and raged within himself. He felt that every eye from the grandstand was turned upon him. He heard some one say: "Tough luck, old boy; that's all right tho'." It was not all right with Jack, however; for had not the coach told him the evening before to "speed 'em up," for he wanted to use him at half. And now here he was in the act of taking his position when he was politely asked to stand back, he was not

needed. "You'll not get me when you do need me, too," was the first thought that entered his head. "Take your position and go to the mischief with it; I am not crazy about playing anyway. That fellow there is not as good as I am now." Yet he knew in that instant that John Watkins was the best half on the squad, and was sorry in an instant for all he had said and thought. The flush that had rushed to his face quickly disappeared, and once more, as he watched some new plays, the old desire to distinguish himself by being on the squad came back.

So absorbed was he in watching a crossbuck that was being run incessantly over Jones, the powerful tackle, that he forgot the injury to his shoulder, and did not at first hear the commanding voice of the coach calling to him: "Come here, Jack; hooray there, and don't keep us waiting all day." Jack felt electrified. Here was the coach calling clear across the field to him to come and play a position on 'varsity. He could see some scrubs carrying a player off the field in their arms. He soon saw that it was one of the scrub's halves, and his heart sank. He knew now that he was to take a scrub position instead of the one on 'varsity. But he was now determined to be hacked by nothing the coach could do or say to him. He hastily put on his headgear and nose-guard, and at a signal from the coach, fell in his position with the scrubs. The quarter-back signalled for him to carry the ball on that same crossbuck he had been so closely watching. It was to go over the most powerful man on 'varsity, but Jack was determined to make his distance. He took the ball, made a fearful charge, side-stepped, ducked, and then butted heavily into Jones. Jones wavered, lost his footing, went down to one side, and Jack went through. He was at once thrown by a back, yet he had made his distance. Again the same signal was given, and the performance was repeated. This time when Jack drew himself from the struggling mass, he felt a stinging pain in his shoulder. He

did not give it a thought though, but again took the ball and rushed over Jones' position. His shoulder hurt him more than ever, but he only heard the referee sing out, "First and five." At this time an assistant stepped up and informed the coach of the condition of Jack's shoulder. "That's all right; let him carry that ball until Jones learns to stop that play. The team we play next week expects to win on that very style of play." And again the coach was watching Jack bucking and Jones making fruitless efforts to stop him.

The ball was now on the five yard line and first down. Jack was panting and perspiring; yet there was that dogged determination in his brown eyes that looks so bad to an opponent.

Jones' jovial face was drawn and pinched; yet he had in his eyes a look that was characteristic of the man; he would stop that play or die.

The two teams lined up, and again Jack received the ball. His lunge was irresistible. "Second down and three yards to gain," yelled the referee. Once more the dauntless little back darted into the line and went through Jones' position for two more yards. Jones' look was fierce. He firmly planted his cleated shoe into the earth, stiffened his powerful form for the onslaught, which was sure to come, and met it like a stone wall. The powerful little back hit the line like a stone from a catapult, but for the first time failed to make his distance. There was a fierce resistance offered to the determined onrush. Jack rose shoulder high, but Jones was there. He threw his last remaining strength against the play, and the ball was downed six inches from the goal line. As Jack was borne from the field, the coach looked at his assistant and said: "I thought I knew how to get the best out of him."

A Losing Game.

It was one of those pleasant sunshiny days in November, when every one wishes to lay aside the household or office duties and take a bracing horseback or buggy ride. Tom Sullivan was sitting in front of his law office, enjoying the warm rays of the sun, when he was addressed by a young boy, who came hurrying up to where he was sitting. "Tom, I want you to do me a favor," said the boy, in somewhat excited tones. "Why, certainly, Henry, if it is in my power. What do you want me to do?"

"Well, Tom, I hardly know how to ask you, but I am, as you know, a little bashful, and especially when it comes to girls, and I want you to tell me how I can take Mary James out for a drive without having to go up to the front door and asking for her. Because, I know Mrs. James will come to the door, and I don't believe that I could get up courage enough to tell her that I had come to take Mary out driving."

"Why, Henry, you are a little over bashful if you can't do that," replied Tom, who was shaking all over with laughter. He himself never knew what it was to be bashful.

"I know it is silly in me, Tom, but I can't help it to save my life. I have made the engagement with Mary for 4 o'clock this afternoon, and I just must have some way to get her out of the house without seeing the whole family."

"Well, Henry," said Tom, putting on a very solemn and meditative expression, "there is but one way to get her out without having to go in yourself."

"What is that way?" asked Henry, with an eager voice.

"You have a wild horse that won't stand hitched," said Tom.

"No, on the contrary, she is the gentlest horse in town and will stand hitched for a week; the only thing she is afraid of is the whip," said Henry, with a downcast expression on his face.

"That is a little unfortunate, Henry, but I'll tell you what to do. Just before you get in front of Mary's house, take out your whip and give your horse two or three hard slashes with it, accompanied by a couple of jerks. Ten chances to one Mary will be sitting in the window looking for you. By a heroic effort you can manage to get the horse stopped just in front of the window. Then call to Mary and tell her that your horse is a little nervous, and that you are afraid to leave her hitched, and that she—" Tom was interrupted here by the word "Good," which came from Henry's throat with such energy that it could have been heard clear across the street. "That is the very thing," said Henry. "I will tell William to check old Maude up a notch higher than usual, and I will give her a small whipping just before I leave home, so that when the time comes for the grand act in front of Mary's house, the old mare will not be so much surprised when I 'light in on her.' I wonder I hadn't thought of this way myself."

And so this was the reason that innocent "Old Maude" was checked up, not one but three notches higher than what she was accustomed to, and also why she got a whipping as soon as she was hitched up, something which had never occurred before in her life.

Tom Sullivan was standing in his doorway about half-past 3 o'clock, idly sharpening a pencil. Looking up, he saw Henry driving down the street, his face beaming with pleasure. Tom gave him a pleasant salute and received a very flourishing one from Henry in return.

Mary James and her mother were sitting near the window, watching some children across the street, who seemed to be playing a very pleasant game. Mrs. James seemed to be thinking of and seeing nothing but the children, but a close observer would have seen Mary glance down the street every few minutes. Presently, Mary sprang to her feet, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, here comes a runaway horse." Both

Mary and Mrs. James rushed to the window to see the frightened animal go by, but just as the turnout reached the front of the house, the driver, who was now recognized by both Mary and her mother, stood up in the buggy, and with clenched teeth and a hard, wrinkled face, stopped the horse so suddenly that it was thrown on its haunches. Henry drove alone that day, for Mary's mother thought the horse too wild for her to ride behind.

Our Widespread Need.

Only twelve years have elapsed since the doors of Clemson were first thrown open to the youth of South Carolina. The college to-day, though yet in its infancy, is already a recognized factor in the upbuilding of the State.

Beginning with two lower classes and two grades of preparatory work, the corps of the third year was divided into six different grades, ranging from low Prep. to Senior. Later, by discontinuing the lower preparatory department, only five divisions were made and these are still maintained. But from the first, changes incident to rapid growth have been continually going on, and so constantly has the college been taking on new life that each year it seems to be entering upon a new era.

The full capacity of the institution has ever been taxed, and yet hundreds have been turned away for lack of room. Even with recently added modern equipment and greatly extended barracks-room, the authorities are again confronted with the two-fold problem of providing a higher and more finished course in the different branches of science, and at the same time accommodating the rapidly swelling number who are each year clamoring for admittance into the lower classes. There may be some doubt as to the necessity of advancing the graduating mark, but a deliberate consideration of the matter will convince any one of the importance

of more thoroughly fitting men of the South for the great duties and obligations occasioned by the vast development now in progress. The forcing upon graduates the necessity of going North to become proficient in their chosen vocation ought no longer to be tolerated. The New South demands higher education along the branches taught at the A. & M. Colleges, and at no place is there a brighter outlook for this advanced work than at Clemson.

In order to advance the course of study and investigation for the Senior Class, corresponding changes would have to be made in the lower classes, and the entrance examination to the Freshman Class be advanced beyond the reach of the average boy from the farm, which would be defeating one of the main purposes for which the college was established, unless provision were made for him. This examination is now too high for many, and for these the small preparatory department is provided. But this is undesirable and inadequate here at present, and will be still more so as the college grows older and the courses continue gradually advancing. Undesirable, first, because a large majority of the boys in this class are too young to be exposed to the temptations toward idleness and injurious and immoral habits found in such a body of students; second, because the proper standard of morals and of college spirit cannot be maintained so long as the upper classmen are outnumbered by so many new and untried students; and, lastly, while the average cost to the State of educating a boy here is comparatively low, yet it is too high to justify the admittance of so many unprepared boys, if a better and more practical method can be adopted. It is perfectly evident that some extension is now badly needed; and the entire equipment and room here should be given to the four college classes. The present preparatory arrangement is inadequate, in as much as it can carry at one time only a very few over the gap between the Freshman Class and the country schools or lower grades of city schools,

and the proper attention cannot be given by the instructors to these boys in barracks.

The most natural solution of this problem is to be found in the establishment of preparatory schools conveniently located in different parts of the State on model farms, each one to accommodate not more than two hundred and fifty students. In this way, or by some such plan, practically every one desiring to go to Clemson would be given the chance of preparing himself, and could get much better preparation nearer home and at less cost to both parent and State. Each section of the State would be in closer touch with some one of these schools, and through this, with the college itself, thus creating interest where there is now indifference. Those desiring only an elementary course, can be accommodated more easily and more satisfactorily than is possible under the present system or under any provision that may be made by the ordinary public schools. Another advantage not easily overestimated is that of putting the students more under the personal control of the instructors at this early age, or before they are acquainted with school life, where tendencies toward neglect of duties and rudeness of manners can be so much more easily checked, and where only those capable and worthy may be passed up to the Freshman Class.

No better method, perhaps, could be suggested for ridding the corps of such as seem determined to drift, and beyond a doubt the properly carrying out of such a system would bring the corps up more nearly to the ideal than can ever be hoped for under the present arrangement. Nor is this all; for besides the elementary course, which should include nearly all the present Freshman work and some of that done in the Sophomore, so that when one enters the Freshman Class he may be ready to begin his particular course,—besides this regular work, the short practical course in dairying now offered at the college should be provided for, and its greater convenience in the different localities would induce

many to take advantage of it. And again, these branches of the institution would be an ideal place for local experiments and farmers' institutes. Incidentally, by inaugurating the military drill here, Clemson would be assured of a creditable showing on any occasion, and through lively encouragement of pure athletics at this early stage, the Tiger would not only take the lead in the South, but would command the attention of his hitherto superiors in the North and West, thus giving to Clemson a prestige in the college world not now enjoyed.

But attention to the incidental features of this or any other plan for the solution of this problem must not be given at the expense of the primary objects. With our rapidly swelling population and general awakening of interest in industrial education, there must be made some extension of the scope of the work of the institution. To confine the entire equipment for the work to one isolated section of the State would be narrowing the limits of its influence and usefulness. To build and properly equip another such college in the State is hardly practicable. But there are many who desire an elementary or practical course, and many others who would desire it if the opportunity were placed within their reach. For these and for those preparing for a four-year course, there can be made the necessary provision within easy reach of all and at comparatively small cost. After the extension of this primary work, the advancement of the college classes will follow as a natural result.

Is it not a matter deserving thoughtful consideration? Is not the welfare of the State dependent upon the intelligent management of her farms and her industries? How long will it be until the waste places and abandoned fields, now an eye-sore to the traveler across our State, are turned into fertile farms, snowy white with their burden of cotton or covered with a carpet of green over which the fat cattle roam?

We invite intelligent home-seekers and laborers from foreign lands to settle among us to till and improve our soils, while hundreds of our own native South Carolinians are leaving their worn-out farms to seek employment in the towns and cities, where they earn but a meager living, and where many of their children, instead of attending the graded schools, as they had hoped they might, are obliged to languish in the narrow and dusty confines of the cotton mills. And hundreds more, held by stronger ties of devotion, are clinging to their native soil only to see it gradually wasting away for lack of proper cultivation, their children growing up ignorant of the value of their inheritance. Shall we longer withhold from our own young, sturdy, loyal countrymen the opportunity of preparing themselves for the realization of the true value of their birthright? Who is going to be the loyal citizens of our State, cherishing the memory of our heroes of the past, and with a patriotism born only of a love for home, gallantly defending her rights in the future, if we are to import the brain and brawn to till and improve our soils? There is wealth, influence and power associated with success in this work, and success is the inevitable reward of intelligent effort. Hold out to farmers' sons, through proper industrial education, the hope of this reward, and South Carolina will rapidly become the veritable garden that nature has evidently intended her to be.

H. W. MOORE, '07.

Mountain Bess.

A feeling of frightful distress pervaded John Martin's entire body. Half conscious though he was, he realized that something was being done to him and that there was a feeling of great pain in his chest as some one rolled him over on the ground.

"Don't!" he muttered faintly. "Kill me at once! Don't torture me!" Then, as if far away, he heard the exultant

voice of Jack Hicks, his bosom friend, proclaiming that he was all right. A light flashed in his eyes and bewildered him.

"That was a close call, John," said that distant voice of his chum, "but you are all right now."

Little by little, John realized that he was lying on the ground and that two persons were working over him. Close at hand a small fire burned, enabling him to see what they were doing. "What's the matter?" he wearily asked.

"There came near being a funeral in the Martin family," answered Jack, his voice at last sounding close at hand. "That fool upset the boat and very nearly drowned you both, confound him. He didn't seem half as full of dampness as you were, however, and after Bess had pulled you out, he recovered in a few minutes."

"Bess?" said John, questioningly. Then his eyes fell upon the dusky yet attractive face of a girl standing near. He recognized her at once as Mountain Bess, a mountain-er's daughter, whom he had met on one of his fishing tours, and whom he had induced to leave her mountain home to attend a college in his home city. She had acquiesced after much persuasion, and he had supposed that she was then busily engaged in her college duties. John was beginning to feel a deep interest in this wild creature of the mountains, and had hoped that she would take kindly to the culture and refinement offered her at college. Great was his surprise and chagrin, therefore, when he saw her back among her old haunts. "You here, and helped me out," he exclaimed.

"Helped!" cried Jack. "Why, she saved your life. Just look at her, wet through. She can swim like a fish, and she has the nerve of a man. I was too far away to reach you in time to save you, but I saw her plunge in and with the utmost strength and daring drag you and your partner out. I soon arrived, and while Bess and I were working over you,

the ungrateful wretch, who caused the accident, recovered and slipped away."

Although the rascal had escaped, John did not at that time express regret. His only sensation was that of wonderment at the presence of Mountain Bess. He refrained, however, from asking further questions until he had sufficiently recovered to sit up. Jack stood near with arms akimbo, smiling down at John, while Bess half reclined on the ground nearby. "Bessie," said John, weakly, "you seem to be my good angel, but I thought you were in the city."

"Oh, no," she answered, shaking her dark head, "I couldn't stay there. I belong to the mountains; they are mine. I could never be happy if this free, open air life were taken from me."

Both boys were silent. They felt the deep sadness of it all, and also the uselessness of trying to speak an appropriate word. Bessie looked into John's face and smiled. "Don't pity me," she said. "I shall be happier here. It is the only place I could be happy. There could be no pleasure for me in your ways and methods of living. I am a wild thing of the mountains, and thus I will remain. I saw you pass in your boat and longed to speak to you. Still, had it not happened as it did, I should not have spoken, for I knew you would chide me for leaving college."

The fire was dying down, but they did not replenish it, for with the assistance of Jack, John was now able to rise and walk. As they walked down to the boat Bess explained to them that it would be impossible for her to return to college, and that she preferred to live among her native hills. She stood on the shore and watched them as they pulled off. "Good night," she called; "good-bye, perhaps forever." A moment later she had melted into the shadows of the woods and was gone.

S. H. SHERRARD, '08.

An Ape's Cunning.

It was on Wednesday of the great State Fair at Columbia, South Carolina. The greatest crowd of the week was surging back and forth over the Fair Grounds. Fakirs and showmen were making every noise that the inventive genius of their class could devise to attract the crowd to themselves; and the din they made, together with the crying of the animals on exhibit and the rumbling of vehicles, was almost deafening. Suddenly, above all the noise and confusion, a piercing scream was heard—a cry so full of anguish and despair that every one that heard it forgot their own errands and hastened in the direction from which it came. It seemed to have issued from the tent of a wild animal show nearby, and as the crowd of curious men and boys hurried in that direction, a woman rushed forward, wildly throwing her arms about and shrieking some unintelligible entreaty to them; and when they could not comprehend her meaning, she became almost wild in her raving, and finally fell down in a swoon. After a short time in this condition she was revived and the wondering crowd learned the cause of her distress. She, with her little son, about three years old, had been looking at the animals in the tent. They had remained after nearly all the crowd had gone, so as to avoid the press of people around the cages, for while the little boy was very small, he was still too heavy to carry around in her arms, and after the crowd was gone he could walk around with her. The mother had become interested in some of the animals, and for the moment had forgotten the little fellow, when she was suddenly recalled to herself by a smothered cry of "Mama" from him. She turned just in time to see him dragged by an unseen hand under the canvas of the rear end of the tent. For a moment she stood stupefied by the suddenness of it all, and then uttered that piercing cry and rushed to the place where her child had disappeared. In vain she called and looked in every direction, but the child had

vanished as completely as if it had been snatched from the earth entirely. There were a few persons in the tent at the time, but no one had noticed the child and but few had heard his cry. These rushed out with the mother, but none could account for the disappearance. The only clue was a few reddish brown hairs on the canvas where the boy was last seen, and these only served to make the case more mysterious. The theory advanced by most of the bystanders was that the child had been kidnapped, and indeed this seemed to be the most plausible explanation of the affair.

Searching parties were immediately formed from the bystanders and every possible hiding place in the Fair Grounds and vicinity was searched. The police were notified and every precaution taken to ensure the kidnapper's capture, if he should attempt to enter the city. But all in vain, for still nothing could be heard of the missing boy. The case was so peculiarly sad that the sympathy and service of the whole city was enlisted in the cause of the unfortunate mother. The police and searching parties worked faithfully and long, but at nightfall were compelled to report failure.

Two detectives were now engaged and furnished with the meager facts that had been gathered, and these were so meager indeed that the detectives, skilled as they were in such work, confessed that the case was the most mysterious in their experience. They had just begun work when a possible solution of the mystery came to light, when it was found that a large tame ape was missing from the wild animal tent. With this clue in hand, new life was added to the search, although for a time it was still unsuccessful. A little later, news was received that two workmen had found the child in a somewhat unfrequented park not far from the Fair Grounds. He was with the missing ape, who seemed to be trying to play with him, though the child was so sleepy that he did not respond very much.

It then transpired that the ape had been the pet of a little

boy in South Africa, and to whom he had been very much attached. The boy had died, and it was said that the ape's grief had been very pathetic when his little master did not appear to play with him. The ape had then been sold to this menageries, but could hardly be kept in bounds when any little boy came near him, and he was always sullen and morose after the child had gone. It was supposed that he had managed to slip off his collar in some way, after which he was free, for he was not kept in a cage. He then saw this child, somewhat resembling his master, and fearing that they would again be separated, had seized the child and carried him off to the park. The workmen said that when they found them, the ape was trying to play with the little boy, and seemed much perplexed that the child did not respond. On their approach, he seized the child and tried to escape, as if he realized that they were to be separated, and when overtaken fought fiercely until overpowered. C., '07.

A True Story.

Four children survived Squire Green. William, being the eldest, inherited, according to English custom, the greater portion of his father's property, including his city home at Liverpool, and his country estate. The younger children, James, Henry and Lady Jane, having very little left to them, came to South Carolina, hoping to better their fortunes here.

James and Henry were very popular in society in their new home; but not so with Lady Jane, for she was very haughty and seemed to consider the people around her too common for her associates.

Within two years after their arrival in South Carolina, we find both the boys happily married and Lady Jane living with her youngest brother, Henry.

* * * * *

Several years have passed, and Mrs. James Green, now a widow, is living with her brother-in-law, Henry Green, and Lady Jane. Henry's wife had left him two small children, James and Louise. Mrs. Green was very fond of her niece and nephew, and they loved her as their mother. Lady Jane seemed to care little for them, and the children were afraid of her cold, haughty look.

At Henry's death, the children were left to Mrs. Green's guardianship. This made Lady Jane very angry, as she had thought that her brother would have had more respect for his family than to leave his children to the care of a woman who was not related to him by blood.

From this time forward, Lady Jane determined to kidnap James and Louise and take them to their uncle in England, who had no children. She made every preparation for leaving, even going so far as to secure passage for herself and the children to Liverpool.

Mrs. Green and Lady Jane were invited to dine at the home of a friend. Mrs. Green took the children with her, as was her custom. After dinner, Lady Jane wished to walk up town, and turning to Mrs. Green, said: "Let the children go with me."

"It is too far for them to walk," said Mrs. Green, not suspecting Lady Jane's real purpose, though her friends had repeatedly warned her to watch the children at all times.

Lady Jane finally persuaded her to let the children go with her up town. They had not gone far, however, before little Louise began crying, and turning around, she ran back to her mama, as she called Mrs. Green. As Lady Jane wanted both the children, or none at all, she returned with James after going to town.

About one week after this, a carriage drove up to Mrs. Green's home, and a note was brought in to her from a dear friend, asking that the children be allowed to come that day

to her little daughter's birthday party. Mrs. Green reluctantly dressed the children and let them go.

It rained that afternoon, and a note came, saying that the children would be sent home in the morning. Morning came, but not the children. At 10 o'clock, Mrs. Green, becoming very uneasy, got a carriage, and went to her friend's home, only to find that the children had never been there. People on a neighboring street had seen Lady Jane pass by the day before in a closed carriage with the children. Lady Jane took them to a small station and by buying tickets from one small station to another, she finally reached New York, where she took passage under an assumed name for Liverpool, England.

In the meantime, Mrs. Green, broken-hearted at the loss of the children, made every effort possible to recover them, only to receive a taunting letter from Lady Jane, who had now reached Liverpool, "The children are now with the people to whom they belong, and are better cared for by them than they could be by a stranger such as you. Any further effort on your part to recover them will only bring sorrow to them."

The receipt of this letter drove the poor, broken-hearted woman to despair, and to the excessive use of morphine. At times, when under the influence of the drug, she would think she saw the children playing around her, speak to them, and reach out to take them in her arms. The faces of the children would fade away, and that of Lady Jane would appear, with its sneering smile and scornful eyes. On seeing this face, she would cry out, "Take that cruel woman away! Take her away! Let me never see her again!"

Mrs. Green lived in this state of mental agony for two long years. When she passed to receive her reward in another world, her last words were, "Take that cruel woman away! Would to God I had never seen her!"

P. H. A., '06.

"A Little Waif's Christmas."

All was quiet—the noise and turmoil of the day had ended. This was the happy day before the celebration of the birth of our Saviour. All the good and thoughtful people had been busy preparing the many joyful surprises which they were anticipating springing on the morrow morning. And, too, this was to be a real and genuine Christmas to the little ones, for early in the day large, soft and velvety flakes of nature's most beautiful and most widely greeted crystal had begun to quietly envelop mother earth in a spotless garment of white. And now, in consequence of which, the trees and other objects stand out in ghost-like apparel.

But now it is bedtime with the children and they quietly retire for the night, each breathing a fervent prayer that "mysterious Santa Claus," whom they had seen so vividly portrayed in his great fur overcoat and boots, driving a sleigh pulled by many deer, and on which are the many coveted toys, of which each anticipates having his portion after writing old "Santa" such a sweet letter,—will not forget him.

After assuring themselves that the little ones are in dream-land, the elders prepare, with childish enthusiasm, the many thoughtful surprises. No sound without breaks upon the cold, still night air save the muffled tread of the night patrolman, as he slowly and wearily wends his way through the chilly breeze and deep snow on his tour of duty. Yes, save the silhouetted figure of the patrolman against the white objects, no animate body is seen, till presently there emerges from a dark and lonely side-street a shadow, which, as we watch more closely, we discern to be a little half-naked, bare-footed boy. As he wends his way down Main street slowly, stealthily, and seemingly painfully, we see an object of charity most strikingly illustrated.

On and on he plods his weary little feet through the snow-covered walk, pausing for a fond and longing gaze at the many beautiful and coveted toys in the brilliantly lighted

display windows before him. From one to another he thus passes, still gazing through tear-dimmed eyes, with a longing which only a child can possess. Finally he has passed all the business portion of the village and finds himself wandering along the darker portion of the street, the resident portion. Spying a lone light in a small cottage near the street, he crosses over to the other side, enters the lawn leading to the house, and secrets himself in the dense shadow of a beautiful magnolia, that he might gaze on the gorgeous sight within, without his being discovered. The sight within which meets the gaze of our lonely little waif is a most happy and cheering one. Two young people, who seem to have just left the realm of their teens, are busily decorating a beautiful Christmas tree which stands in the center of the room, while over by a large and glowing old-fashioned fireside sit two, a man and wife, whose hoary heads speak the secret of three-score years and ten, looking on with beaming countenances and giving an occasional remark of approval to the two younger ones, whom we surmise have just entered upon life's tempestuous sea of matrimony. This is too much in contrast with the little homeless, fatherless and motherless waif's Christmas. He had enjoyed a few such happy Christmases, but now, cast upon the cold and inhospitable charity of the world, he tramps his way this chilly night, with no place to rest his head, no food to satisfy his hunger, no comforting hand to console him in his now utter despair.

Turning, he retraces his footsteps to the street, down which he has not gone far when his weak limbs have grown numb and can no farther carry his frail body. Slowly, yet surely, he, sinking to the ground, falls into a deep sleep. And on the morrow morn, with bright and beaming countenance, he enjoys his Christmas with his darling mother who had gone before him.

J. V. PHILLIPS, '06.

The Voice of the Woods.

What is there about the woods that appeals to the heart of every true boy? What is it that causes the busy man of affairs to throw aside his work and give himself up to a day in the woods? It is a voice very still but exceedingly persuasive. I said a voice, but there are many voices that call to us from the woods. We hear them in childhood, in youth, and in old age. They call to the beggar, the artisan, and the millionaire, and their accents conform in exquisite harmony to our every mood. When we laugh, the burden of their song is one of joy, and when we are sorrowful, they exert a soothing influence over us that is hard to define, yet none the less effective. They bid us turn away from our idols of gold and silver and worship for a while in one of nature's temples. They invite us to purge our lungs of the tainted air of the city, and to inhale the pure life-giving breath of the pine and oak; to throw off our artificial manners, to live nearer to nature, and to partake of the bounties of the Creator in all their primitive purity. There is an indefinable something in every man's nature that responds to this voice of the woods, this call of the wild, this command of the Maker. The different chords of nature are so strung and connected that when the master hand of God plays upon one, the others vibrate in sympathetic unison. When the sun shines forth in all its splendor; when the flowers and grass and trees are filling the world with beauty and freshness, and the birds are making the air ring with joyful song, then the heart of man becomes glad. But when the lightnings flash and clouds obscure the sun and the trees bow and moan beneath the fury of the storm, then man, too, becomes sad and morose. These are some of the general ways in which the woods call to us; let us now consider some of their special voices.

There is a voice that calls to the school boy, full of life and spirits, for in the woods he finds the deepest trout holes,

the brownest nuts, and the ripest berries. There the fun-loving youngster finds congenial companions in the singing birds, the gurgling brooks, and the springing flowers. The perpetual youth of the woods and the exuberant spirits of boyhood are always associated in our minds. There is a voice that calls to the sportsman, for the woods abound in all kinds of game. There is a voice that calls to the naturalist, who with the eye of the scientist seeks there for knowledge. The forest is the great storehouse of nature, wherein she has hidden her most precious secrets. Her secrets, her beauties and her harmonies, however, are hidden from no one who looks with seeing eyes or listens with hearing ears; for the swinging vine, the swelling buds, and the swaying flowers are like an open book to the eyes of the true naturalist, and the sighing of the trees and warbling of birds are the sweetest music to his ears. Many of our sweetest songs and poems are the results of inspirations drawn from the forest; for the poet loves the varied charms of life in the woods. He loves to roam through labyrinths of jasmine and honeysuckle; to sit upon the gnarled root of some old oak and muse upon the beauty of the scenery around him, and he often transfers the pictures of these scenes to his paper. He loves to portray to us scenes of wooded shores and sunny hillsides, where the virgin wildness of nature is undisturbed by the destructive presence of man. He sings, too, of the music of the woods, for there every tree is a harp and every breeze an invisible musician. The siren call of shady walk and moss-covered seat has always found a response from lovers who resort thither to plight their vows of love. How many tales of love have been spoken and how many hearts have been won under the inspiring influence of these sylvan trysting places. Another voice calls to the criminal who, pursued and lashed by conscience, loves to haunt the somber and mysterious recesses of the forest, where the sunlight does not penetrate and where all the surroundings harmonize with his

own gloomy nature. Another calls to wild animals in captivity. How quickly and how joyously they return to their native haunts when liberated.

These voices of the woods have appealed to man since he has inhabited the earth. They constitute an indefinable something, an inexplicable factor in the laws of God, which we cannot understand, but which applies as surely as does the law of gravitation.

May the day be far distant when all our forest shall have disappeared under the ruthless hand of the lumberman, and their voices no longer call to us.

J. C. CLARK.



THE CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE STAFF

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College

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Editorial Department

Editor-in-Chief:

T. E. STOKES

The Annual. The Clemson College Annual of 1906, which is published by the corps of cadets, is now being compiled. It is the earnest desire of the staff to publish a volume by the boys, of the boys, and for the boys, which will give to the public a correct portrayal of student life just as it is at Clemson, and one which we may be justly proud to show as our production. To do this we must have the hearty co-operation of all the talent that Clemson affords. We take this opportunity, therefore, to ask each member of the corps to aid us in any way he can; whether it be in literature, in art, or in aiding us to secure advertisements.

The Football Team.

Having made a record of which the team, the college, and all Clemson supporters may well feel proud, the football team closes its season on Thanksgiving with a game against Georgia Tech, the result of which, we feel sure, will be a fitting climax to the list of victories. True, we lost the Vanderbilt game, but it is conceded that we gained more ground in this game than had any other Southern team against Vanderbilt. The wonderful improvement made by and the efficient work done by the team is quite remarkable, and we have nothing to regret in the loss of the Vanderbilt game.

It is with deep regret that we see the team disband. Ever bearing in mind the college which it was to represent, it has, by its faithfulness in making Clemson always victorious, rendered us a service which we cannot too greatly appreciate. In every respect it has acted in a manner deserving praise rather than censure. Withal, it has made the season one of pure delight; and here's to the team of 1905.

The College Exposition Car.

The people of South Carolina as well as Clemson College are indebted to the Southern Railway for a coach which it has furnished to the college free of cost for the furtherance of the extension work. The coach is fitted up as an exposition car, and its contents will in a measure indicate to the people of the State the character of the work done at Clemson. But it serves a still greater purpose, that of showing practical results to be used in connection with the lectures by members of the faculty at the institutes held over the State.

These institutes are held only where they are requested, and those who attend them evidently go for information. The fact that they are held year after year at the same places testify that the people of the State are eager for the information gained thereat, and that they are, therefore, productive of great good. Now, that the benefits to be derived are greatly augmented by the private use of this car, we see

no reason why the State as a whole cannot be reached and benefited. Therefore, the significance of this act of the Southern Railway cannot be too highly appreciated.

That the CHRONICLE justly deserves the adverse criticism made by our exchanges, no one is more conscious than the staff. No member of the staff nor student of Clemson wishes this to be so, however, and we again appeal to the student body, on behalf of its loyalty to college enterprises, and the benefits to be derived therefrom, to aid us in making the CHRONICLE what it should be. So far the CHRONICLE has suffered greatly from lack of support from the student body, for which there is no apparent reason. Surely there must be a large number in a student body of six hundred who are capable of aiding us, either with a story or a poem. The CHRONICLE is always lacking in poetry, and if there be poets among us, they have an excellent opportunity of both aiding the magazine and cultivating their talent.

We are anxious to get out a good magazine the remainder of the year, and with the co-operation of the student body and staff, we hope to do it.

**The
Gymnasium.** The wishes of every one connected with the college for a gymnasium have been partly satisfied; for it is partly equipped, and the work has already begun. It is to be hoped, however, that this is a mere beginning towards a larger and complete gymnasium. As it is, the work at best will be very unsatisfactory, for it is altogether incapable of accommodating properly the large number of students who take the work. The best arrangements possible under existing conditions are being made, and the benefits accruing from this small venture will justify its establishment. The eagerness with which so large a number have gone at the work, emphasizes the need of a modern gymnasium, and this most pressing need should arouse the attention of the authorities, and if so, it is certain that a new gymnasium would soon be the result.

Exchange Department

J. H. McCLAIN, '06

Editors:

J. W. LEWIS, '08

We find ourselves confronted with the October and November exchanges this month, owing to the fact that our November CHRONICLE was published before the October exchanges reached us. We regret that we have been unable to criticise all the magazines before us, but time and space prevents. However, we have done the best we could, taking up some of both month's issues.

The October issue of *The Carolinian* is a well proportioned college magazine. It appears in a neat, attractive cover, and is full of readable matter. The short stories are fresh and original, "That Tired Feeling" deserving special mention. The editorials are exclusively local. In our judgment, this should not be, for with so many important and interesting topics before the public, we think that much could be written which would be more instructive and interesting to its readers at large.

The Limestone Star is about up to the usual standard, but is lacking in the amount of material that such a college as Limestone should afford. The editorial department is entirely too limited. Is the editor not aware that many important and interesting topics are before the public? The poem, "Nothing Will Die," perhaps is full of deep meaning, but we fail to grasp it. "The Two Rewards" is easily dispensed with, for to know the story only the first few lines need be read. The plot is after the same old school girl style. "Lena" is more readable and original.

It seems that it is the rule for editorial departments to be short and local this month, and we find that the October *Concept* is no exception. The stories of *The Concept* are well written and interesting, although "The End of the Diary" slightly approaches the general run of war love stories. The issue contains a proportional amount of well distributed poetry—a very necessary part of a good magazine. The contents of *The Concept* are worthy of a more becoming cover.

The poems of *The Wofford College Journal* are very good and these supplemented with some of lighter nature would add to the poetical side of the magazine. "The Red Cross" is well written, but decidedly old in plot. "The Queen of the Sun Set" lacks originality. "The Carriage at 10.45" is well gotten up and holds the attention of the reader throughout. Its ending is a pleasant surprise, for we naturally expected the unfolding of some blood curdling crime.

Scientific discussions in a limited number are very interesting and proper in a college magazine, especially from a scientific college, but to open the magazine with five such discussions, as *The Red and White* has done, gives the magazine a too scientific appearance and makes it tiresome and monotonous. "A Trip to Europe on a Cattle Ship" is the monotonous details of a journey—but the author apologizes for his own production; so no criticism is needed. The issue contains several poems, of which "Somewhere" is by far the best.

The College of Charleston Magazine contains no solid matter at all. "What's in a Name?" is lacking in that one desirable quality—originality.

The Erskinian is far below the standard that such a college as Erskine should maintain. The subject of "Zeke's Letter" is mistaken—in fact, the piece has no real subject; it is a

disconnected mass of words with seemingly no point of thought in it. "Memories of a Freshman" is poorly gotten up. "That Cat" is extremely poor and totally without thought. "The Princess and the Peasant" reminds us of Grimm's Fairy Tales. "Home, Sweet Home" and "Not Victory, But Truth," are deserving of credit.

The Criterion seems to have shut her gates to the outside world in this issue, in that it deals mostly with facts about its own college.

The Wofford College Journal for November is an exceptionally good number. The poem, "Don Lupo's Dream," is exceptionally good, as is the essay, "Working Women." The stories, barring some slight disconnection, are very good. We thoroughly appreciate "The Last Cigarette," having experienced the conditions therein expanded. The editorials consist of several well-written articles, embracing current as well as local topics, and is quite an addition to *The Journal*. We are glad to note the marked improvement over the October number, and hope that *The Journal* will keep up its stride.

The November number of *The Converse Concept* was a real disappointment to us. A careful study of its contents reveals a few short poems, two stories and two papers of heavy matter. The poetry, with the exception of "Memories," is below the standard that Converse usually produces. The editorials are extremely local, consisting of short articles, only one of which, "Class Spirit," is in any ways general. "Lary Macbeth" and "Memories" are the only two papers worthy of mention here.

Next in our list of exchanges comes *The Georgia Tech*, which, in our judgment, fails to reach the standard of literary excellence that such a magazine is expected to reach. The subject matter of the entire magazine is too intensely local,

which may be interesting enough to Tech students, but not so to the rest of the world. The magazine does not contain a story or a piece of poetry, and only one essay, all of which should go to form the bulk of a college magazine. We also suggest that the cover be left free from advertisements.

In *The Newberry Stylus*, "The Hand of God in History" is especially deserving of commendation. This essay is well written, both as to rhetoric and as to thought. "Law and Liberty" is also very good. The magazine, as a whole, however, is lacking in diversity of subjects, and in general editorial discussions. A few good stories and pieces of poetry would make it much more interesting and attractive.

The October and November numbers of *The Hendrix College Mirror* are small, and lack poetry and fiction; in fact, the October number has neither a story nor a poem. The editorials are too local, considering the many subjects which might be taken up, and seem to deal mostly with literature. The "Sketch of Wordsworth" is decidedly the best article; it is quite short, but well written, and shows that the author has considerable knowledge of poetry. The November number is much the better of the two issues, especially in its editorials and locals. Besides, it has one piece of poetry, which is very well written. There is also a short story, which, however, can scarcely come under this head, as it does not contain so much narrative, but expresses more of the author's feelings and impressions. What matter they do contain is well arranged.

We are very well impressed with the November *Carolinian*, taking all matters into consideration, though the editorials are only three in number, and rather too local. "One amount of humor. "The Uses of the Literary Society" is well written, and in it we get a very good idea of what a

literary society should be. There is some poetry, as well as some interesting stories, and a good local department.

We acknowledge the following: *The Spectrum*, *The Emory and Henry Era*, *Georgetown College Journal*, *William and Mary*, *Columbia Collegian*, *Wake Forest Student*, *William Wood's College Record*, *The Black and Magenta*, *Emory Phoenix*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *Maryville College Monthly*, *The Transylvanian*, *Southern Collegian*, *Trinity Archive*, *University of Texas Magazine*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *College Reflector*, *Furman Echo*, *Orange and Blue*, *Monroe College Monthly*, *Mercerian*.

CLIPPINGS.

Young ladies—would you guess it?
 Are like arrows, don't you know?
 They cannot pierce a single heart
 Until they have a beau.
 And like the helpless arrows which,
 Alone, can nothing do,
 Young ladies till they get a beau,
 Are in a quiver, too.

—*Ex.*

We would have bought your goods, friend,
 Bought more, and more, and more,
 But you wouldn't give us your ad., friend,
 So we pass right by your store.

—*Ex.*

He: "What is worse than taking a kiss without asking for it?"

She: "Asking for it without taking it."

He: "If I should try to kiss you, would you scream for help?"

She: "I certainly should if you required any"—*Judge.*

She: Faint heart never won fair lady."

He: "Oh, I don't know ; many a man gets married because he hasn't the nerve to back out."—*Judge*.

He: "What would you do if a man were to kiss you?"

She: "I would cry."

He: "But if he did it again?"

She: "I would cry, 'some more.' "—*Ex*.

Boy: "Say, missis, I know you're a teacher."

Miss Prim: "How do you know?"

Boy: "'Cause I see the pupils in your eyes."—*Furman Echo*.

Husband: "That beefsteak isn't cooked to suit me."

Wife: "Cook it yourself, then ; you didn't marry a cook."

Wife (in middle of night) : "Get up, John, I think there are burglars in the house."

Husband: "Get up yourself ; you didn't marry a policeman."—*Ex*.

Local Department

E. H. JONES

Editors:

W. O. PRATT

The trip to the State Fair is a thing of the past. A special train was chartered to carry the cadets, numbering over five hundred. Each company decorated its car in the college colors, and a huge painted tiger head was placed on the front of the engine. The train left Calhoun about 10 o'clock Saturday morning, and arrived in Columbia at 4 P. M. All along the route a bevy of girls were at the depots, waiving the old gold and purple.

On arriving in Columbia, we marched to our camp grounds, which had been previously arranged under the supervision of Col. Ezra B. Fuller, U. S. A., our former commandant. We are much indebted to Col. Fuller and Col. Frost, who so generously loaned us the National Guards' tents. The corps showed up well, from a military standpoint, in the parades and the review by Governor Heyward and his staff. Col. Clay intends making this an annual encampment.

The withdrawal from college of Cadet C. E. Jones will be heard with regret. Cadet Jones was a hard student and faithful worker on the CHRONICLE staff. He had been unanimously elected Editor-in-Chief of the Annual of '07, and his place will be a hard one to fill.

Among the number that accompanied the football team to Atlanta were Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lee, Mrs. E. B. Cochems, Professors Riggs, Earle and Gantt.

Work has begun on the new greenhouse, which is located between the Chemical Laboratory and the Agricultural Hall.

Miss Maxcie Sheppard and Miss Sophia Aldrich, two charming young ladies of Converse College, were the guests of Mrs. R. E. Lee recently.

Cadet H. Stevens, of the Junior Class, was called to his home in Dallas, Tex., on account of the death of his mother. Cadet Stevens has the deepest sympathy of all the cadets in his sad bereavement.

By far the most enjoyable dance ever had at Clemson was the one given by the Senior Dancing Club in the gymnasium, on the 17th of November. Music was furnished by Messrs. Smith, Bissell, Sweeney, Crouch and Bristow, and was pronounced the best ever heard in the gymnasium. The visitors present from the surrounding towns were: Misses Sheppard and Aldrich, from Converse College; Miss Steel, from Rock Hill; Miss Maxwell, of Anderson; Miss Richardson, of Greenville; Miss Mock, of Arkansas; Misses Lila, Elise and Alice Stribling, of Pendleton; Miss Ella Sloan, of Pendleton; Miss Sue Sloan, Mesdames Riggs, Newman, Bryan, Michel, Harper.

Cadet Frank Dorrah recently met with a painful though not serious accident. Cadet Dorrah and another cadet were playing with a bayonet and the former was accidentally pierced with the weapon.

The skating craze seems to have struck Clemson. Quite a number of cadets are taking advantage of the long halls in barracks for this purpose.

At a recent meeting of the Junior Class, Mr. S. R. Rhodes was elected editor-in-chief of the Annual of '07.

Prof. P. T. Brodie has gone to New York for a month's rest.

Cherry, after standing Steam Eng. examination, was asked if he could pass Mechanics.

Cherry: "I don't know; I have so much steam in my head that part of it has condensed and formed water; now I have water on the brain."

The invincible Craig, left half on Vanderbilt team, met his "Waterloo" when he came in Furtick's territory.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees a neat sum was appropriated to buy a clock to take the place of the wooden dial in the tower of the main building. Alas! the hands, which have always pointed to fifteen minutes to 9, will be permitted to revolve.

Winters, looking up the life of Herodotus: "Born 484 B. C. and lived to the end of the century." "Gee; that is only sixteen years."

Mr. A. Lomax, of Abbeville, was given the contract for the photographic work of "The Annual of 1906." Mr. Lomax arrived on campus the 16th inst. to start with the work. The Annual promises to be the best that Clemson has ever gotten out, and no cadet should leave Clemson until he has obtained one.

Bryson (at society meeting): "Did you say I am on as a spontaneous (extemporaneous) speaker?"

The John C. Calhoun Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy was organized recently at the residence of Mrs. P. H. Mell, and quite a number of the ladies of the community became members. The officers are: Mrs. T. W. Keitt, President; Mrs. J. P. Lewis, Vice-President; Mrs. W. M. Riggs, Treasurer; Mrs. P. H. Mell, Recording Secre-

tary; Mrs. J., N. Harper, Corresponding Secretary. Mrs. Mell was elected delegate to the State Convention in Johnston, November 29th.

Miss Nannie Morrison has been spending some time in Due West.

Rat Bischoff (reading notice): "Lost, one fatty-gue (fatigue) coat."

Miss Floride Calhoun is now at her home, after a visit of two months to Atlanta.

The lyceum course for the year is about completed, and is as follows: Miss Duthie and Miss Daniel, October 13; Schubert String Quartet, November 24; Dr. Geo. E. Vincent, University of Chicago, December 8; Katherine Ridgeway Concert Company, January 13; Congressman Daniel De Armond, February; Dr. Penniman, Dean of the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, March; Miss Mamie Harrison, Richmond, date not fixed; Maro, the Magician, date not fixed; the Temple Quartet, Eli Perkins and Thos. E. Watson may be added to the list. The first number was rendered on the stated date, and was very much enjoyed by all who attended.

Rev. K. G. Finley attended the Missionary Conference of the Episcopal Church in Atlanta.

The Junior Class have commenced work on the 1907 Annual. C. E. Jones has been elected editor-in-chief, and F. M. Stevenson business manager. The other members of the staff will be elected later.

Rat Bell said that he hoped Thanksgiving would come on Monday this year.

The officers for the second quarter for the societies are:

Palmetto.

D. H. Hill.....	President
S. F. Reid.....	Vice-President
W. O. Pratt.....	Secretary
W. S. Baskin.....	Treasurer
T. D. Eason.....	Censor
A. G. Kennedy.....	Literary Critic
R. O. Poag.....	Prosecuting Critic
D. C. Britt.....	Sergeant-at-Arms

Columbian.

C. A. Granger.....	President
H. P. Stuckey.....	Vice-President
B. D. Carter.....	Secretary
F. B. McLaurin.....	Literary Critic
T. B. Jacobs.....	Prosecuting Critic
S. C. Blease and F. L. Martin.....	Reporting Critics
C. W. Mack.....	Sergeant-at-Arms

Calhoun.

T. E. Keitt.....	President
A. R. McAliley.....	Vice-President
E. V. Garrett.....	Secretary
S. R. Harper.....	Literary Critic
J. S. Lewis.....	Correspondng Secretary
R. G. Harris.....	Sergeant-at-Arms

At the meeting of the Science Club recently Dr. Haven Metcalf gave a very valuable paper on sanitation.

Cadet Rice wants to know if chickens hatched in an incubator are artificial.

Miss Bessie Brown, of Auburn, will make her home for the winter with Mrs. P. H. Mell.

Rat Roberts (looking at automobile): "That sure is a big pinder-parcher."

Capt. C. D. Clay went to Atlanta recently and met his family on their return from Kentucky, where they spent the summer.

Mrs. K. G. Finley entertained the Ladies' Club recently in honor of her mother, Mrs. Reed, of St. George. A feature of special interest at this meeting of the club was the presentation by Mrs. Mell of some correspondence which passed between her as a little girl and General Robert E. Lee. The story and letters were most interesting and amusing.

Cadet —: "Professor, I've discovered a new way of catching rabbits."

Professor M—: "How is it done?"

Cadet —: "Easily enough; simply go behind a stone wall and make a noise like a turnip."

Professor M—: "Since you have broached the subject, I, myself, can tell you of a new way of catching them."

Cadet —: "How is it done, Professor?"

Professor M—: "Simply go into a cabbage patch, lay down among the beds and look natural."

Here's to you, with your problems so hard,
Who so many from honors have ultimately barred;
We drink one toast, though we'd rather cuss,
To you, our Jonah, Cal-cu-lus.

Miss Birdie Mock, of Arkansas, is spending a while with Mrs. C. L. Newman.

Miss Eoline Richardson, of Greenville, is the guest of Mrs. D. W. Daniel.

Col. M. B. Hardin, Prof. J. N. Harper and Prof. C. E. Chambliss have returned from Washington, where they attended the meetings of the Association of Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations.

Miss Minnie Wannamaker is visiting in Atlanta.

Jack G—: "Fellows, how do you spell gauge?"

Billy M—: "G-a-g-e."

Cad. C—: "G-u-a-g-e."

Jack W—: "G-a-g-u-e."

Taliaferro: "Ump! Ump!"

The Ladies' Thursday Club was entertained last week by Mrs. D. W. Daniel. The singing of Mrs. Riggs and the instrumental music by Miss Helen Brackett added very much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

"Nick" Cherry (seeing 19 on incandescent lamp globe): "What does that mean—19 horse power?"

Daddy — to Jno. Smeltzer (who had written Part I. of an essay): "Please don't hand in Part II., for it has been passed upon several times before. It tells of how the man threw the snake on the floor and frightened the woman."

Class: "Haw! Haw! Whoa-a-a! Hum!"

Miss Alice Maxwell, of Anderson, is the guest of Mrs. P. H. E. Sloan.

The whole cadet corps turned out one afternoon last week to help extinguish a forest fire which had started near the Seneca railroad bridge, and which was making a rapid head-way towards the residences of Mr. Winslow Sloan and others.

Mrs. Mell is in Auburn, Ala., for a few weeks.

Taliaferro: "Ratty, what State is St. Louis in?"

Ratty: "In Mobile."

Tite: "Whoa! Haw! Haw!"

Ratty: "Well, what does Mo. stand for, then?"

Athletics.

Heretofore very little space has been given to athletics; but physical training is becoming such an important factor of the history of the college that we are forced to acknowledge its rightful place in the pages of our magazine. As has been proven, athletics is as essential to the life of a college as any other course of training. Although few colleges can boast a better record in baseball and football, we have done comparatively little in gymnastic work. Dr. Calhoun has started a class in a room which is entirely incapable of accommodating the number that should be in this work. We sincerely hope that the day is not far distant when we shall see a separate and ample building for the development of the body rear its spire among those for the training of the mental organs. At present, there are few colleges that have not provided for a physical training, and why should not we, the largest college in the State, do likewise? Now, boys, let each of us do all in our power, and we shall soon be rewarded by the much-needed gymnasium.

In taking charge of this department, we would like to say that any one handing anything to us of interest, it will be appreciated very much.

And Clemson Ate 'Em Up.

CLEMSON, 26. ALABAMA, 0.

Massed against a background of 2,500, shutting in the field with a solid mass, twenty-two men fought for victory in Columbia during Fair Week. In the crowd were hundreds of pretty girls, Clemson and Carolina alumni, and near one end of the big stand were crowded the gray-coated cadets. The garnet and black of Carolina made dark spots all over the field, but it was the orange and purple that shone brilliant above all other colors.

Furtick put his foot under the leather, and it did not stop until Lewis caught it near the 20-yard line, and advanced about five yards. Alabama started off well and her heavy Yale plays went smashing into Clemson's line like a locomotive—steady, but sure; but soon Smith, the quarter, was forced to punt, sending the ball to Clemson's 30-yard line. Ellison, Furtick and Derrick were sent in for long gains. On the 20-yard line, Alabama stiffened her defense, and the ball went over to the westerners. Soon Smith, the quarter was forced to kick, and McIver fell on the ball. Here, the Tigers seemed to get their bristles up, for McLaurin went in for thirteen yards, McIver's kicking being great. A few more of those furious plunges by Furtick and Derrick sufficed to send the latter across for the first touch-down just ten minutes and twenty-six seconds of actual play. Score, 5 to 0.

On the kick-off, Smith took the ball on the 30-yard line and advanced about five yards. After using Sims, Burks and Ward repeatedly, the westerners were forced to punt again. Then began a steady march. About the 55-yard line, Hicklin went in for Ellison at left half. From the 40-yard line, Clemson's offense was superb, and Furtick, McLaurin and Derrick took five and ten yards at a clip. From the 15-yard line, McLaurin was dragged across the final whitewash. The ball was touched down before the kick, and so no goal was allowed. Score, 10 to 0.

Peavey took the ball on the 20-yard line on the next kick-off, but the Tigers soon took the ball. Hicklin, Furtick and Derrick were sent in, but the ball went back to Alabama on the 30-yard line. Sims and Burks were sent for good gains. Alabama may have scored here, had not the whistle blown when the ball was on the 15-yard line.

THE SECOND HALF.

In the second half, Gelzer went in for Hicklin, and Robertson for Peavy. McIver took the ball on the 30-yard line, and Clemson went steadily down the field. Furtick went over for the last touch-down. He failed at goal again. Score, 15 to 0.

Ward took the ball on the 10-yard line, but the ball soon went over to the Tigers. Furtick, Dickson and McLaurin were used for effective gains. Derrick took the ball over for a touch-down. Furtick kicked goal. Score, 21 to 0.

A SPECTACULAR RUN.

On the next kick-off, the most spectacular play of the game was made by Burks, the brilliant Alabama half-back and captain, when he caught the oval on the 10-yard line, and, dodging the entire Clemson team, started for a touch-down. At last, Furtick headed him off, and big Keasler fell on him. This seemed to put new life into Alabama; but the Tigers held them and the ball went over. Furtick and Derrick were sent in for long gains, the former taking forty yards in one clip. McLaurin, Clemson's sure ground gainer, made the touch-down. Score, 26 to 0.

LINE-UP.

<i>Clemson.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Alabama.</i>
Lykes.....	R. E.	Lewis
McLaurin	R. T.	Sartain
Keasler	R. G.	Donald
Summers	C.	Moody
Gaston, Rouch	L. G.	Sims
Derrick (c)	L. T.	Lanier
McIver	Q.	Smith, Catchens
Furtick	R. H. B.	Ward
Dickson	F. B.	Peavy, Robertson
Ellison, Hicklin.....	L. H. B.	Burks, Sturdivant

Touch-downs: McLaurin, 3; Derrick, 2.

Referee, Shaughnessy, of Notre Dame. Umpire, Benet, of Virginia. Head Linesman, Reynolds, of Princeton. Timekeepers, Benet and Barksdale. Time of halves, 25 minutes.

At the beginning of the season, Clemson's football outlook was not very promising, for almost the entire team was to be new men; but Coach Cohens has put out one of the best teams in the history of the college, thus proving himself to be one of the most efficient coaches in the South.

AUBURN GAME.

In Auburn, November 11, Auburn was defeated by the Clemson Tigers by the score of 26 to 0. Clemson's heavy tackle plays went through her opponent's line for long gains. Furtick and Derrick were the stars for Clemson. Although Auburn put up a gritty game, they were out-classed by the Tigers.

We understand that the Auburn students gave a dance to the visiting team, after the game. This fact speaks in the most commendable tones for the students and faculty of that institution. This spirit of fortitude under defeat is one that we should practice and encourage. In behalf of the corps, we extend our warmest thanks to Auburn.

Auburn rooter (after seeing Rick make one of his famous hurdles): "Well, if they can't go through the line, they fly over it."

VANDERBILT GAME.

Although Clemson was defeated by the score of 41 to 0, we do not feel as if it were real defeat, for Vandy should be classed as a Western or Northern team. In this game, the Tigers gained more ground than other teams against Vandy in the last two years, and came nearer making a touch-down.

Then, too, the wonderful Furtick politely took laurels from the brow of the great Craig, who thought he was "it" until he met "Fritz."

LINE UP.

<i>Vanderbilt.</i>	<i>Position.</i>	<i>Clemson.</i>
Bob Blake	L. E.	Rouch
Taylor	L. T.	Derrick (c)
Stone	L. G.	Gaston
Patterson	C.	Keasler
Brown (c)	R. G.	Summers
Pritchard	R. T.	McLaurin
Hamilton	R. E.	Gantt
Kyle	Q.	McIver
Dan Blake	L. H. B.	Lykes
Craig	R. H. B.	Furtick
Manier	F. B.	Dickson

Y. M. C. A. Department

Editor:

J. E. JOHNSON

In this issue, the Y. M. C. A. makes its first appearance in a distinct department of the CHRONICLE. During the past three years, the Association has grown from an organization of minor consideration, to one of the most prominent factors in the life of the college. This session, in recognition of its value and importance, the literary societies have created this department. The Association is under many obligations to the literary societies for this public recognition, and trusts that this department will become a prominent feature of the CHRONICLE, and be the means of greatly furthering the work of the Association.

It is our purpose to make this part of the CHRONICLE as attractive and readable as possible. To this end, it will contain notes concerning the work of the local Association and the work in other colleges. There will also be items and clippings containing general information about the Association movement.

Through the kindness of Col. Clay in furnishing tents, the Y. M. C. A. was able to have several conveniences for the boys during the encampment at Columbia. The bath privileges at the Y. M. C. A. building and the writing material and reading matter at the Y. M. C. A. tent, added much to the well being of the corps and were greatly appreciated.

The Association was quite fortunate this session in having Mr. Weatherford here just after the opening. While here, he delivered four addresses to the students, held two confer-

ences with the committees, and one with the faculty. He was of great service in helping to organize the work.

We are glad to note the interest Dr. Mell is taking in the work. He not only made a liberal contribution, but presented the Association with a chair and a table. This is a very welcome gift, and will add much to the appearance of the Association hall.

The great work the Association is doing this year is largely due to the action of the Board of Trustees. Their interest and financial help has created new zeal and confidence. Our friends will be glad to know of the great interest the Board is taking in this phase of college activity. They have set aside a large room on the third floor of the main building and appropriated the necessary funds to have it calcimined, lighted, seated, and furnished with books and organ.

The Bible study department is doing good work since our return from the fair. There are nineteen classes with a total membership of one hundred and seventy-seven. These classes are organized for the purpose of doing daily systematic study of the Bible. The life and times of those who have given Christian nations their religion are studied, with a view of bringing the student into a better knowledge of the great moral and religious influences of the world. We are very much gratified to note the increased enrolment in Bible study throughout the South. Five Bible institutes have been held in the Carolinas, and the enrolment is far ahead of that of last year already. At V. P. I., 200 were enrolled in one week. Tennessee had thirty per cent. more men in Bible study on October 1st than at the close of the last student year.

It is encouraging to hear that the Alumni Association of the University of Georgia has offered \$40,000 for an Asso-

ciation building, on condition that an additional \$35,000 is raised for the same purpose. It is not expecting too much to say that Clemson must have an Association building in the near future. Our prominence along other lines demand that we keep in the lead in this respect.

The universal week of prayer was observed by the members of the Association. This series of services was of great benefit in strengthening and promoting the spiritual life of the members.

The Association, as well as the athletic, literary society and scholastic phases of college life, very reasonably claims the attention of every student who wishes to secure the largest returns from his college course, and who desires to use his influence for the benefit of others. There are many reasons why every student should participate in the work of the college Association. When a student becomes a member of the Association, he acknowledges the best in his past life, and at the same time expresses a desire to be true to it. The majority of college men come from homes where uplifting religious influences prevail. Many of them have been members of churches at home. The college man is unfaithful to the most sacred influences of home and to his own highest purposes who, when entering into the new world of college life, does not openly acknowledge these best things in his past. The most natural thing to do, then, is to join in the work of the Association.

By becoming a member of the Association, one secures development in the highest ranges of a man's life. The student who would have his life symmetrical, will seek to develop "his moral senses, his spiritual faculties, his religious nature, no less than his physical, social and intellectual abilities." The Association encourages voluntary exercise, and this kind of exercise is always the most effective means

for development. Being one of the promoters of Association work in college signifies a willingness to meet definite opportunities for service that may arise while in college or after leaving college. Men who have placed themselves in line for such service are the men who are confronted by these opportunities. Their membership secures training for larger services in the future. College-bred men in both professional and lay capacities are wanted in religious and non-religious activities alike. Hence, there is great need for the training of actual experience gained through active Association work.

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

P. H. Mell, President. P. H. E. Sloan, Sec'y and Treas.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

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T. E. Keitt, President. E. V. Garrett, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

C. A. Grainger, President. B. D. Carter, Secretary.

PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

D. H. Hill, President. W. O. Pratt, Secretary.

THE CLEMSON COLLEGE ANNUAL OF 1906.

T. E. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief. L. G. Southard, Bus. Mgr.

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H. Houston, Superintendent. J. E. Johnson, Secretary.

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J. E. Johnson, President. E. A. Crawford, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENCE CLUB.

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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President. J. W. Gantt, Secretary.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

O. L. Derrick, Capt. Team '05-06. C. Coles, Mgr.

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GERMAN CLUB.

J. A. Gelzer, President. E. M. Kaminer, Secretary.

BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.

E. H. Jones, Manager. A. G. Ellison, Captain.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

D. H. Henry, President. A. B. Bryan, Secretary.
Clemson College, S. C. Clemson College, S. C.

CADET EXCHANGE

CLEMSON COLLEGE

SOUTH CAROLINA

Book Bargains

Thompson's Dynamo-Electric Machinery, \$2.50.

Churches' Mechanics of Engineering, \$4.50.

Carhart's Field Book for Civil Engineers, Cotton Mill Processes and Calculations by Tompkins, Kinealy's Steam Engines and Boilers, Power and Power Transmission by Kerr, Agricultural Bacteriology by Coun, at 40 per cent. discount from list.

Chamois Skin for drawing instruments, 10c.

Brushes, Combs, Shaving Brushes, Tooth Picks, &c.

Waterman's Fountain Pens, also Parker's Lucky Curve, Century, Wirts, Remex and Dispatch. Special price on these.

Prophylactic Tooth Brush, 25c.

Carter's, Sanford's, Stafford's, Arnold's inks and writing fluids. All the good pencils, black, red, blue, green, orange, etc. Paste, Mucilage, Blotters, Paper, Envelopes, Box Paper, etc.

Higgins' drawing ink, all colors; Higgins' engrossing ink, Higgins' eternal ink, ink wells, drawing instruments and supplies, cross section paper, textile design paper, water colors, etc.

Pears Soap, 10c.; Bon Ami, 10c.; Hand Sapolio, 10c.; Packer's Tar, 15c.; Turkish Bath, 5c.; Fairbanks' Tar, 5c.; Ivory, 5c.; Williams' Shaving, 5c.; Lana Oil Soap, 10c.; Metzoap, best of all, 5c.

Putz Pomade and Cosmic Oil for rifles and brasses.

Yellow Manilla pads, 1c., 2½c., 5c.

Tan Shoe Polish, 5c. Paste Blackings, 1c.

CADET EXCHANGE

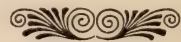
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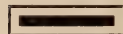
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The Clemson College Chronicle

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VOL. IX. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., JANUARY, 1906 No. 4

Literary Department

S. P. HARPER

Editors:

J. C. CLARK

In the Realm of the Berry Growers.

George Stevens felt blue. It was early on a cold, blustering March morning, before day had scarcely more than dawned, and he, with a few others who were likewise called out early on account of their business, were hurrying along the streets. He scarcely noticed the others, however, for his thoughts were on another subject. His father had died when George was only sixteen, and for that reason, he had for the last four years been the main support of his mother, and four younger brothers and sisters. Though he had worked for a large produce and commission firm of Philadelphia, yet he had by studying nights, got a fair education, and so, with the fair wages which he received, managed to get along very well. But he was not satisfied, for he had only been able to keep them all cared for, without sending the children to school.

Stevens soon reached the market portion of the city, however, where other things required his attention. Here the scene was much livelier; for though it was early in the season, fruit and vegetables were already coming in from

the far South, and he now found the streets crowded with drays and carts, bringing the shipments up from the depot. Passing along this more crowded portion of the city, he at last reached the headquarters of "The Clarkson Produce Co.," for whom he was clerking. After attending to a few minor details, he was called to one side by Mr. Clarkson, the head of the firm.

"Stevens," said he, "you know it is nearly time for the strawberry season to open up down in the Carolinas, and I want you to stay down there through the spring and look after our trade. Now, you see, we could easily handle several carloads a day, if we could get them, but that is the trouble. Smith & Sons and others are already down there, and we will have to fight hard if we get our share. You have three or four weeks yet, and now I want you to go down there, see as many of the growers as possible, and get the promise of as many berries as you can."

Three days later, Stevens had reached the southern part of the berry district, and was busy looking up the different growers. He had got some experience in the commission business, but not in this part of it, so he now determined to do his best, especially as it would mean a better position for him. It was much warmer in this district than in Philadelphia, and as there was a very bright outlook for the season, while George's firm was well liked, he had even more success than he had at first even dared to hope for; so it was not long before he had the promise of a good, large trade.

Soon the strawberry season was in full force, and every one was busy as he could be. The berries were bringing good returns, and this, along with the immense quantity there was to be handled, kept things up to a considerable pitch of excitement. Stevens and a few others, however, had feared that there would be a shortage of refrigerator cars, and it was not long before they were confirmed in these apprehensions. Stevens had his first trouble on the day

that he received the following: "Be sure send us two cars No. 1 berries to-day—buy them if possible—pay high as \$3.75 a crate—very important." But there were no cars to he had that day, so the order had to remain unfilled. On that same day, many carloads had been picked, but there was nothing to do but to leave them on the platform. During the next few days, several cars came in, but they were all overloaded, and for that reason brought bad prices, as they reached the market in poor condition. At last, rains came on, and as that is something which ripe berries cannot stand, while the shortage of berries continued, affairs soon reached a very bad state. The truckers became furious, and heaped all sorts of imprecations on the refrigerator company, railroads, commission men, and about everything connected with them; it is to be feared, even unto the third and fourth generation of the children's children, which, I believe, they could not be blamed for doing. The outlook was very bad, indeed, and Stevens, as well as Adams, the young man who had been sent down to help him, was at his wit's end to know what to do.

"Adams," said he one day, "what are we going to do about this, any way?"

"I'm sure I don't know. It seems as though we will have to give up for this year, at least."

"I'll tell you; I've heard of about a dozen cars which are owned by a large orange growers' association, down in Florida. They do not seem to be in use just now, but are stored on a side track, in the town of B—. Don't you think it would be worth while to see whether we could rent them or not, till the end of the season?"

"Why, the very idea," exclaimed Adams, slapping him on the shoulder, "we will telegraph down there this very day, and find out."

They soon received a favorable reply; then, it was not long before they had made arrangements for the cars, and

had them on hand. At last, when they got the fifteen cars iced, it was a comparatively easy matter, on account of the large amount of berries which were ready to be picked, to distribute the cars out to the different stations and get them loaded. Stevens feared that he might have some difficulty in getting the cars through to market, as some influence might be brought about to delay or damage them, on account of their not being in charge of the refrigerator company, so he decided to go along with them, in order to see that they reached the market in as good shape as possible.

He started from a small town near the coast, on the border between North and South Carolina, about 8 o'clock at night, and was to catch the fast refrigerator train further north. But for some unaccountable reason, he was delayed, first in one way and then another, till at last he was thrown so far behind time that he missed the fast train, and was thus left to get through as best he could. Fate now seemed to have seized on his undertaking, for nothing was left but for him to go out of his way around by Raleigh, and with the prospect of again being delayed there. He arrived there late on the next day, and much as he had feared, found nothing but an eight hours lay over in store for him. What was to be done? The ice was already running low in the cars, with no chance of getting more in that locality, and if it once gave out, the strawberries would certainly spoil. He thought it over, and at last decided to go to the offices of the different railroads and try and find out more about the outlook. He soon learned that it was cold, with snow, in the mountains to the northwest of Raleigh; then a brilliant idea struck him. Why not have the cars taken along the mountains, where it is cold, as far north as possible, and then run them across to the east to Philadelphia? He accordingly made his way to the office of a road which has a branch running off in that direction, and stated his purpose.

"Why, we can't bother with all such shipments, and

besides, the handling of fruit is out of our line of business," objected the superintendent.

"I know that," replied Stevens, "but you see, this is a case of great necessity, and then the freight rates from the fifteen cars will pay you very well."

"Yes, that is so, and then, I do believe that we have some other important stuff; so, perhaps, we can make up a train, after all."

The superintendent then began planning in earnest, and soon found that he could make up a fast train, send it through to the Y. & W. road, by way of Greensboro; thence along the Allegheny Mountains, through the Shenandoah Valley, to Harrisburg, Pa., where they could easily be sent across to Philadelphia. In an hour, Stevens again had his berries under way; the run along the mountains was made on schedule time, and at last he got to Philadelphia with the berries still in good condition, on account of the colder weather which he had run them into. Now that they had reached market, the next problem was to dispose of the fifteen carloads; but on account of the scarcity of No. 1 strawberries, they were at last disposed of at handsome prices.

"Stevens," said Mr. Clarkson, as our young friend came into his office, "you have done fine and saved us for this season, at least. Now, after this, your regular place will be in the shipping sections during the whole season."

Tired, but happy, our George Stevens at last reached home, and told the good news to his mother and the children. As would be expected, they were greatly surprised and delighted, and they had good reason to be, for with the better position and salary which he had now gained, he would be able to do much better by them all.

It is almost needless to remark that he met with great success after this, and became well known in all of the shipping sections, clear from Florida to the apple districts of New

York, and gained for his firm a greater reputation than it had ever known before. At last, he became a member of it, and to-day, he is one of the best known and most respected commission men of his native city. J. W. L., '08.

Stonewall Jackson.

The grandest heritage of any country is the heroic life of a man of character. The honor roll of centuries is resplendent with the fitful reflections of its men of genius and talent, of its soldiers and statesmen, and of its orators and reformers; but in magnificent contrast to them is the steady ennobling light of the man of character, who, with a singleness of purpose and a rugged determination to do the right as he saw it, answered the call of conscience, regardless of the cost. To-day, England rejoices in her Cromwell; America loves her Washington; the Christian religion testifies to the adorning homage that its followers pay to the lowly Nazarene; and the different creeds of that religion are monuments to Calvin, Luther and Savonarola. Thus, more than all others, the man of character has been foremost in accomplishing the mission of liberty. History lends her richest coloring in depicting his glorious achievements. Since the dawn of reason he has been a leader—not through bloodshed, destruction of national life, or the sordidness of selfish ambition; but because in bettering the lives of his fellow-men, he lived a life of true grandeur.

The national drama of 1861 brought forth the strongest men of this country. The Constitution of the nation was at the mercy of civil strife for four long, terrible years. The battle of conscience waged bitterly; men wavered over the problems of human servitude and "State's Rights." When the inevitable war resulted, brother marched against brother; fathers forgot their sons; family were estranged; and grim desolation stalked over the land. Out of this arena arose

men of soul and intellect—hallowed exponents of man sacrifices for liberty. One of these was a giant, who fought with conviction for what his people thought their rights, and finally gave his life for the cause he believed just. He is that man of towering character, Stonewall Jackson.

Stonewall Jackson's greatest claim to immortality is "Jackson, the soldier"—the fulfillment of the world's ideal of a soldier. No warrior ever fought the pure motive, and, according to his opportunities, no warrior was ever more successful.

His short service during the Mexican War was as meritorious as that of any other officer in the army. He was three times mentioned in dispatches for conspicuous bravery. At Cherubusco, he broke up the enemy's breastworks, and at Chapultepec he held his position alone with his artillery in a desperate situation until the city fell; and again before the City of Mexico, it was said of him, "If devotion, industry, talent and gallantry are the highest qualities of a soldier, then is he entitled to the distinction which their possession confers." After the Mexican campaign, he went to the Virginia Military Institute, where, until the breaking out of the Civil War, he taught as a college professor. Then came the call to arms. His reply is the history of the first two years of unparalleled Southern victories.

To this man, the Civil War was almost a predestination; and each battle a combat not for victory, but for existence. Too well he knew the reserve of the forces that the North could draw from. He also knew that the voluntary liberation of slaves meant the financial ruin of the South and the destruction of her vast system. But when Virginia seceded, would he see her coerced and the rights of secession denied? Though he took the wrong side, his decision was another triumph of principle character over national ties.

The first battle of the Civil War was won to the Confederacy by Jackson's stand at the field of Bull Run. The

placing of his brigade with himself at its head—a human stone wall—between the victorious North and the disheartened South at a critical moment when otherwise all was lost, won him his immortal sobriquet of “Stonewall” Jackson. His ability as a general and soldier was seen all during that war.

At one time—when Richmond was first besieged—he faced three opposing armies in relieving that beleaguered city, and accomplished his object, notwithstanding. President Roosevelt, in his tribute of respect to the Southern army, has said: “The world had never seen better soldiers than those who followed Lee; and their leader will undoubtedly rank as, without any exception, the very greatest of all the great captains that the English-speaking people have brought forth—and this, although the last and chief of his antagonists may himself claim to stand as the full equal of Marlborough and Wellington.” Yet Lee was not a better general of battle than Jackson, for Lee lost a possible victory at Gettysburg and Jackson never lost a single engagement. He defeated and baffled every one sent against him.

For two years victory followed the Southern cause. The honor of an army, the lives of its soldiers, and the existence of a nation were never in safer, more aggressive hands. Then came that fatal night with its cloud of woe for the soldiers in grey. Jackson’s form was stricken down at Chancellorsville in the height of its robust, victorious work by a blunder of his own men, who thought his reconnoitering staff a foray of the enemy. With the intelligence of his death, gloom spread rapidly from his division to the whole army of the South, overshadowing the glad tidings of the peerless victory that he had just won. Brawny, war-tried veterans of his many campaigns were seen to give way to the grief they felt; and from the humblest private to the greatest general, hope for the cause for which they had so long and bravely fought almost vanished. In the general

mourning that followed his death, General Lee said, "I would, then, for the South's sake, have gladly taken his place."

The world is inclined to judge Jackson as a great military leader—"A Monarch of Battles" only. But there is another and better side of his character. His success is based on his motto, "You can be what you resolve to be." The man builded himself. An orphan at three years of age, almost without friends, and only an indomitable will to pilot him through a rough life, he rose to one of the highest places in American fame and to the warmest place in Southern hearts.

Compare Jackson's home life with those of fame's other favorites, and it will be found that there are few that approach it. There is no ignoble deed to Jackson's memory. While teaching at the Virginia Military Institute, he found time to lend sympathy and genuine sincerity to the uplifting of the negro children, when they were almost despised by all his friends. During the time he was known as the sternest character of his age, the letters to his wife from the battle field revealed the heart of the man. They were not filled with self-vauntings and boasts of his army's prowess. In each there breathed the truest of regard for her and a sense of consecration to his cause. The portals of Napoleon's fame are smirched by his harsh treatment of Josephine, and even the great life of Cromwell was centered in a hate of his opponents. But this man lived his life true to himself and true to his ideals. The soldier of him, matchless as it is, must ever stand in a subdued light to the brilliancy of the man.

Rebuking the smallnesses of life, standing for the triumphs of principles in men, loving all and hating none, this Christian soldier went to the martyr's resting place with a contented murmur, "We will cross over the river to rest." To him came no garlands and laurels of well earned victory, when his simple life was closing; but the things for which he

fought made the clasping of hands at Appomattox a triumph of humanity. It was a dedication anew of the nation to the principles for which he gave his life. Happily since then, as if in answer to his life's prayer, a fraternal spirit has submerged the famous Mason-Dixon line in the kindly shadows of forgetfulness, and the discords of that struggle are replaced by the sweet harmony of a nation achieving its ideals.

Whatever may be the prejudices of war, men can praise his life. He was Napoleon without Napoleon's ambitions; a Cromwell without Cromwell's heartlessness; a Lee with all of Lee's magnetism and with more than Lee's self-reliance. His is the life in which the North knew her bravest foe, the South her best son, and America one of her truest patriots.

The greatest gift of a man is the life of a man. A greater gift is from God, and is the life of the brilliant soldier, dauntless in a singleness of purpose and inspired by a faith in God and the confidence of his fellow-men. A combination of the man and the brilliant soldier is the record of this man of will, of purpose, and of character—Stonewall Jackson.

L. E. CARTER.

Friendship Saved Him.

At one time in the life of Charles Longman, his reputation as a detective was supreme. An old man, who greatly admired Charles, gave him his early education. At the age of twenty-one, the young man associated himself with the Pinkertons, the world-famed detectives, and in a few years had established what is now known as Longman's Bureau. The rising young detective would have a world-wide fame if an occurrence of entirely unforeseen character had not presented itself. It was when James Bell, a man of note in the social and business circles of Carleton, was accused of theft from the Carleton Bank, in which he was Cashier, that Longman's downfall began. Soon after, Longman secured the particu-

lars of the case and a web of evidence began to be woven about Bell, though as yet Longman had never seen the object of his prosecution. In some way, however, a gap occurred in the chain of evidence, and unless this could be filled, the thief could not be convicted. At this point, Longman took the case from his subordinates into his own hands, and determined to secure the desired evidence.

In the meantime, Bell had escaped from Carleton, leaving word that he had gone on his summer vacation. Longman was soon on his trail, however, and he left word that he, too, had gone on his summer vacation.

* * * * *

A richly-clad gentleman was idly smoking a cigar in the pool room of a favorite summer resort, when Charles Longman walked in and began playing at a table near by. Bell, for the richly-clad gentleman was none other than the Cashier, soon began commenting on some fine shots made by Longman, and this brought on a friendly chat, then an introduction, and finally a dip in the surf together. Two days passed and the friendship of Bell and Smith, as Longman had registered, increased. This friendship was further aided when the two men were asked by the landlord to take a room together, to aid him in accommodating the ever-increasing crowds. To this they readily assented, for neither suspected the other's identity, until three weeks later, when, as they lay in bed telling experiences, Bell, in somewhat impassioned tones, said, "Charley, old boy, I have a story I would like to tell you. One month ago I was Cashier of the Bank of Carleton, and a prosperous and happy man. But my wife, imagining that I had wronged her, secured a divorce from me and went back to her father, carrying with her our only child, a boy of about four years. Life then became unbearable, for I was indeed miserable without the only two beings that I loved. My father-in-law swore that I should not see my child until I had deposited with him five thousand dollars

for the support of my wife and child. I took to drink then, and it was in a drunken spree that I placed a five before one hundred on the bank books. I then hurried to my father-in-law's house, but he was away, and my wife was with him. I returned to the bank, intending to return the money, but it had already been missed, and I could not correct the books. My spree soon ended and I came here, intending to leave the country, but I cannot go. Remorse and the desire to see my wife and child will not permit it, and I am daily expecting arrest, which I assure you, will be gladly welcomed."

This story impressed Longman much, and for the next three days he went about the town in a silent, thoughtful mood. His friendship for Bell would not permit an arrest, yet what was he to do? He finally decided to go home and give up his work as detective at once, for he reasoned that his usefulness in that line was clearly at an end. He was interrupted in such thoughts as these one night when Bell rushed up and said in an excited voice, "I am going home and I want you to go with me. Will you?"

"What's your object in hurrying home, Jimmie?" asked Longman.

Bell threw him a telegram, which read:

"Come at once. Jimmie is dying. Wife."

The two men arrived at Carleton the next morning, and, as Bell insisted, Longman accompanied him to the home of his father-in-law. The quiet home was soon reached. Death had spared the child, and as the two men entered, the mother arose from the bedside, and sprang into Bell's outstretched arms. Longman turned to leave, but Bell called him back, and said: "My wife, Smith. Wish us a blessing."

"With all my heart," said Longman; "may everlasting peace and happiness be with you."

Bell succeeded in compromising with the bank authorities, but, of course, he lost his position with them. He has never

lost the friendship with Longman, however, who gave up detective work and is now living the quiet life of a business man.

WARREN, '08.

Kicked When He's Down.

When the sun of prosperity's shining,
And a man's growing rich each day—
When in ease and comfort reclining,
And golden successes crowns his way—
How friends will then flock about him;
But if Fortune should happen to frown,
How quickly he'll get the "cold shoulder,"
And be kicked because he's down.

How kindly the world will smile on him,
When life with successes abound;
How cordially, blandly 'twill greet him
As in pleasure he's riding around!
But then let reverses o'ertake him,
And his friends both in country and town
Have not a kind sentence to greet him,
But will kick him as soon as he's down.

Let a man get position or wealth,
Matters not if by intrigue or fraud,
The world nods approvingly at him,
And his acts will loudly applaud.
What though he may be a great villain!
With the simple, the wise, and the clown,
While he's up he is a "tip-top fellow,"
But they'll kick him if he ever gets down.

When a man has plenty of "greenback,"
And he is healthy and festive and gay,
He is counted a "bully good chum," then,
And the crowd approves all he may say;

But just let him lose his treasure,
Perchance, too, his health may be gone,
He'll get to be nobody quickly,
And sure to be kicked when he's down.

What's the use of being moral and honest,
Or strive to be upright and true,
For unless a man has lots of money,
The world's bound to "put him right through;"
They'll go "for him," certain and surely,
From jockey to priest in his gown—
All stand ready to snub him,
And kick him when he's down.

SHERARD, '08.

"A Sight Worth Seeing."

It was in the month of January, the roads were hub deep in mud and water. In fact, they were almost impassable on the morning that father and I went to town over them. But by taking it slowly and easily, we reached our destination without anything very unusual taking place, and were on our way homeward, when Providence placed the most amusing sight just ahead of us that I have ever seen.

An old negro named Giles was slowly winding his way up Mud-Way Hill in the most dilapidated looking cart. The wheels to this vehicle were prevented from collapsing by having two or three dogwood sticks placed against the outside of each hub and against the inside of each respective rim, thus acting as bowspring diameters to resist the inward inclinations of the two rickety members. The badly sprung axle which dragged along the muddy road had an old seat roped securely to it, and upon the top of this seat old Giles was uneasily perched.

Just as father and I got within about fifty yards of the old negro and his "turn-out," the old darkey suddenly brought

his mule to a halt and offered a negro woman, "Miss Williams," as he called her, who was trudging along on the edge of the road, pulling her "baby child" along behind her, a seat beside him. "Miss Williams" gladly accepted, for she was willing to try anything, "just for a change." So "Mr. Giles," as the negro woman called him, pulled the woman and her child over the back of the cart into the seat beside him, and again started the old mule. But this time the poor animal had to be constantly *persuaded* to keep on the go; and when "Mr. Giles" would rise in his seat to apply the "persuader," I would get an occasional glimpse between those bowed legs of his, of that poor horse vainly trying to double up his muddy little legs and climb the hill.

Giles seemed to have taken a dram just before father and I overtook him, for he did not notice that the rope-bound shafts, which held the hickory posts down by the mule's sides, was fast slipping loose, and that he and the colored lady had to lean forward to maintain their seats. "Miss Williams" did, though; and when the shafts had risen to the top of the mule's ears, she insisted that "Mr. Giles" let her walk, as she felt much safer afoot. But "Mr. Giles" slipped his arm around the now called "Shug's" waist, and told her to just keep her seat—that he would hold her in. He did hold her in, too—held her in the mud; for just at this instant the strain on the shaft rope became too great, and it suddenly gave way—thus allowing the cart to turn a complete somersault and coop the negroes up under it in the mud.

Father and I had no desire to lend a helping hand in that muddy place. And, besides, the negroes didn't need our help very much; for when the cart made the turn, it wound the mule's traces up shorter, just as a windlass would have done, thus placing the kicking animal right over the negroes. And, of course, we knew that at the rate at which that little mule was removing those boards from the cart seat, that the

negroes would soon be freed. So father pulled our horse over to one side, gave her a slap with the lines, and we left the unfortunate ones behind.

The Results of the Spanish-American War.

It is true that the Spanish-American War cost the loss of many young lives, a few million dollars, and the destruction of some property; but what is there in life that is worth having that does not cost something? The same rule holds true with regard to a nation; so now that the war is over, and its cost paid, let us consider what we have gained. The gain is threefold—military, commercial, and that prestige that we have gained as a direct result of the war. We will consider these in the order named.

The military advantages arising as a result of the war, come from two sources. We will first consider those coming from our relation with Cuba and our possession of Porto Rico. Picture in your mind, if you please, the great Gulf of Mexico, with Florida extending far down from the north, South America reaching well up from the south, Panama across on the west, and Cuba and Porto Rico standing like Roman sentinels in the very entrance. Now, look again to the harbor of Charleston, also almost surrounded by land, Fort Sumter standing prominently at the entrance. The parallel is complete, what Fort Sumter has been to Charleston in the past, what Cuba and Porto Rico will be to the Gulf and the Panama Canal in the future; what Fort Sumter occupied by the enemy would have been for Charleston, Cuba and Porto Rico in the hands of a hostile nation in time of war would be for Panama and the Gulf. The recent war between Japan and Russia has demonstrated the fact that no nation, no matter what other odds might be in her favor, can successfully carry on a war at a great distance from her source of supply. In case a foreign nation should get into war with

the United States, their possession of Cuba and Porto Rico would in a great measure overcome this difficulty. The islands would be their warehouse, their armory, their dock-yard, their place of concentration, their rendezvous and center of action. From there they would prey on our commerce and make the use of the Panama Canal impracticable. The islands in the hands of the enemy would be like an advance picket in our line, a commanding height overlooking our camp; yea, a veritable dagger in the breast of the nation. It is true, that Spain did not avail herself of these advantages. But Spain proved to be a weakling. Had some other nation been in her place, or had she been allied with some more powerful nation, the results might have been different. Be all this as it may, the fact remains that the islands in their present relations serve to protect our coast, and when the Panama Canal shall have been completed, will serve as a defense to the entrance of the canal.

Now, crossing the Pacific to the Philippines, which we gained by the war, we find them holding the same relation to the East that Cuba and Porto Rico hold to America. Suppose that the United States should get into a war with England, and wished to make an attack on her possessions in India and North Africa. Without the possession of the Philippines this would be impossible. We could not send a fleet across the broad Pacific to make the attack. But as it is now, our island possessions are like stepping stones across the ocean. Our fleet could stop along the way, coal and get supplies, until at last landing at the Philippines, concentrate, repair damages, and sally forth in first class condition to meet the enemy on equal terms. In short, from a military point of view, the islands gained by the war are almost essential to the complete protection of the nation.

We will now look at the question from a commercial standpoint. First, under this head comes our reciprocity treaty with Cuba, by which the commerce of that island nation,

with her mahogany groves, vast tobacco fields, and enormous sugar cane plantations, is placed at our disposal. The largest cigar factory in the world is in Florida, and the tobacco manufactured comes from Cuba. The sugar gotten from Cuba, together with that raised in the Gulf States, now not only supplies our own demand, but gives us sugar for commerce. Besides Cuba's commerce, we have that of Porto Rico, which is entirely under our control. These islands will mean even more to us when the Panama Canal is completed, for then the commerce of the entire world will pass by the doors of Cuba and Porto Rico.

Again, crossing the Pacific, we find the Philippines standing like the commercial key that unlocks to us the door of trade to the East. This trade is so enormous that it can scarcely be conceived of. The Chinese Minister to the United States once stated in reference to this trade, that if the Emperor of China should issue an edict that every Chinaman should add two inches to the hem of his garment, it would require more cotton than is raised in this entire country in a season to make the necessary cloth. We want our share of this trade. The Philippines afford us the means of getting it, so we must have the Philippines. They mean to the East what the British Isles mean to the continent of Europe.

We now take up the subject of prestige. Americans have always believed the United States to be the greatest nation on earth; but before the Spanish-American War, people of other nations had no clear-cut conception of what the United States stood for. It is true, we twice before had beaten our mother country, but that had been in an age long since past, and under circumstances not now existing. Japan, a few years ago startled the world by defeating the great nation of China, but no one realized what Japan really was until she again startled the world by successfully coping with Russia, the Great Bear. The same circumstances existed in

regard to the United States. That we had not before the war the prestige that we now have was shown by Spain's defying us. She would not dare do such a thing now; no, and neither would any other nation. We have won our prestige, and in the future it will fight many a battle for us. It was this prestige that gave our President the right to say to Japan and Russia, "Consider terms of peace." It was this prestige that brought the peace conference to America. And it was this same prestige that enabled Roosevelt to make the conference a success when all other nations had given up in despair.

The Spanish-American War, then, has been fruitful of good results, having won for us, as we have shown, military advantages, increased commercial relations and a powerful prestige with other nations.

P. QUATTLEBAUM, '07.

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T. E. STOKES

The year 1905, with its joys, sorrows and wonderful advancements, has faded into the past. The new year, with its mission of fulfilling everything heralded by the old year, is upon us, and we hail with a degree of delight in accordance with the benefits which we believe it to have in store for us. Too many of us, we are afraid, imagine that the new year is fraught with immeasurable blessing, which we must receive regardless of effort upon our own part. On the other hand, it comes with unceasing demands from us. Each year marks a step in the progress towards higher development, which can only come crowded with greater responsibilities, and with

an ever increasing demand upon our energy and ability. The old year has been full of events of grandeur, of lessons to each individual, and messages to all the world, all of which tend to, and should prepare us to meet the new year with firm resolve to perform the duties it brings with it, and receive its blessings with worthy hands.

**The Literary
Societies**

A student of the early life at Clemson would marvel were he to return to Clemson, at the lack of interest and enthusiasm displayed in literary society work. True, the societies are still upon the plane occupied for the last two or three years, but this would not satisfy one who attended the meetings of the three societies of Clemson during the first few years after its establishment. At that time, we are told, that a student loved his society next to his college, that there was the greatest rivalry between the societies, and that the exercises were always spirited and each meeting productive of the best results. Far be it from a member of that day to fail to perform any duty assigned him by his society. Always using every effort to make his society the best, every member worked on with increasing diligence, and consequently, each society was as good as the best. Not so to-day. Not a third of the students in college belong to any society. How unfortunate this condition. We grope under the pangs of its results, but to no avail, and we cry: Is it impossible to make the societies what they should be? It cannot be that love of science has caused the interest to wane, never again to be revived. Or is it due to a lack of realization of their importance of society work. At any rate, the existing condition must not continue. A fight must be begun for the reinstatement of the societies to the elevated position heretofore occupied—beacon lights of culture and intelligence. Then will each member, whether he belongs to the Calhoun, Calumbian or Palmetto, rejoice in having his name upon its roll.

**A College
Magazine
Association**

Just what will be the result of the movement begun by the CHRONICLE staff towards bringing about an organization of the college magazines of this State, cannot at present be safely predicted. The suggestion has met with favor, however, and there is soon to be held a meeting at some appointed place of representatives of the several staffs to perfect, if possible, the proposed organization. The benefits that might accrue from such an organization are twofold, intellectual and financial. To what degree it would be beneficial will be determined by the spirit of the association. It cannot be doubted that an annual session of the various magazine editors at the beginning of each college year to discuss the many problems confronting a corps of editors, would be valuable in its results, for several apparent reasons. An exchange of ideas would tend to draw the magazines into a closer relation, to encourage more earnest effort, and to place the magazines on a higher plane generally. The source of financial benefit is apparent. Then with a meeting of two or three days duration, with an elaborate programme to consist in part of addresses by eminent journalists or educators, no one can deny that the association will be productive of great good. If the present staffs succeed in this venture, we believe that we shall have begun a movement which will prove a medium of unlimited benefit to our successors.

The Constitution

"Spare, oh, spare, the *Constitution*,

Grand old battleship of ours.

Let it live in song and story

Festooned with the fairest flowers."

That pure, noble and patriotic sentiment of the American people has prompted an almost universal feeling of indignation towards the Secretary of the Navy for his suggestion as to the disposition and destruction of the frigate *Constitution*. From every quarter of the United States his irreverent atti-

tude has been assailed. This he justly deserves. It could not have been otherwise, for there is implanted deep in the heart of every American youth the inspiring history of "Old Ironsides," which at once sets up a response of patriotic love—the result of that noble sentiment that is still and ever shall be the sacred heritage of the American people. Though incapable of modern warfare, she is one of the grandest treasures of the American navy to-day. Her echoes are not of the cannon's roar, but they are of the past ringing throughout a land whose chief glory lies in the splendid achievements of the past, and whose honor will never be sullied by any act of irreverence to any deed or relic of her brilliant history. As the Naval Secretary says, the present *Constitution* may contain only remnants of the original, but they are priceless, and must not and will not perish at the hands of any American. Let her continue to be under a patriotic nation's most loving and watchful protection, and ever fly the Stars and Stripes at her mast till the natural forces of time cause her to live only in the fond memories of this republic.

Exchange Department

J. H. McCLAIN, '06

Editors:

J. W. LEWIS, '08

The December number of *The Transylvanian* is of fairly good size, and well arranged throughout. There are several good facts brought out in the editorials, as well as in the athletic notes, while "The Ghost at Miller's Run" is interesting, and very well written and expressed, indeed. The magazine has, among its other good points, the neatness of the design of the cover, which is very appropriate for the Christmas number.

The *Hendrix College Mirror* contains one very good story, "An Outing," though the story appears to have been written rather carelessly. "The Cost of Our Civilization" brings out some good facts about our country. The one poem, the "Test of Red Lightning," is well written, especially for a college magazine, where we are all novices; the humor there is in it adds considerably to its interest. The magazine is rather small, but we notice a slight improvement in it, as compared with the last number.

Our first glimpse of *The Carolinian*, which showed it to be an unusually large number, was very reassuring; and in looking through the magazine, we were not disappointed. This number shows that much care has been spent on it, with the result of a number of pieces of good poetry and some excellent stories. Among these articles, "A Christmas Run-away" may be mentioned as being well written, and as ending in a very pleasing style; also, "A Messenger From Death," is a story in which the writer shows excellent ability in express-

ing his imagination. "Thy Neighbor as Thyself" is striking, and out of the ordinary. The editorials are well gotten up, but rather too local. The local department is well filled, and interesting. Considering the average standard of the exchanges which we have received during the year, we have come to the conclusion that this is among the best.

The *Furman Echo* is sadly lacking in fiction. Were it not for this fact, the December number would be very good indeed, as the articles which we do find are composed of good, sound material, and seem to show much thought and preparation on the part of the writers. Nevertheless, there is not enough light material to balance the other. It also appears as though with the large number of topics and points of interest which are now to be found, that the editorials might deal with more and broader topics. "The Uses of Adversity" contains some excellent points; the quotation from Edison, which the author uses: "Genius is two per cent. inspiration and ninety-eight per cent. perspiration," is a fact that we would all do well to remember. The athletic notes are short, but in expression and points of interest they appear to be above those of some magazines.

We find this number of *The Andrew College Journal* rather small; but nevertheless, it has some excellent short stories and poems. The article in the editorials, on "The Yield of Korea," is interesting.

The material which *The College of Charleston Magazine* contains is of good quality, but a college of such standard and reputation should be able to edit a much larger magazine, with a larger number of varied articles. "Ginny" is well written, with a vein of humor running all through it, and taken altogether, is the most interesting article of this number.

We beg to differ from *The Kalends*, of Baltimore, as to the purpose of the exchange department. Though the best articles should be mentioned, and their good points brought out, yet we do not agree with them that this is the sole mission of the exchange editors. It will benefit the readers in general, but very little, if they are simply informed of the fact that there is a good article in such and such a magazine, which they may never have a chance of seeing. But it is evident that more can be accomplished by also mentioning the poorer articles, and bringing to light and criticising their most defective points. In this way, the readers will find out more of the mistakes and faults to be found at large in these magazines; and the writers of the articles will likewise be benefited in having the places where they might have done better revealed to them. We are all by no means perfect in the production of our articles; neither are we children, and for these reasons we should be willing to take these criticisms, along with the complements which may happen to fall to our lot, as something to be welcomed, and as something which will help us to improve our writings. They should be taken in the right spirit by the writers and editors of the different publications, and not be looked upon as mere fault-findings, on account of their having been written by another magazine.

In *The Howard Collegian*, we are well impressed with the article which deals with "The Country Schoolhouse." The author brings out many facts concerning the conditions of the school houses of to-day, especially in the rural districts, and of our needs along this line. Though, as college students, we have not much to do with such subjects, yet when we finish our courses and get out into the world, such questions are certain to be brought before some of us, at least; and then we will not regret the thought and preparation which we may have given to them while at college. "The Invest-

ment of Life," in the Y. M. C. A. Department, is an excellent article. "Socrates and the Sophists" is well written; but does it not deal with a very deep and broad subject, especially for a college magazine?

We are well pleased with *The Emory Phoenix*. The departments are well represented, and have good material in them. There are several excellent stories, and also some good poems. One fault with this number is that all of the pieces of fiction are love stories. "The Heart of Daisy" is written in a very pleasing manner.

The demoralization commonly accompanying the approach of the holidays must have struck *The Spectrum* with great force, the December number being both smaller in quantity and quality than any preceding numbers. The two stories are short, simple in plot and decidedly old. The science department is a commendable addition to the magazine.

The December *Wesleyan* is one of our best exchanges. The light, fresh poems give a delightful air to the magazine. "The Veterans' Parade" is excellent, showing the patriotic feeling of the writer. "Whom Do We Know?" of the editorial department of January, is worthy of the attention of all students, in that it deals with a subject that is being neglected by many college men and women. In after years, our college associations will be looked back upon with great pleasure, so why not make them as extensive as possible. In many cases, dislike for our fellow-students is dispelled by closer association. Let us broaden our sphere of college life by more extended contact with our surroundings.

The *University of Tennessee Magazine* is filled with light stories at the expense of weightier material. The stories, for the most part, however, are well written and fairly original, "The Gypsy's Decision" being by far the best. The editorial department is very limited in its scope, scanning

only the home of the magazine. "Where Lives Thy Love" is a splendid poem. "The Tale of the Co-ed Who Dabbled in Politics" is a queer story. The use of local expressions and the harsh descriptions, together with no point in view, make the story uninteresting. "The House of Montreau" is an interesting story, partaking of the black cat style. The magazine in general is much better this month than previous numbers.

The contents of the *Wake Forest Student* are well proportioned and arranged. "That Newish Way Down South" portrays the prankish nature of college boys. "An Eclipse" approaches the sentimental, and is after the same old plot.

During the past term, we notice that quite a number of magazines that we have on our exchange list do not recognize us. Possibly our magazine has not reached you, or by an oversight you have neglected to recognize us. If our magazine has not come to your table, will you kindly notify us, so that we may correct any error.

We recognize the following: *The Trinity Archive*, *The University of Virginia Magazine*, *The William and Mary*, *The Co-ed*, *The Georgia Tech*, *The Georgetown College Journal*, *The Mercerian*, *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *The Winthrop Journal*, *The Converse Concept*, *The Wesleyan*, *The Emory and Henry Era*, *Our Monthly*, *William Woods College Record*, *Black and Magenta*, *Monroe College Monthly*, *Wofford College Journal*, *Criterion*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *Erskinian*, *Red and White*, *Transit*, *High School Student*, *College Reflector*, *Southern Collegian*, *Newberry Stylus*, *Limestone Star*, *The Columbia Collegian*.

When the unexpected happens,
As it is bound to do, you know,
You always find somebody
Waiting to shout, "I told you so."—Judge.

Mr. Jones: "If I should die, pet, would you follow me to the grave?"

Mrs. Jones: "I might, dear, but I wouldn't care to follow you further."—*Judge*.

Pater: "Do you think daughter got a love letter?"

Mater: "No; it only had a two-cent stamp on it."—*Ex*.

Lady Bug: "Young Mr. Fly seems to have a gread deal of horse sense?"

Beetle: "Yes; his great-grand-father was a horse fly."

—*Ex*.

"I'll try to steal her heart," quoth he,

"And win her sweetest smiles;"

"I'll try to steel my heart," said she,

"Against love's subtle wiles."

So both in steel began to deal,

And as you may opine,

Love soon declared a dividend,

And started a combine.—*Ex*.

A MISTAKE.

A maid, two men, they love her so,

A brother small, a mischief though;

Electric switch outside the door,

A click, and darkness settles o'er.

Each suitor swiftly moves his chair,

Each finds the hand he'd hold for e'er;

Each pressure is returned, oh, bliss!

Each takes a very willing kiss.

Another click, the light is on,

A moment more the men have gone;

A maiden laughs in joyous glee,

They'd held each other's hands, you see!

—*Ex*.

Local Department

E. H. JONES

Editors:

W. O. PRATT

The fourth number of the Lyceum course was presented to a large and appreciative audience in the college chapel on January 13, by the Katherine Ridgeway Company. It was by far the best entertainment of its kind that has ever been presented to a Clemson audience.

Nearly all the cadets returned after the holidays to resume their studies.

Mr. J. H. Barksdale, of the Senior Class, has been forced to withdraw from the college on account of sickness.

Mr. C. W. Legerton, Class '03, was on campus recently, shaking hands with his many friends. "Leg" has a fine position with a Missouri mining company.

Messrs. C. P. Josey, W. S. Beaty and W. J. Blake were visiting on campus recently.

On January 27th, the Columbian Literary Society will celebrate its tenth anniversary in the Memorial Hall. The following programme will be rendered:

Presiding officer, C. A. Grainger.

Declaimers: H. B. Riser, Laurens, S. C., "The Progress of Mankind;" F. E. Thomas, Sumter, S. C., "Supremacy of the Whites."

Orators: J. E. Johnson, Florence, S. C., "The Mission of the Twentieth Century;" D. B. Peurifoy, Saluda, S. C., "The Necessities and Benefits of Labor Unions."

Debate—Query: "Resolved, That a law should be enacted providing for compulsory education in South Carolina."

Affirmative, J. C. Clark, Marion, S. C.; negative, C. W. Wannamaker, St. Matthews, S. C.

Marshals: T. F. Burton, Chief; L. C. Boone, R. R. Talbert, C. A. McLendon, H. W. Moore.

Soph McLean (giving definitions in English examination): "Dynasty, 'dy,' to die; 'nasty,' like a dyspeptic; relating to a family of dyspeptics."

Now, as the football season is a thing of the past, the cadets are looking forward to the baseball season. Coach John McMakin has been obtained to coach the team again this season. Clemson is very much handicapped, having only three old players, but under the generalship of Coach McMakin and Capt. Ellison, we expect to put out a strong team.

The Clemson College German Club will give a dance on January 19th, in the gymnasium. Music will be furnished by the college orchestra.

Mr. W. D. Garrison, '03, who has charge of the Coast Experimental Station, was on campus recently, to make his annual report.

Dr. Poteat, of Furman University, preached the New Year's sermon to the cadets.* Dr. Poteat is a forceable and impressive speaker, and is always welcomed at Clemson.

Professors Keitt, Martin, Hook, Gantt and "Commissary General" Schilleter were among the number from Clemson who attended the Masonic banquet given at Central on January 6th, 1906.

Mr. T. E. Stokes, of the Senior Class, has been elected to represent Clemson at the oratorical contest to be held in Greenwood in April.

Professor Styles Howard, accompanied by his bride, returned to Clemson after the holidays, and are now at home at the Clemson Club.

Fresh C.: "Is nobody spelled k-n-o-w-b-o-d-y?"

Rat G.: "Ha! ha! you fool, don't you know better than that?"

Fresh C.: "Well, what is the difference between n-o and k-n-o-w?"

Rat G.: "Know is what you know, and no is what you don't know."

The following invitation has been received by the Columbian, Calhoun and Palmetto Literary Societies:

1806.

1906.

The Clariosophic and Euphradian Literary Societies of South Carolina College request the honor of your presence at the one hundredth anniversary of their founding, on the fifth and sixth of February, nineteen hundred and six.

Mr. D. H. Hill, of the Palmetto, will represent the societies of Clemson at the above anniversary.

Mrs. H. M. Stackhouse died at her home on campus, Friday, January 12th, after only a few days sickness. Mr. Stackhouse has the deepest sympathy of the corps of cadets during his long and sad bereavement.

Prof. Keitt: "Mr. Covington, why didn't you look up the meaning of those words?"

Covington: "I looked all through Wentworth's New School Algebra, but I could not find them."

Mrs. L. C. Newman is spending some time in Fayetteville, Ark., her former home.

Nichols: "Professor, is there any answer-book to *this geometry?*"

Rat T. (seeing bellows in foundry): "I didn't know they made waffle-irons down here."

Dr. and Mrs. Haven Metcalf have left for Washington, D. C., where Dr. Metcalf is engaged in work with the Department of Agriculture.

Haines: "Rat, what is the meaning of linen?"

Rat Morrison: "Linen is a cloth made out of wax."

Prof. H. D. House has been elected to fill the place made vacant by Dr. Metcalf.

Dr. R. N. Brackett has for his guest his mother, Mrs. Brackett, of Maryland.

Rat Epting (at exchange): "Give me a five cents chimney for the electric light in my room."

Among the many changes that the cadets found on their return from the holidays was the change of the college librarian. Miss Catherine Trescott, of Pendleton, was elected to take the place of Miss Sue Sloan, who has resigned. X

Prof. B.: "Mr. Pitts, write a sentence with poetry in it?"

Rat Pitts: "She spoke a lot of poultry."

Rat (at exchange): "Give me an exclamation (explanation) blank."

Miss Carye Calhoun has returned to her school at Goodwill, in Sumter County, after spending the holidays at the Calhoun mansion.

Prof. P. T. Brodie has returned from Philadelphia, where he has been spending some time for rest and recuperation.

Rat Williams: "Johnny, did you go to revelations (reveille) this morning?"

Dr. E. B. Craighead, formerly of Clemson, now of Tulane University, New Orleans, will deliver the address to the graduating class in June. His many friends here will be delighted to know that he is to be at Clemson again.

Wilburn: "Say, Truluck."

Truluck: "What's the trouble?"

Wilburn: "Can you tell me where I can get a map of the United States with Florida on it?"

As required by the Constitution, a list of the officers and Constitution of the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical contest are published in this issue:

OFFICERS.

<i>President</i> —O. M. Mitchell.....	Wofford
<i>Vice-President</i> —D. H. Hill.....	Clemson
<i>Recording Secretary</i> —J. D. Fulp.....	Presbyterian
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i> —J. T. Owen.....	Newberry
<i>Secretary of Sealed Marks</i> —B. F. Allen.....	Furman
<i>Treasurer</i> —P. P. McCain.....	Erschine

Y. M. C. A. Department

Editor:

J. E. JOHNSON

The period upon which we are now entering is the most favorable part of the year for active Christian work among the student body. There are fewer things to attract the mind from things mental and spiritual than at any other time. As an Association, we should endeavor to get men to define their personal relation to the great principles of Christianity. Surely this is an opportunity which should not be overlooked. Any effort that may be made along this line, no matter how great, will justify itself; for who can measure the possibilities of college life upon the future of the individual man and the community of which he is to be a part. It is here that we find ourselves living in the presence of the highest ideals of life, and at the same time, some of its most powerful temptations, and our individual relations to both are being determined. In view of this, no one who realizes the situation can question the importance in college life of what is called evangelism. How influences leading men towards decisions shall be controlled is a question which varies with different institutions. All methods must be suited to conditions. But in some way, the great objective of all methods should be sought, for such possibilities as the next few weeks offer will not come again this year.

The universal week of prayer was observed by the Association. These services were conducted largely by the faculty and served a valuable purpose in bringing the students together daily for a short period of prayer and praise.

The talks were interesting, and were appreciated by all those who heard them. A service was also held each evening at the homes of the faculty.

From all parts of the world, there are echoes of the wonderful work and progress of the Young Men's Christian Association; \$1,000,000 were spent in North America alone during the past year, and the prospect for this year is still more hopeful, as is shown by the courage to attempt to secure and expend \$10,000,000 for new buildings. But the most significant advance has been its extension and adaptation to the men of different countries, conditions and religions, of what may be called the rediscovery of the place of the Bible and of the universal welcome given to men who present its message and represent its author.

In speaking of this progress and opportunity, General Secretary R. C. Morse says: "There are many tokens of a remarkable pace in the progress of the Associations at this time. Impressive among these on the material side is the building movement. At over 150 Association centre projects are being undertaken in the form of buildings new or buildings greatly improved. For these projects, \$10,000,000 are needed. Nearly half this sum has been subscribed. The total building property of the North American Association is not yet worth thirty millions. To-day, one-third of this total is being vigorously sought for, with every prospect of securing it in the near future.

"Money talks" and writes a various language. It has a meaning according to the disposition of him who hears and reads. But young men of vision—vision of the Christ-life and character and enthusiasm—see written large on all these Association buildings the words, Opportunity and Responsibility: Opportunity to serve the Christ and young men; responsibility to perform this service. To-day, beyond any

other preceding day, service is a key-word. It unlocks more doors before faith and culture, ability and ambition than it has ever unlocked since a young man of the first century said: "I came not to be served, but to serve, and to give my life a ransom for many."

This appeal for service and sacrifice comes not only from church-confessing disciples bearing the name of this Young Man. His influence and that of His church have gone out into the world of letters and science, of art and culture, of trade and commerce, and to serve is the acknowledged badge of the best sovereignty, the highest nobility, the highest culture and the purest life.

Responsibility to improve our opportunity, for with light and wisdom comes obligation. Only as this obligation is honestly undertaken and powerfully and genuinely lived up to, can we make the new year by patient service a year of blessing upon young men equal to the glorious opportunity God has given us.

Below we give some testimonials from men of national importance, regarding the work of the Association:

After twenty-five years of personal knowledge of this work, and its effect upon the communities where it is located, I am convinced that, judging from the standpoint of philanthropy, of civic pride, or the broadest humanitarianism, the work of the Association is invaluable in its influence upon the young of any city, and, in fact, upon all classes in any community. It has stood the test of a half century, under various conditions, and in nearly all quarters of the earth, and the results assured testify to its value in this generation.

CYRUS H. McCORMICK.

The Young Men's Christian Association promotes industry, education and the physical and moral health of the community. Every one who is interested in the develop-

ment of a clean, intelligent, industrious, high-minded, patriotic citizenship, should contribute generously to the work of the Young Men's Christian Association.

VICE-PRESIDENT CHAS. W. FAIRBANKS.

It affords me pleasure to send greetings to the members of the Young Men's Christian Association and their friends, which means a greeting to those who represent the highest ideals in life in the civilized world. The principles on which the Association is founded are the principles which make a man seek the betterment of his fellows, to elevate every man who comes in contact with him, and to strive courageously for the right and against the wrong in public and private life. The Young Men's Christian Association has a noble mission, not only in teaching young men how to die, but in teaching all men how to live. A man who knows how to live right, need have no fear as to dying right. What we need to-day more than anything else is the principles underlying the Young Men's Christian Association applied aggressively in everyday life. Our government rests not upon the nobility of the few, but the average morality of the average individual. In proportion as that morality is aggressive, government is good, and in proportion as it is lethargic, government is bad. The vast majority believe in morality rather than in immorality, but the trouble is they are usually too passive in their beliefs. If each individual who holds to the high tenets represented by the Young Men's Christian Association were as aggressive in favor of his ideals as bad men are in advocating their side, then a moral revolution would be accomplished. You have within your Association the forces which can do much to bring about this desired end through activity and aggressiveness, for the true against the false and for the good against the evil.

JAS. W. FOLK.

Constitution of the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE I.—TITLE.

The name of this organization shall be the South Carolina Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association.

ARTICLE II.—OBJECTS.

The objects of this Association shall be to develop closer and more friendly relations between the Colleges of the State, to foster and promote the cultivation of oratory in the several Colleges, and to hold annual contests, at such times and places as shall be decided upon by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE III.—MEMBERSHIP.

The Association is composed of the following College membership: Furman University, Wofford College, Clemson Agricultural College, Presbyterian College of South Carolina, Erskine College, Newberry College, S. C. Military Academy, and such other institutions as shall be admitted by the unanimous vote of the members present at any annual convention.

ARTICLE IV.—OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. The officers of this Association shall be a President, Vice-President, Recording Secretary and Secretary of the Sealed Marks, one from each of the six Colleges now represented in the Association, and alternating annually in the order of the Colleges as named.

SEC. 2. All officers of the Association and the Executive Committee shall be elected by the convention, after being nominated by a committee, consisting of one member from each College, appointed by the President, and the nominee receiving the most votes shall be declared elected.

SEC. 3. The President of the Association on his retire-

ment from office and ex-prize men shall have their names enrolled on the honor roll of the Association.

SEC. 4. The new officers shall take their seats for one calendar year.

SEC. 5. If any office in the Association shall become vacant, the student body of the College represented by the vacating officer shall have power to elect his successor.

ARTICLE V.—DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

SECTION 1. It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings. He shall be master of ceremonies at the annual contest; shall cast the deciding vote in all cases of a tie in the convention; shall attach his signature to certificates of membership, and shall have the power to call special meetings at his discretion.

SEC. 2. The Vice-President shall be active Chairman of the Executive Committee, and shall cast the deciding vote in case of tie. In case of absence of the President, the Vice-President shall become the active President of the Association. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to call a meeting of the Executive Committee at least thirty days previous to the annual contest.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of the Recording Secretary to keep an accurate copy of all amendments to the Constitution and By-Laws which are made by the Association. He shall also keep in suitable record the membership of the Association, both active and alumni, according to Colleges represented, and shall keep and file the proceedings of the Annual Convention, and copies of all orations delivered in the annual contest, with the name and grade of the orator. He shall also notify each College of the Association as to the officers immediately after their election.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to sign and issue certificates of personal membership upon the order of the President. He shall also send a type-

written copy of each oration to each member of the Committee on Decision, Section H, and shall attend to such correspondence as may devolve upon him, and any other duties the Association may authorize.

SEC. 5. The Treasurer shall keep all accounts of the Association and pay all bills approved by the Executive Committee. He shall keep on deposits all moneys belonging to the Association; shall receive all dues and receipt for same.

SEC. 6. The Secretary of Sealed Marks shall receive and keep the grades from Committee, Section B, on night of contest; and shall then and there assist Section B in combining and tabulating the grades of the two Committees.

ARTICLE VI.—EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

SECTION 1. The Executive Committee, consisting of one representative from each College, shall be elected by the Convention, as provided in Article IV., Section 2, and shall assemble in meeting at call of the Vice-President.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to audit all accounts before they are presented to the Association. The Committee shall decide all contests in regard to personal membership.

SEC. 3. The annual oratorical contests shall be under the control of the Executive Committee.

SEC. 4. The Executive Committee shall appoint each year, at its meeting, a committee to select the medals, and this committee must take into consideration as to the design of the first medal, the palmetto tree.

ARTICLE VII.—COMMITTEE OF DECISION.

SECTION 1. Six persons shall constitute the Committee on Decision. The members of the Committee on Decision shall not at any time have been connected in any capacity, directly or indirectly, with any contesting institution. No member of committee, Section A, shall be selected from South Carolina.

SEC. 2. The Committee on Decision shall be divided into two equal Sections, A and B. Section A shall be selected by the President at least sixty days before the contest, and each college of the Association shall be notified as soon as practicable of the committee's selection and acceptance. This Committee, Section A, shall compare all orations submitted to them and shall grade them on the following points: Originality, thought and rhetoric, giving one final grade for each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred; the best oration, if considered perfect, being graded one hundred, and the remaining orations in proportion to their merit as compared with the first.

SEC. 3. Section B shall be selected by the committee at least thirty days previous to the contest. This Committee Section shall grade on delivery. All points shall rank equally, shall be graded without consultation, each member of the Section giving one grade to each oration. This grade shall be on the scale of one hundred, as in Section A.

SEC. 4. Any college of the Association shall have the right to object to any member of the Committee on Decision, but not more than two objections shall be allowed each college, and such objections shall be submitted in writing, and shall be in the hands of the President for at least seventy-five days for Section A, and ten days for Section B, previous to the contest.

SEC. 5. The Corresponding Secretary of the Association, at least twenty-five days before the contest, shall forward a typewritten copy of each oration to each member of the Committee, Section A, who shall grade them and send sealed copies of their grades to the Secretary of the Sealed Marks. These grades shall reach their destination at least four days previous to the contest. Neither the names of the authors, nor the orations, nor the institutions represented, shall be known to any member of the committee. It shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to furnish each member

of the Committee, Section A, with the name and address of the Secretary of Sealed Marks.

SEC. 6. At the close of the contest, the Secretary of Sealed Marks and the Committee, Section B, shall retire and make a final average. At no other place and time, and under no other circumstances whatsoever, shall any of the sealed grades be opened.

SEC. 7. The orator whose grade from all members of the entire Committee on Decision is found to be the greatest, shall be awarded the first honor medal. The orator whose grade is next highest shall be awarded the second honor medal. In case of a tie for first or second honor, or both, Committee, Section B, shall retire, and without consultation, shall cast one sealed ballot for the orator or orators judged by them to be most entitled to the prize or prizes. The Chairman of the Committee, Section B, shall then announce to the audience the result. The markings of the entire committee shall be published in at least one daily newspaper.

ARTICLE VIII.—ORATIONS.

In the contests of this Association, no oration shall contain more than two thousand words, and it shall be the duty of the Corresponding Secretary to construe the article strictly to the letter, and return any oration exceeding the above limit. Any analysis, outline, or explanation attached to the oration shall be considered a part thereof, counted and graded accordingly. All orations shall be composed and written by the contestants themselves, without assistance, and as regards delivery, they shall receive no assistance, except from the faculty and students of the college they represent, on penalty of exclusion from the contest.

ARTICLE IX.—REPRESENTATIVES.

The mode of selection of the contestants from each college shall be decided by each institution forming this Association. Each college shall be entitled to one representative, and he

shall be a member of one of the literary societies; shall be an under-graduate at the time of his selection and at the time of contest. Each representative shall have made and forwarded to the Secretary three typewritten copies of his oration at least thirty days previous to the contest.

ARTICLE X.—FEES.

SECTION 1. Each college of the Association shall pay an annual fee of fifteen dollars. This fee shall be paid at least thirty days previous to the contest.

SEC. 2. Each contestant shall pay a fee of one dollar. Upon the payment of this fee, the Treasurer shall issue his receipt, which shall be forwarded to the Corresponding Secretary, who shall then issue a certificate of membership in the Association, and shall forward it to the President for his signature. Any representative who shall fail to pay this fee within thirty days previous to the contest, shall not be allowed to enter the contest for prizes.

ARTICLE XI.—PRIZES.

As testimonials of success in the contests of this Association, there shall be awarded two prizes: As first honor, a gold medal, of the value of twenty dollars; as second honor, a gold medal of the value of ten dollars.

ARTICLE XII.—CONVENTIONS.

SECTION 1. The annual convention shall consist of the Executive Committee, the contestants from each college, and the officers of the Association.

SEC. 2. The annual convention of the Association shall meet at such time preceding the contest as the President shall direct. Each college representative shall be entitled to one vote. All representatives who take part in the contest and all officers of the Association present shall attend the convention. Failure to do so, without a valid excuse, shall subject offender to expulsion. All alumni members present shall have a right to take part in the deliberations of the conven-

tion, but shall not be allowed to vote upon any question, except a motion to adjourn.

ARTICLE XIII.—EXCLUSION FROM MEMBERSHIP.

Any college of the Association failing to send its quota of representatives to any annual contest without furnishing to the Executive Committee a satisfactory reason, or failing to pay its annual dues within the time limit, shall be excluded from the Association.

ARTICLE XIV.—CONTESTANTS.

SECTION 1. The order of speakers shall be drawn for at the meeting of the Executive Committee, at least thirty days before the contest. Each contestant's place, name and subject of oration alone shall appear on the programme.

SEC. 2. A contestant shall not appear in uniform, or wear college colors, medals or pins, and no college banner shall be placed in any position whatsoever during the time of the contest, so as to designate the representative of any college.

SEC. 3. The successful contestant shall represent the Association in the Southern Inter-State Oratorical Association, and his necessary traveling expenses shall be paid by the Association.

ARTICLE XV.—PUBLICATIONS.

The Association shall have no official organ, but each year the different colleges shall publish in the January issue of their magazines the Constitution of the Association, together with a list of its officers.

ARTICLE XVI.—AUTHORITY RECOGNIZED.

All questions of parliamentary forms and usages, not provided for by this Constitution, shall be referred to "Roberts' Rules of Order."

ARTICLE XVII.—AMENDMENTS.

The Constitution may be amended at any annual convention of the Association by a two-thirds vote of the college representatives present.

Clemson College Directory

CLEMSON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

P. H. Mell, President. P. H. E. Sloan, Sec'y and Treas.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

T. E. Stokes, Editor-in-Chief. L. G. Southard, Bus. Mgr.

CALHOUN LITERARY SOCIETY.

T. E. Keitt, President. E. V. Garrett, Secretary.

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

C. A. Grainger, President. B. D. Carter, Secretary.

PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY.

D. H. Hill, President. W. O. Pratt, Secretary.

THE CLEMSON COLLEGE ANNUAL OF 1906.

T. E. Keitt, Editor-in-Chief. L. G. Southard, Bus. Mgr.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

H. Houston, Superintendent. J. E. Johnson, Secretary.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

J. E. Johnson, President. E. A. Crawford, Secretary.

CLEMSON COLLEGE SCIENCE CLUB.

F. S. Shiver, President. F. H. H. Calhoun, Secretary.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

W. M. Riggs, President. J. W. Gantt, Secretary.

FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION.

O. L. Derrick, Capt. Team '05-06. C. Coles, Mgr.

CLEMSON COLLEGE CLUB.

W. M. Riggs, President.

GERMAN CLUB.

J. A. Gelzer, President. E. M. Kaminer, Secretary.

BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.

E. H. Jones, Manager. A. G. Ellison, Captain.

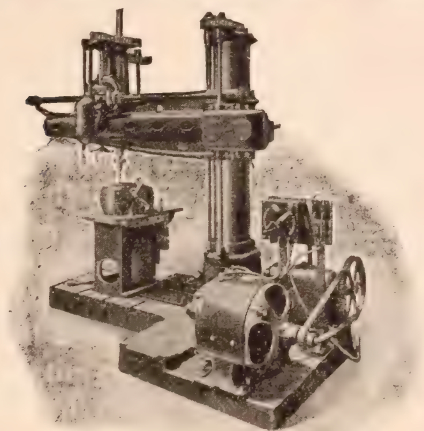
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

D. H. Henry, President. A. B. Bryan, Secretary.

Clemson College, S. C. Clemson College, S. C.

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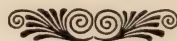
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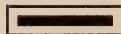
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The Clemson College Chronicle

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VOL. IX CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., FEBRUARY, 1906 No. 5

Literary Department

S. P. HARPER

Editors:

J. C. CLARK

A Nation's Prayer.

Oh, God, to make us clean. This is our prayer.
When greed for gold and power has so increased,
That gold is power, and power is gold; and thus
The love of Honor, Truth and Purity
Gives way to Gain.

Oh, God, to make us free. This is our prayer.
Free from the Gain, that monster of our day;
Which, stalking through the places of high power,
And grappling for our very nation's life,
Shall crush it out.

Oh, God, to make us strong. This is our prayer.
When the true men of a great Western State
Are closing with this monster for his life;
Shall we stand by with empty hands and see
Them beaten back?

No! by the love we for our country bear.

No! by her honor that we hold our own.

No! for our pathway lies before us clear:

The right to right the deeds the wrong has sown.

Then shall we rise a nation in its might;
Then shall we rise, but not in civil war.
No, we shall rise to gain a nation's right:
The right to Honor as its guiding star.

Then shall the moneyed monarchs of our land,
"Where wealth accumulates and men decay,"
By cleaner politics loose from their hand
That utter power which they hold to-day.

Oh, God, to make us clean. Our nation's prayer.
When greed for gold and power has so increased;
That gold is power, and power is gold; and thus
The love of Honor, Truth and Purity
Gives way to Gain.

W. H. T., '05.

"Helen."

There was no doubt about it, pretty Helen Curtis was a flirt, and she loved admiration. Her mother had taken her away from city gayeties to a quiet spot on the South Carolina coast. She was seated in the balcony of a hotel, scribbling a pencilled note to her special girl friend. "Isn't it horrid for me," she wrote, "not to know anybody here? Conjure up to yourself the dearest little hotel, covered in green creepers, with the most glorious water view and sand stretching for miles. Rocks, too, where one could sit for hours, talking poetry and dreaming. Then picture your poor Helen wandering alone and no congenial spirit to appreciate it! My people will not allow me to speak to anybody. But the worst is to come. Aunt Mary arrives to-night, and will stay with us until the end of the month. She seems to belong to another century, and is as far behind the times as it is possible for any one to be.

"There! I've broken the point of my pencil!" Helen

could hardly write the last sentence, and looked seriously at the blunt end of her pencil.

"May I sharpen it for you, or can I lend you this?" A voice at the end of the balcony startled her; she looked up, blushing with surprise as a gentleman drew from his pocket a knife and fountain pen. For some time he had been watching Helen without her being conscious of the fact. But he was not prepared for two eyes "so bright and black," as those she raised to his. They seemed to shorten his breath suddenly. For a moment there was silence; then Helen tilted her chin and answered: "I'll just address my letter with your pen, please, if you will sharpen the pencil while I am finishing." He drew his chair nearer and gave her the pen, with which she finished her letter. She thanked him, still feeling rather nervous. She had been strictly forbidden to speak to any one; and the stranger being young and good-looking, she would certainly show her guilt in her sweet eyes.

"I must go," she stammered; "mother is calling me." She held out her hand eagerly for the pencil, not concealing her agitation as she hurriedly moved away.

"What a funny, shy girl," he said to himself; "but awfully sweet. It would be rather amusing to draw her out."

That same afternoon Helen was in the hall with her parents, awaiting the arrival of Aunt Mary. Mr. Reid was seated opposite, reading the paper. Helen had looked up his name in the visitors' book. Sadly enough they had no mutual friends who could introduce them. How she wished Aunt Mary were not coming. The advent of that very proper spinster lady would put a final check on this possible acquaintance. More than once she found herself compelled to glance across at Mr. Reid. It was maddening not to be able to speak.

The carriage drove in sight and Aunt Mary alighted.

Helen ran out to greet her aunt with the best grace she could muster. Her light blue muslin frock, which she had donned for the evening, fluttered in the breeze as she stood on the hotel steps watching the porter unpack Aunt Mary.

"Dear! dear! how you have grown, my child," she exclaimed, patting her niece on the shoulder. "I should hardly have known you."

Jack Reid, who had been watching from his retired seat, now came forward. "Was there ever such a piece of luck?" he said to himself; then speaking aloud: "How do you do, Miss Merrill. Who would have thought of seeing you here?"

"Why, it's Jack Reid grown up," she said. "I can hardly believe it; and you were a boy at school last time I saw you. Gertrude, this is the son of my old friend, Eliza Reid, of whom you have so often heard me speak. Jack, let me introduce you to Mrs. Curtis and my niece, Helen." As the older people drifted off, Jack and Helen were left alone together in the hall. They did not quite know why, but they both began to laugh.

"I wanted to know you so much," he said, "ever since I spoke to you this morning. Fancy Miss Merrill being your aunt! I used to go and stay with her in my holidays, when I was a little boy, and she kept me in order, I can tell you." This awoke a bond of sympathy between Helen and Jack, and the former began to think she would not grumble because her mother had invited Aunt Mary.

* * * * *

Two figures wandered over the rugged shore—a man and a woman. At last they reached their favorite spot.

"I like to look right out to sea from here," said Helen, "and imagine I am a part of it, with no world behind full of friendships which must sooner or later be broken. I suppose you know I am going away?"

"Helen," he whispered, drawing closer, "when you go

away, will you give me the right to follow you? It would be too cruel, after these weeks of happiness, in which you have come to be the dearest thing in the world to me, to have it otherwise."

A silence followed, then Helen pouted, "Why ask such awkward questions to spoil this harmony?"

"You mean," he replied, slowly, "that you do not love me? You have only been playing all this time to pass away a summer holiday?"

At last the answer came: "I don't know."

"You don't know? Helen, for Heaven's sake, do not say that. Say I am nothing to you; let me go away to forget, but give me a plain 'yes' or 'no.' "

Tears stole under the girl's lashes, and her voice trembled when she spoke again. "It is ever so hard, Jack, to make you understand, but really and truly I don't know whether I love you or not. I was always an undecided person, and I have absolutely no confidence in myself. You see, I met you at a very dull time. I had no friends here, and I felt myself pining for excitement. Oh, Jack, please don't look so serious. I really would say I loved you if I knew—I wish something would happen by which I could prove myself to myself."

"If you cared in the least," he said, almost gruffly, "you would know at once. There could not be a shadow of doubt in your mind." Injured and unspeakably sad, he rose to go. "We had better get back," he said. "The sun has gone in."

"No. I want to stay here for a time alone and think. I could not stand Aunt Mary in my present mood. It really was inconsiderate of you, Jack, to bring such a climax upon me on a nice day like this. May I ask what you are to do for the rest of the afternoon?"

"Most likely I shall go for a long swim out to sea to try

and cool my fever. At the present moment I feel more like drowning myself than anything else," was his reply.

For a long while she sat contemplating the water, thinking actively of nothing. "I wonder if I should like to be married to Jack," she said, addressing a large crab, which came scrambling over the rocks. "He is a dear thing, and all that, but one must love a man so very much to be with him for life. Oh! how time flies," glancing at her watch. "I have been sitting here for over an hour." She sprang off the rock and walked swiftly back over the shining wet sand. Presently she saw a fisherman running in her direction waving his arms.

"Hi! Miss, begging your pardon, I should advise you to walk the other way. There's been a gentleman lost bathing out there in one of the currents, and they have just found his body. Thought, perhaps, you had rather not see."

It was Jack. She felt convinced at once. Jack! her Jack! "Good God! I can't bear it," she moaned. A flood of agony rushed over her soul. She knew how much his life had been to her. The words idly spoken came back: "I wish something would happen by which I could know myself." So blinded was she that she never saw some one break away from the other people and come towards her. Not until a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a familiar voice said: "Helen!" did she realize that Jack stood before her in flesh and blood. He led her away, far from the sad scene on the beach, where they could be alone together.

"I—I—thought—it was you," she gasped, clinging to him, and sobbing aloud.

"And you have no more doubts, my darling?" he whispered, as her serious eyes gazed fondly into his.

For answer she lifted her lips and pressed them to his cheek.

W. P. IRWIN, JR., '09.

Winter.

The gurgling brook is still and low,
We hear its rippling splash no more;
Beneath the icy surface cold
Are found the perch and fish of gold.

On frozen ground and frosty loam
Is spread a gown of leaf and cone;
The curling moss is cold and gray,
But still is fresh as grass in May.

The noble trees are lank and bare,
The folding leaves are rank and sere;
For slowly came the winter, keen,
And lowly rent the woods serene.

The wailing wind, so crisp and cold,
Through the oak and pine, so bold,
Doth, with a deep, intransient sigh
Breathe a message to the sky.

The cedar, gay, with green array,
Its fragrance yet to pass away,
Is like the holly, blythe and proud,
And e'er is cloth'd in summer shroud.

E'en in winter woods so dark,
The sun, in golden beams, doth mark
The coming of the spring all bright,
When all the world is filled with light.

With sorrow and remorse there strays
In every life some winter days;
Some chilling breeze our hearts must bear,
Which fills our souls with deep despair.

But then, when, in profound regret,
Do not the brighter hours forget,
Of anthems sung by birds so dear,
In sunny hours all bright with cheer.

F. E. THOMAS, JR.

Our First Experience.

Last summer quite a large party of young people went camping for a couple of weeks. We chose as the place where we were to spend our short vacation, a large salt-water inlet near the coast, on account of its being an ideal camping ground, with plenty of fish, clams, and oysters. Besides these attractions, there is the rowing and bathing, which is a feature always to be taken into consideration when one is going on such an expedition. A few days after we had arrived, I decided to take my cousin and Miss Robertson, another of our party, out fishing. As they had never had the opportunity of engaging in this sport, they were, of course, anxious to go, and it was not long before we had gotten our fishing lines and other necessary articles ready, and were safely loaded in the boat. We left while the tide was still going out, in order that we might float down stream with the current, and thus be on hand at the fishing grounds when the tide turned.

Having arrived at the grounds, our troubles began; for, as my companions were novices at fishing, the lines were promptly tangled and snarled into all sorts of knots. But, after several attempts, and after the angelic tempers of my companions were tried to the very utmost, we at last succeeded in getting the lines cast into the homes of the hungry fish. Alas! no results were forthcoming. We waited patiently, though, and contented ourselves as well as possible wondering why the fish so obstinately refused to sample the bait—especially, thought I to myself, when their doing so

would only cause them to get caught, and to fall into the hands of such fair captors. Our conversation had drifted entirely too much to other subjects—when— Miss Robertson gave a terrified scream, and at the same time almost let the line slip from her nervous fingers. The fish had begun to bite! She faintly jerked the line, hauled in a foot or so of it, and then—another scream. By successive pulls on the line, and then more screams, the fish, which proved to be a lusty young shark, was at last gotten into the boat. Then what a time we had! The shark seriously objected to staying in the boat, and as a first gentle remonstrance, made a quick jump towards his captor. “Great heavens!” I thought the boat was going down. Miss Robertson had been afraid enough of the fish when it was in the water; but now that it was in the boat, and coming towards her, she almost left it in possession of her share of the boat. I made several attempts to get my hands on the young rascal, but in vain. As it was, the boat was nearly upset.

After our companion had expressed her feelings as well as possible by a few more screams, the line was given a vigorous jerk, and the fish went over into the other end of the boat, where my cousin was seated! Till now my cousin had been rather enjoying this tumult; but no sooner was the fish in her part of the boat, than she also gave prompt evidence of having no desire for further acquaintance with him. We now had even a worse time than before, and I do not know what would have happened in the end, had I not by chance managed to get hold of the shark, and put an end to his career.

During this excitement the boat was nearly upset. Now, I am a firm believer in the valorous deeds of the knights of old, and also feel that their actions are still perpetrated in the hero and heroine stories of our modern novels. And just think, dear reader, what an opportunity there was, during that exciting time, for performing one of those

brave deeds! Had the boat, by chance, been allowed to turn over, I would have had the great privilege of rescuing these two charming young ladies, and so become a hero. But I was not anxious for the opportunity. It is true, my height might have enabled me to keep above water; but I was unable to swim a stroke, so I did not know what might happen. Then there were sharks—and full-grown ones—in the water around our boat; and, as far as I knew, they might not have had their breakfasts, or perhaps might have wished for a variety in their forenoon luncheon.

When we had quieted down somewhat, my cousin found that she had a fish on her line. She managed to get the courage to try to pull in the line; but no! I would not hear to it. We had had enough excitement, and came near enough capsizing the boat. That line had to trail in the water till we reached the shore, and my precious cargo was once more safe on dry land.

J. W. L., '08.

Reveries.

Long have the poets' pen and the minstrels' song
Rung with the people's weal or with their wrong;
But another is the theme that I come to bear—
One to which, I pray you, lend your ear.
As I sit entranced in the Palmetto Hall,
And look at the landscapes as they rise and fall
Over hill and vale, over wood and lea,
As they stretch their long length towards the sea;
I think of the time, when from this self-same hill,
Calhoun looked over these landscapes; still,
How different was the scene that met his eyes!
Yet these self-same hills fall and rise,—
And these very same vales lead their brooklets' tide
Over many a fall to the Seneca's side.
A mighty change in the foreground stands,

Not the work of God, but of man's hands.
Bereft of the simple majesty of yore,
'The mansion's lawn is now dotted o'er
With buildings of such mighty mass,
As tell to the strangers as they pass,
That a need long felt has at last been supplied,
And from Mountain to Seaboard, far and wide,
The Sons of Carolina, for the good of the Nation,
May now receive here an industrial education.
From the uttermost borders of Carolina wide,
Come students to Clemson four years to bide.
Here they ply the shuttle or the loom,
And learn the mystery of King Cotton's bloom;
They harness the lightning's mighty flash,
And make it along the wires to dash;
There by the blow-pipe's flickering flame,
They show whence the constituents came;
To survey, over many a border broad,
The twists and turns of a devious road;
To watch how the bud unfolds and blows,
And on the air its fragrance pours.
Of all these subjects a study is made,
Mainly for the sake of a future trade.
If Calhoun could from his grave ascend,
And backward here his way could wend,
He would raise his voice in support of mine,
Please, for literature give the boys more time.

Hidden Treasures.

Several summers ago, a party of boys determined to go on a camping trip to one of the small islands near C. It so happened that I was unable to go along; but had I gone, this story would never have been written. Every one of the boys solemnly swore that he would never tell

what occurred to anybody, but as to how or from whom I got this story need not be told. On the return voyage they planned to make a short cruise up some of the creeks which flow between these islands. As the trip was to be one solely for pleasure, all the discomforts of camp life were, as far as possible, to be eliminated. Plenty of provisions were taken, and as the island contained fresh water, no anxiety was felt on that account. A negro man was hired to do the cooking and to keep the camp in order.

On the appointed day the little party started out. The journey lasted about two or three hours, and as no one suffered from the effects of sea-sickness, everybody was in the gayest of spirits when the island was reached. A landing was soon made, and after all the necessary articles had been removed from the boat, the party started in search of a camping ground.

An ideal site was soon found. The tent was pitched between four large palmetto trees, which sheltered it from the hot sun. The sand hills around shielded the camp from the high winds; and, the nearness of the camp to the sea, gave the campers the thoughts of many pleasant dips in the billowy deep. A fire was immediately started, and soon the smell of "grub" was wafted to every nostril by the gentle breeze. After dinner had been served, the boys went for a ramble on the beach, regardless of the hot sun. Near the head of the island stood a haunted house. Well, as it was bright sunlight, the little party determined to explore its interior. There was nothing particularly strange about the house that they could see. There were the remains of chairs, tables, beds, and such articles as would be found in any ordinary house. One thing that attracted the attention of every one was a curiously carved cupboard standing in one corner. On trying the doors, they were found to be tightly locked. Every means was tried to open the door, but all failed, and the boys now decided

that the door must be broken open. On beholding the interior, the searchers were terribly disappointed. The only thing that met their eyes was a small piece of board, about ten by twelve inches. One of the boys took this out and found it covered with a number of letters, which proved to be Roman characters printed backwards. After much trouble they were read. The inscription was as follows: "Go to the northeastern extremity of this island, and you will find a large rock. This is easily recognized, being the only one anywhere near. Go to this rock and face directly east. March straight to the front six paces. Half face to the left, and march forward four paces. Within six feet of this is buried an immense treasure."

When this had been read, the party became much excited. Every one wanted to start out at once. Finally, it was decided to let some go to find the place, while the rest went back to camp to get a spade. The party easily found the place, and carefully stepped off the distance. Soon the other boys came back with the spade, and the work of digging for the treasure was soon begun. The sand offered very little resistance to the spade, and soon a large hole was made. At last something solid was struck. It was a very large box, and took the united efforts of all the boys to raise it out of the hole.

On opening the box, it was found to contain nothing but sand. On digging around in the sand, one of the boys found a small box which, upon being broken open, was found to contain a daintily folded note. Upon this was written in a bold hand the following lines: "If you find this on the first of April, you are April fooled. If it is May, June, or any other month, you are fooled anyhow. By the law of the Conservation of Energy, no energy is lost; and as I suppose you used some energy, you see you are nothing out. Tell this to some other person so that they can enjoy the joke."

The party returned to the camp, sadder but wiser boys. The rest of the trip was without incident, and when, at last, they reached home, every one looked on the adventure as a big joke.

W. L. S., '07.

The Experience of a Dark Night.

About three o'clock one very dark night last summer, during the dog-days, Frank Hays was riding home from an old-time "breakdown." His home was about seven miles from the old barn where this great social coup was held, and he had some very dark and lonesome road to travel ere he reached there. The only place that he dreaded particularly, however, was an old graveyard. He had to pass almost through it. He had had such an enjoyable time at the dance that he entirely forgot the lonesomeness of the road, and the horrors of the graveyard, and merely allowed his horse to jog along while he meditated on the pleasant events of the evening. Suddenly he was awakened from his deep reverie by large raindrops splashing against his face. He clucked to his horse and urged him to a good gallop in order that he might reach shelter before the storm broke, which the now fast falling rain and the low muttering of the distant thunder betokened. The storm burst in all its fury just as he reached the old churchyard, and, dreading the storm worse than he did the ghosts, he dismounted and led his horse into the tumbled-down remains of the old church. He felt around until he found a place where the leaks weren't so bad, and sat down on one of the rickety old benches, where, soothed by the sound of the pattering rain, and being already tired, he soon was fast asleep. His dreams were of pleasant things, but they were destined for a rude end.

He was suddenly awakened by a low groan! His blood

ran cold. Surely he must be dreaming. He rubbed his eyes and looked all around, but could see nothing. He was just dropping off to sleep again when the groan was repeated, and this time so loud that there could be no mistaking it. He sat bolt upright, and stared at a white figure that noiselessly stole across the floor. His heart seemed to have stopped beating. His limbs refused to move and his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth, while still the ghostly figure advanced down the aisle.

Horror upon horrors! It was followed by another, then another, and the procession continued in a seemingly endless line. One of the white beings emitted a low, peculiar sound, half shriek, half groan, and at this Frank almost ceased to breathe, so frightened was he. His horse began to stamp around in a most peculiar manner, and this added to Frank's fright, he thinking that if the horse was so badly frightened then he, too, must be seeing "spooks." Suddenly one of the white figures diverged from the procession and made a straight dive for Frank. This aroused his paralysed muscles at last, and he rose from where he was sitting and made a jump for the ghost, determined to die bravely at any rate—be this being man, devil, or what not. He was very much surprised, however, when he grabbed the ghost to be knocked straight up in the air. When he came down he clinched the ghost and found, to his surprise, that it was covered with hair.

The ghost plunged and reared, but Frank held on until he at last subdued his antagonist. Then holding him by the weight of his body and with his left hand, he struck a match with his right and found, to his surprise, that he was holding an old ram. Imagine his feelings! He had been nearly frightened out of his wits by a flock of sheep which had been sleeping in the old box pulpit, and who were aroused from their slumbers by the rain. Frank had

always laughed at superstitious people before this, but now he says that he doesn't blame them at all; for if that old ram hadn't decided to butt him, he would have sworn that the old church was haunted.

Jack.

"Hello, Jack! that you?" called a merry young voice. "Yes, this is me," answered another one, nearby, and two lads started off down the park together.

Frank Mahon was the son of a wealthy merchant of K—. He was a great favorite among the children of the town. The only objection to him which they had was that he would associate with Jack McGill, a poor orphan boy, who was now living with his aunt. There was really nothing wrong with Jack, except his appearance and occupation, perhaps. His aunt treated him as mean as she possibly could, requiring him to do anything that came along to make his own living. He was always ragged, and had a lean, dejected look.

Frank had always been fond of the little orphan. He had known him when his mother was alive, and they had gone to the same school, and were much of the time together. Jack was always neat and well dressed in these days, but since his mother's death he had been sadly neglected, and the boys of the town had little to do with him. Frank, however, was an exception, and though the boys laughed and chided at him for playing with Jack, he continued to do so.

Jack soon found out how the town boys looked down upon him, and how they laughed at Frank, so he proposed meeting him at the corner of the park every night. Jack would go to the corner and whistle, and Frank, who lived just opposite, would come out to meet him; then they would

play in the park, some times for hours, and return to the corner and part.

Frank was now about to leave for college. He felt sorry for this poor play-mate, who was now fourteen and had not been to school since he was ten—the spring of his mother's death. At the corner that night they parted in tears, and at the depot next day, when Frank left, he noticed Jack, who dared not speak to him on account of his friends being around him, but who would, on the sly, cast a longing glance at his old play-mate.

The morning after Frank left, Jack's aunt became angry with him and threw a piece of a broken plate at him. It struck him in the forehead, making an ugly gash, and the frightened boy, knowing not what next might come, dashed out of the house and down the street to the depot—his favorite haunt. He bound up the wound with the piece of handkerchief that he had, and crawled upon the platform of a coach, where he lay down and sobbed bitterly. He was awakened by a strong arm which lifted him to his feet. and looking up he saw a flagman, whom he knew quite well. The coach was moving. "What in the world are you doing here, boy. Who hit you?" cried the flagman. "Oh, Ed, I didn't mean to," sobbed the boy. "You are in a fix now," said Ed Monroe, the flagman. "I suppose I will have to take you through, though."

He took Jack to W—, and after learning how he had been treated and what kind of life he was forced to lead, determined to keep him there. He dressed him respectably, and, knowing that he was fond of machinery, got him a position in the railroad shops of the city. Jack would work faithfully during the day, and every night that Ed was at home, he would get him to help him study, and in this way he learned to write a good hand, and obtained a reasonably good education. He determined to become an engineer,

though he was only fifteen, and could not go on the road until he was twenty. Any way, he made up his mind to try.

In the meantime, Frank had heard with sorrow of the departure of his little play-mate, and could find no clue to where he was. He searched diligently, but to no avail, and at last, when he graduated and went into business with his father, he gave Jack up for dead, to him at least.

Jack worked his way up and became an engineer. At the age of twenty-four he was given the "Western Flyer," between W— and K—, a distance of about one hundred and eighty miles. Just before his promotion he saw in the K— paper the death of his aunt, and also the marriage of Frank Monroe. "My," he thought, "I wonder if Frank has forgotten me."

One afternoon some time afterward, as Jack's train rolled into K—, a little girl dropped from the crowded platform right in front of his engine. As quick as lightning he put his brakes on, and then turned his head away. With a creak the big engine came to a stand still, and a young man picked up the child unhurt. The crowd applauded, but Jack paid no attention to them. That night he walked up to the old church, carrying a large bunch of roses for each his mother's and aunt's graves, then he strolled out into the park, recalling all the past events of his life. Presently he found himself on the corner where so often before he had called Frank. There was a bright light in Frank's house. Upon a sudden thought he gave his old-time whistle. Frank happened to be on the porch and was immediately attracted by the signal. No one knew that signal but Jack and himself. Again it came; he answered it, and it came back louder than before. He ran down the steps and over to the corner, but saw no one but a man with a deep scar over his right eye, who seemed looking at something across the street. He passed him, and a little farther on gave the

whistle again. The other man turned, called out "Frank," and they rushed into each other's arms.

Jack recognized the same man who had picked up the little girl only a few hours ago—she was Frank's sister.

Ten years ago they had told one another good-bye at that same spot.

W. B.

A Visit to a Modern Indian Village.

While on business in Rock Hill three years ago, I took advantage of an off afternoon to visit the Catawba Indian Reservation, which is ten miles to the east of that city, situated on the river bearing the name of this once mighty people. It may be well to observe that the township of Fort Mill had been leased from these Indians for a period of ninety-nine years, at the expiration of which time the lessees claimed their right to it. It therefore became necessary for the State to take some steps to settle the matter. As a result, the Indians received a grant of about eight hundred acres of land, on which they had congregated, and an annuity of seven hundred and fifty dollars.

In this reservation there are about seventy individuals, comprising seven or eight families, three of which I visited. On approaching the door of one of the hovels, I received a very cool "Come in." As I entered, Mr. Stevens—for I afterward learned that he was named Stevens—raised himself to a sitting posture on his pallet by the fire-place, and pushed me a chair, on which he had been resting his head. On the opposite side of the hearth sat Mrs. Stevens, nursing her baby, and at the same time working away with a piece of clay, out of which she was forming a small vase. In a small rear room, which had the ground for a floor, I had observed, from the time I entered, a considerable noise, that I had been unable to identify. Now, to my astonishment, there stalked out an old razor-back hog, chased by two small

children, all the more dusky by the accumulation of dirt on their little faces. On seeing me, however, the children withdrew to a dark corner of the room, and there remained. The razor-back was less timid, for he walked straight to the hearth, and seemingly demanded his place in the circle. At a suggestion from his wife, my host, with a cane, proceeded to drive the animal out, which he accomplished with some difficulty.

After the hog circus was over we fell into a lengthy conversation, in which, to my mortification, the Indian was far superior to myself, not only in general information, but also in power to express himself. I was, therefore, defeated in my purpose to draw him out on matters concerning his ancestors. To my questions about them he would answer indifferently, yes, or no.

When I had purchased some specimens of pottery, and arisen to go, I expressed my intention of walking back to the station, a distance of three miles, whereupon my host offered me his only means of conveyance: a good walking stick, which I accepted with thanks, and took my leave.

H. C. W., '08.

A Debate.

Query: Resolved, that South Carolina should adopt a compulsory education law.

AFFIRMATIVE.

When the Creator conceived and brought into being this world, glorious in its magnitude, beautiful in its scenery, teeming with animal life, and resplendent in its robes of flowers and grass, it was incomplete until He gave to it its master—man. To man He gave a mind, capable of the highest development or the greatest abuse. By a process of development which we call education, this mind is given power to control or combat the forces of nature; to formulate

and enforce laws; to distinguish between right and wrong, and to live for a fixed purpose. If we do not educate or cultivate this mind, it is like the seed of a beautiful flower, planted and forced to remain in dry sand. We do not rise above the level of the beast. We have no ideals, and our passions, our hopes and our aspirations are bounded by the demands or conditions of the hour. The world has always demanded educated men and women, but this demand has become especially urgent in modern times. In this day when the standard of proficiency has been raised so high; when every industry requires trained workers, and when science, literature and art have been so highly developed, we must have our natural gifts developed if we wish to succeed at all. Our society depends for its progress and for the purity and culture of its membership upon the education of each generation of children. Without this, society cannot combat the evils of socialism and anarchy, nor can it be sure of its own preservation. Our civilization and our religion are the results of long ages of mental development, without which we would be no better than the African savage of to-day. Our government stands a glorious monument to education, and it exists only because men of the highest intellectual development are selected to administer its duties. Is it not then incumbent upon these institutions to see that their youths are educated? They must do it not only to ensure the continuance of the march of progress, but to maintain their very existence. And since the State must take the initiative in the enactment and enforcement of all laws, and since it is the medium through which the greatest good may reach the masses, it becomes the sacred duty of the State to furnish educational facilities to every child under its protection, and if, after these facilities are furnished, the people do not take advantage of them and educate their children, I believe it becomes the duty of the State to compel them to do so.

The theory of compulsory education is not a new one, nor is it an impracticable one. The Greek government took the children from the parents at eight years of age and educated them, and this system aided to a great extent in establishing the greatest citizenship that the world had ever known. It has since been tried by various countries, among them being England, France, Italy and Germany. It was first tried in this country in Massachusetts, and was found not only practicable but very successful. Since then, compulsory attendance laws have been enacted and enforced in thirty-two States and Territories. To see the beneficial results of these laws we have only to compare the percentages of illiteracy of these States with that of our own. In South Carolina, the percentage of white illiteracy is 15, in Kentucky 8, in Massachusetts 2, and in Connecticut 2. In each of these other States there are laws compelling school attendance from eight to thirty weeks. We are one of the most illiterate States in the Union. Industrially and financially we are far behind most of the other States. We have almost no voice in the administration of the national government. Our criminal record is becoming appalling. And why is this so? It is because we have neglected education. Is not this a deplorable state of affairs? Does not our condition warrant the enactment of laws that have wrought so much good in other States? Intellectual superiority rules the world, and unless a radical change is made in our educational system, we, who were formerly a superior people, will become more and more inferior, until we follow the lead of other more progressive States and inaugurate a system that will educate our children even against the will of such parents as are so selfish as to keep them at home.

We should have compulsory education because there is a tax of three mills levied upon the people for the maintenance of the public schools, and because many a man pays this tax, but through his own ignorance, or carelessness, or wilful

selfishness, he does not send his children to school. Such a man cheats himself, his children, and his State. He cheats himself by paying a tax from which he reaps no benefit. He cheats his children out of early educational advantages which might be their first step towards a successful career. And he cheats his State out of a possible eminent, useful and influential citizen. Every such man or woman should be forced to send their children to school for at least six months of the year. There are other men who are very poor and who keep their children from school that they may help support the family. Such children should be provided for by the State and forced to attend school. Notable instances of this class are found in the children of mill operatives. These operatives are usually poor, and since there is light work that their children can do in the mills, they keep them from school and make them work. There in the mills, their lungs choked with dust and their minds narrowed down to the workings of one piece of machinery, with scarcely any outdoor exercise so necessary to the development of growing children, they become stunted in mind and body, and are incapable of performing the duties of citizenship when they are grown. If such children were taken from the mills and forced to attend school, no estimate can be made of the good that might accrue to both child and State. There are also large numbers of such children who are neither at school nor at work, but who are allowed to roam in idleness about the streets, and who become so deeply sunk in the quagmires of vice that they afterwards become the worst of criminals. Then, too, such a law would reach another class of men who though able to send their children to school, are careless and do not make them attend regularly, if at all.

It may be argued by the opponents of this system that it is paternalism, that in taking such a step the State would be exceeding its powers and usurping the rights of parents. But a cold, unprejudiced examination of these arguments will at

once reveal their instability. It cannot be claimed that it is paternalism for the State to take measures for protecting itself against the unquestioned evils of ignorance, any more than when it takes similar measures for protection against some dreaded disease or against animals. The municipal authorities of any town can compel the inhabitants of that town to keep their back yards in a sanitary condition. The Legislature may pass laws forbidding the carrying of concealed weapons, and they condemn it as a practice dangerous to the peace and safety of the community. Is not ignorance a much greater menace to the peace of any community? The State Board of Health makes it compulsory that every man, woman and child be vaccinated to prevent the spread of smallpox. Illiteracy is the worst disease that can possibly assail us. Illiteracy tears down and has no power to build up. It is the hot-bed wherein the seeds of crime are sown. Again, we have laws compelling the payment of school taxes. May we not as well make them to compel school attendance? Such a law could not be denounced as paternal, because it would be made by representatives of the people, who are themselves the government. For much the same reasons it could not be said to usurp the rights of parents, for as society has the right to protect itself by sending a juvenile criminal to a reformatory school, it has the right to ensure its own preservation by compelling the education of those who will some time be the units composing society. Besides, a parent who will not educate his child is not a proper guardian for that child.

Another argument brought against compulsory education is that if we compel white children to go to school, we must also compel the negroes to go, and thus by giving them equal educational facilities with the whites, give him equal voting rights. But, sirs, it has been demonstrated before our own eyes in practice and by statistics that a larger percentage of negro children are going to school now than whites. There

is a large class of whites in this State that actually take less interest in education than the negroes. These negroes have fairly competent teachers, so that the really ignorant negro is becoming more and more scarce. By this I do not mean to say that the majority of the negroes are becoming well educated, but they are becoming well enough educated to compete with a large class of our whites, both intellectually and industrially. This advancement of the negro is well enough, provided there is a corresponding advancement among the whites. We are willing for the negroes to rise, but the white race must maintain the ascendancy, and the only way it can do so is to educate its children universally and maintain its intellectual superiority. The negro question now confronting the Southern people offers one of the main reasons why we should have compulsory education.

What, then, is going to be the attitude of this State toward this question? We have seen the benign and uplifting influences of education; its progress and the good results of its progress in other countries and States. We have seen the growing need of it here, where we take such little interest in it, and where we have seen the awful results of its neglect so clearly. I say, let the State assert its powers and check the advance of this demon of illiteracy in the only way that it can do so effectively—by compelling its children to go to school. Like a father who forcibly prevents his child going near a dangerous place, let the State be kind yet firm in the management of its future citizens. To use the words of a great statesman, "Let the ladder of education be so constructed and placed that the rungs will be in reach of every little hand in South Carolina," and may the institution of compulsory education be one of the means by which our State shall rise again and take her place in the forefront of the States.

J. C. CLARK, '07.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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T. E. STOKES

The Abolition of Cotton Reports

President Harvie Jordan and other officials of the Southern Cotton Association have recently been making very severe attacks upon the Census Bureau on account of the inaccuracy and the misleading character of the cotton reports. The charges are well sustained, and they point very clearly to the advisability of the abolition of cotton reports altogether. Instead of proving beneficial, these reports have had a detrimental influence upon the cotton market. Instead of minimizing the possibility of unjust speculation, they have aided these cotton speculators in their process of gambling at the expense of the farmer to the sum of several millions of dollars. This is a condition which might well be expected. From their very nature, they are sure to be more or less incorrect, and, strange to say, the inaccuracy always tends to shape

the report in the speculator's favor. The good that they do accomplish, if they accomplish any, is always outweighed by the harmful effects. Then, again, the Southern Cotton Association makes these reports unnecessary, and they interfere with the work of the association, which—by no means perfect—has enough obstacles to overcome. It therefore behooves the Government to aid the association in every way possible, and the periodical issuing of cotton estimates should be abolished as an unsuccessful experiment.

**The Spirit of
the Negro**

Some recent actions of the negro, among which are the Talladega incident, and rebellious and riotous displays in their celebrations, indicate a more or less suppressed spirit which is beginning to assume normal proportions. This is the same spirit that controlled the negro in the Reconstruction period. This is the spirit which absolutely unfits the negro for the responsibility of self-government; which outweighs and overpowers the desire to advance along lines of morality and civilization; which causes him to engage in destructive appropriation of the world's offerings, prevents an insight into the future; and, withal, makes him an abominable, and at the same time a deplorable creature, and crushes absolutely the possibility of his ever becoming a useful citizen. This spirit is a part of the inborn nature of the negro, and cannot, it is safe to say, be eradicated through any of the methods now pursued by his so-called Northern friends. On the other hand, these "would-be" philanthropists are pursuing a course absolutely detrimental to the negro's welfare. They must inevitably reverse any strides the average negro has made toward a prosperous existence, for truly the average negro is the only one who has accomplished anything of a lasting nature. The negro that has enjoyed the guardianship of Northern whites—who are in reality beneath the negro—and learned through it to consider

himself the equal of the white man, is the one who will surely destroy the limited degree of prosperity already attained. As paramount as the race problem has always been, it is assuming more important dimensions than ever before. New phases of the question are arising. Evidence of a growing race prejudice in the negro is becoming very common. This question is engaging the greatest minds of the country more than ever, but they offer no practical solution. However, all of these things are exposing the true spirit of the negro, which makes this problem so momentous.

**Rural Free
Delivery**

Under no consideration should the rural mail service be hindered. In the South, especially, it is an absolute necessity, and in the South would the measure to abolish all routes not self-sustaining strike its most serious blow. On certain routes the population is exceedingly small, and the income does not balance the expense, but there is no surer way at present to populate a section than by the establishment of mail routes. They increase wonderfully all real estate by which they pass, and they are recognized as one of the biggest inducements the farmer has in buying property since their establishment.

Again, this service is yet in the experimental stage, and the people have learned to advance under its benefits, without considering the necessity of their support. At any rate, any movement to abolish any established routes, or to limit them to a discriminating degree, will minimize the benefits of this valuable service. Nothing controlled and supported by the national Government has ever proven a greater factor in the enlightenment of the rural districts, and it should be maintained, even at the expense of abolishing some other minor benefits. It is to be hoped that no measure will materialize that will affect detrimentally the Rural Free Delivery Service. Such a step would partially defeat the very purpose of the United States Postal Service.

Exchange Department

J. H. McCLAIN, '06

Editors:

J. W. LEWIS, '08

Does the writer of the "Boston Girl," in *The Converse Concept*, really think that Boston girls are really more industrious and ambitious than "we" are? We judge that it would be unsafe to insist upon this at Converse.

The editorials of *The Concept* are especially good. They deal with interesting and important subjects, and are carefully treated. "Gibson and His Arts" portrays the character of America's greatest illustrator. We cannot be too lavish in our praise of such men, for by it our appreciation is shown. The "Genius of Victor Hugo and Wordsworth" and "Thought Revolution" show study. The stories are interesting and well gotten up. Of the poems, "Chrysanthemums" is the best. The January *Concept* shows much improvement over the preceding issues.

The University of Virginia Magazine is one of the best of our exchanges. The poems and stories are especially good, and show much originality and thought.

"The Cheap Novel in Literature," is the best article of *The Wofford Journal*. It deals with a subject that we fear is being overlooked by many, and, unless this is given more serious consideration, what can we expect but a continued loss of interest in the standard literature? More pieces of this nature would add to the value of our magazines. The *Journal* has its proportion of love stories, but is this not quite natural just after the holidays? The two love stories, while of old plot, are well written. The poets of Wofford

realize the necessity of poetry to the college magazine, and loyally support their magazine. It would be natural to expect a falling-off in the January exchanges, but the *Journal* is fully up to its standard.

The lack of material in *The Black and Magenta* is very noticeable. It has only one short story and no poems. The originality of the story makes it very readable.

The College Reflector contains two exceptionally good articles—"Citizenship, and What It Involves," and "The Public Library." Such articles are instructive and beneficial. A Happy Expedition is an amusing description of the prankish raids of hungry schoolboys.

The contents of *The Erskinnian* show the energy of the editors. The marked improvement of the January issue over the preceding ones is very noticeable.

The conception of an exchange editor, as brought out by *The Columbia Collegian*, certainly differs from the conception we have formed by a short experience. I think the majority of such editors will agree with us that the exchange editor does not enjoy a "free life"—far from it; and we find that the filling of space is the smallest duty of such an editor. Judging from the length of the *Collegian's* exchange department, and from the very general criticism, we infer that the editor practices what he preaches.

The full pages of the *William and Mary Magazine* bespeak the interest of the students in their magazine. Literature, especially that of Tennyson, is the principal topic of the literary department. A greater variety would add to the interest of the readers. The stories are of simple plot and very simply told. The four pieces of poetry add greatly to the interest of the magazine

We agree with some of the other magazines in their opinion that *The Newberry Stylus* needs to "get up and hustle" a little more. The literary department of this number contains but two articles, and not a single story! The author of "The Flood of Fiction" has brought out some very good points about many of our modern novels, and the effects of reading too much cheap literature.

The Georgetown College Journal is gotten out in very good style, and contains some excellent material. There is some good poetry, and also an interesting story, "John Gray—Cow-puncher." "The Fallacy of a Foreign Trade" brings to light some very interesting and original facts about our standing in trade, as compared with the other nations. The greatest fault of the magazine is the fact that it is short of fiction, having only one story, the rest of the material being heavy reading matter.

We regret very much the spirit in which *The Hendrix College Mirror* takes our criticism. In the first place, by no means do we, in criticising, hold our magazine as a model for others to follow. Far from it. We are, nevertheless, striving to attain a better standard, as all magazines should. As its associate exchange editor, I also wish to say that I have had but little experience in this work; in fact, the *Mirror* was the first magazine ever criticised by this editor. I also wish to say that I have again referred to the magazines, and find that, due to some mistake or oversight, I am at fault in two instances. We are sorry to have offended the *Mirror* editor; but I trust that the *Mirror* will lay this mistake to my inexperience, rather than to any wrong intentions.

We enjoyed reading through *The Emory Phoenix* very much. We find it to be a well-balanced magazine, with good stories and poems, as well as some excellent articles on other

subjects. The first article, "Notes from Another Oxford," is interesting, and gives some instructive facts about the University of Oxford, England. *The Phoenix* strikes a high note at the beginning, and maintains it all the way through.

We acknowledge the following: *Hendrix College Mirror*, *Transylvanian*, *Carolinian*, *William Woods College Record*, *Wake Forest Student*, *Georgia Tech*, *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *The Gamalcad*.

CLIPPINGS.

Where there's a will, there's a lawsuit.—*Georgia Tech*.

Sammy (admiringly surveying his lately arrived twin sisters): Did you get them cheaper by taking two, papa?—*Smart Set*.

He: "Do you really think it hurts a man to be hit with one of Cupid's arrows?" ,

She: "No. As a rule, he merely becomes senseless for a time."—*Ex*.

Tommy: "How do girls spend their time?"

Jimmy: "Trying to make little boys stop asking questions and big boys begin."—*Ex*.

The state of matrimony was in the union without being admitted.—*Ex*.

"He says he comes from a great family."

"That's no lie. He was one of sixteen children."—*Ex*.

Sunday School Teacher: "Who killed Abel?"

Bobby: "I don't know, ma'am. I just moved here last week."—*Ex*.

"That girl was engaged to three men at one time."

"What did she do; break two of the engagements?"

"No. She postponed two of the marriages."—*Ex.*

He: "If I should break the engagement, what would you do?"

She: "I'd take poison."

He: "You'd go to the nearest pharmacy and get poison?"

She: "Worse than that. I'd kiss a man who smokes cigarettes."

Lemuel: "Paw, what is a talking machine made of?"

Father: "Well, the first one was made out of a rib."—*Ex.*

A night of cram,

An angry Prof.,

A tough exam.—

A busted SOPH.

Ex.

Doctor: "I trust that you followed the prescription I gave you?"

Patient: "If I had, I'd broken my neck."

Doctor: "How's that?"

Patient: "It blew out of the window."—*Ex.*

"What do you think now, Bobbie?" asked his mother, as she boxed his ears.

"I don't think," replied the boy. "My train of thoughts has been delayed by a hot box."—*Ex.*

"I'll cast my bread upon the waters," said the young wife.

"Have you no feeling for the poor fish?" chuckled the brutal husband.—*Ex.*

Local Department

W. O. PRATT.

Editors:

R. O. POAG.

On January 19, the German Club gave its second dance. As usual, the function was one of much pleasure and enjoyment. Among the ladies present were Miss E. Richardson, of Greenville; Miss Alice Maxwell, of Anderson; Misses Stribling, of Pendleton; Miss Harriette Shewell, of Nebraska City, Neb.; Miss Ella Sloan, of Pendleton; Miss Sue Sloan, of Clemson College, and others.

The chaperones were Mrs. P. H. E. Sloan, Mrs. R. E. Lee, Mrs. Killian and others.

Clark (at practical agriculture): "Lemmon, we ought to go and get our insecting (dissecting) instruments."

Moss Z— (at the Converse College Auditorium in Spartanburg): "Sousa sure has got Jake R— skinned a block."

Mrs. Louis A. Klein entertained the Ladies' Thursday Afternoon Club at her home recently.

Rat Gossett: "Say, Billy, what does it cost you to get in the band?"

Col. R. W. Simpson was on the campus recently.

During the heavy rains in this section of the State recently, the Seneca River rose to within one foot and nine inches of the height of the freshet over two years ago. The dykes surrounding the Clemson bottom lands collapsed and the field was flooded.

Miss Floride Calhoun is now in Atlanta, on a visit to her sister and brother there.

of the State, held in Columbia, the South Carolina College Press Association was organized, and the constitution is now

being framed. The first meeting of the Association will be in Columbia, between the first and middle of April.

Sherard (drilling signal corps): "Arms horizontal, palms vertical, raise!"

At the regular monthly meeting of the Clemson College Science Club, held in the electrical laboratory, on January 19, Dr. Klein presented a very interesting paper on recent investigations into the cure and prevention of tuberculosis. Another paper of interest was one on the discussion of the gas and gasoline engine.

Miss Julia Taylor expects to take an extended trip soon.

Rat DuBose (having measure taken for uniform): "Colonel, I would like to have the gilt lace (corporal chevrons) put on my sleeve."

We are glad to note that Cadet J. E. Alverson, who has been critically ill with pneumonia for some time, is improving fast, and will soon be able to return to barracks.

Mr. Chas. M. Furman, Jr., is spending some time with his father, Prof. Furman.

Mrs. P. H. Mell entertained quite a number of friends recently in honor of the football team.

Soph. Martin wants to know if there is any danger of the wind blowing the needle of the compass out of place.

Rat Greene (in Geography): "Professor, if they were to find the North Pole, do you think they could climb it?"

Dr. P. H. Mell and Col. Hardin made a short visit to Columbia recently on college business.

Mr. Allen, circulating manager of the *Spartanburg Herald*, was on the campus recently, visiting his son, Cadet W. Allen.

D——: "Mr. Jacobs, what does epicure mean?"

Jacobs: "An English ruler, sir."

Miss Sarah Furman has returned to Winthrop College, after a short visit to her parents.

Moss (reading paper): "Theoretical (theatrical) troupe."

Society Notes.

On January 27, the Columbian Literary Society celebrated its tenth anniversary. The exercises were good, and each one of the contestants succeeded, if he did not excel. The winners were: Declaimer, H. B. Riser; orator, D. B. Puerifoy; debator, C. W. Wannamaker.

The officers for third term are:

Palmetto.

W. J. Latimer	President.
L. R. Hoyt	Vice-President.
T. D. Eason	Secretary.
W. S. Baskin	Treasurer.
S. R. Perrin	Censor.
E. H. Jones	Literary Critic.
A. K. Britt, E. H. Shuler and M. J. Funchess	Reporting Critics.
R. E. Nichols	Prosecuting Critic.
R. H. Lemmon	Sergeant-at-Arms.

Calhoun.

A. R. McAliley	President.
W. A. Putman	Vice-President.
H. P. Moses	Recording Secretary.
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M. M. Glasser	Sergeant-at-Arms.

Columbian.

J. H. McClain	President.
T. F. Barton	Vice-President.

J. C. Clarke.....	Secretary.
H. P. Stuckey	Treasurer.
P. W. Spencer	Reporting Critic.
F. M. Furtick	Prosecuting Critic.
J. S. Wessinger	Sergeant-at-Arms.

On February 22, the Palmetto Literary Society will celebrate its twelfth anniversary, in the Memorial Hall. The following is the program:

Presiding Officer—D. H. Hill.

Declaimers.

H. K. Strickland, Clarendon, S. C., "The Impressment of American Seamen."

G. W. Speer, Abbeville, S. C., "Henry W. Grady."

Orators.

T. D. Eason, Charleston, S. C., "The Influence of Christianity Upon the World."

W. O. Pratt, Greenwood, S. C., "The Call of Duty."

Debate.

Query: "Resolved, That immigration should be further restricted by law."

Affirmative—T. P. Kennedy, Union, S. C.

Negative—J. H. Earle, Pickens, S. C.

Committees.

Marshals—E. H. Jones, chief; L. R. Hoyt, S. R. Perrin, W. S. Baskin, W. J. Latimer.

Invitation—W. J. Latimer, A. G. Kennedy, E. H. Shuler.

Athletics.

Just now the different classes are putting forth their best efforts in order to put out the winning football team. There has been a great deal of interest, so far, and a series of good, snappy games is expected.

THE FRESH-PREP GAME.

The Freshmen were defeated by the Preps by a score of 5 to 0. The score was a very close one, and the result was doubtful until the end of the game.

The Line-up.

Fresh.		Preps.
Blalock	R. E.	Bailey
Gaines	R. T.	Whitlock
Odom	R. G.	Pitts
Wilkes	C.	Spears
Dupree	L. G.	Barnet
Brandon	L. T.	Lachicotte
Jervey, Webb	L. E.	Andell
Clarke	F. B.	Hydricks
Furtick	R. H. B.	Truluck
Craig	L. H. B.	Goodman
Coles, Pennell	Q.	McFadden

As the football season is nearly over, every one is looking forward to the coming of the baseball season. All the candidates for the team are taking special exercises at the gymnasium, and by the time the season opens, all will be in training. Manager Barksdale has already secured a good schedule of games, and it is probable that a few more will be added. The following is the schedule; March 24, Tech, in Atlanta; March 31, University of Georgia, in Athens; April 7, Furman, at Clemson; April 12, Trinity, at Clemson; April 20, Mercer, in Macon; April 21, Mercer, in Macon; April 25, Wofford, in Spartanburg; April 27, Furman, in Greenwood; April 28, Newberry, at Clemson; April 30, Tech, at Clemson; May 4, Trinity, in Davidson; May 5, Trinity, in Winston-Salem; May 9, Welsh Neck, at Clemson; May 12, Wofford, at Clemson; May 19, Newberry, at Clemson.

Financial Report of Athletic Association Up to January 1st, 1906.

The Athletic Council, which has control of the finances of the Association, has decided to publish, at least once every year, a detailed account showing receipts and expenditures.

The end of the baseball season of '05 found the Athletic Association in debt \$175.00. This indebtedness was largely due to the fact that the breakage fee subscribed by the students to the Athletic Association netted only \$16.33. Heretofore the amount received from this source has amounted to several hundred dollars.

With this debt on hand, and an expensive football coach engaged for the football season, the Athletic Committee thought wise to call upon Clemson's alumni and ex-students for contributions. The list to follow is in grateful acknowledgment of the money received from this source. The request for contributions was sent out to over 300 Clemson graduates and others, and it is to be regretted that out of this number only twenty-three responded.

It was decided this session not to solicit subscriptions from students except in the form of membership fees to the Athletic Association, and the balance that might be left from their breakage fee at the end of the session. The membership fee of \$1.00 entitles the students to the use of all the property of the Association, with the exception of the tennis courts, which are rented out to student clubs. The attached list shows that 194 students have joined the Association. It is to be hoped that in future years every student will belong to the Athletic Association. A report of the amount that will be realized on the breakage fee cannot be made until after the present session is closed.

The members of the faculty have not yet been asked to contribute. This contribution will be taken up during the spring term.

RECEIPTS.

(From September 1st, '05, to January 1st, '06.)

Net profit from University of Tennessee game....	\$35 00
Net profit from University of Georgia game.....	3 85
Net profit from Vanderbilt game.....	75 00
Net profit from Fair Week games.....	774 00
Net profit from Thanksgiving game.....	1,448 44
Membership fees to Clemson College Athletic Association.....	194 00
Alumni subscriptions	137 00
Rent of tennis courts.....	28 00
Miscellaneous subscriptions brought over from previous session	25 32
Total.....	\$2,720 61

EXPENDITURES.

(From September 1st, '05, to January 1st, '06.)

Outstanding debt from baseball season, 1905....	\$175 00
Football equipment and supplies.....	206 66
Printing, &c.....	34 00
Work on football field and tennis courts.....	18 30
Expense of sending coach to see Vanderbilt-Auburn and Tech-Tennessee games.....	50 00
Telegrams	22 25
Hack fare football team to depot.....	33 85
Express on football material and football trunk..	8 63
Excess of expenditures over receipts Auburn game	19 45
Excess of expenditures over receipts Stone Mountain-Scrub game	39 06
Forsythe's expenses to assist in football coaching	20 40
Cochem's salary	1,000 00
Total	\$1,628 60

Balance on hand January 1st, 1906..... 1,092 01

Total\$2,720 61

Subscription list from Clemson's alumni and ex-students:

Adams, W. G.....	\$2 00	McGregor, G. R....	\$5 00
Black, W. E. G....	5 00	Moorman, T.....	5 00
Brown, F. E.....	3 00	Perrin, T. S.....	5 00
Bryant, F.....	5 00	Riggs, A. F.....	8 00
Carr, A. B.....	5 00	Roberts, O. M.....	5 00
DeSaussure, F. G..	2 00	Sadler, D. H.....	5 00
Harrall, J. E.....	5 00	Shealy, A. S.....	25 00
Holland, W. A....	5 00	Walker, J. N.....	6 00
Holman, W. A....	2 00	Zeigler, M. E.....	5 00
Legerton, C. W....	15 00	Ramsey, H. L.....	3 00
Manigault, H.*M..	1 00		
Martin, J. E.....	5 00	Total	\$137 00
McCollough, L. H..	10 00		

List of student members of the Clemson College Athletic Association:

Curtis, D. G.	Quattlebaum, P.
Crews, H. C.	Banks, M.
Campbell, A. L.	Wannamaker, W. W.
Plenge, E. B.	Howle, P. L.
Wood, O. D.	McCutchin, E. D.
Moore, W. C.	Jones, G. R.
Sloan, W. P.	Brown, J. J.
Tolbert, R. R.	Garrett, A. V.
Lemmon, R. H.	Richardson, R. G.
Hughes, J. S.	Klugh, A. M.
Hooks, A. V.	Allen, A. J.
Clarke, J. C.	Miller, J. M.
Moses, H. P.	Scott, W. O.
Platt, M. M.	Eason, T. G.

Aull, W. B.	Bush, C. W.
Bethea, A. V.	Bethea, J. A.
Caughman, F. P.	Hunter, B. G.
McLendon, C. A.	Crisp, F. W.
Kirvin, W. W.	Garrison, F. M.
Dougherty, C. O.	Thomas, W. A.
Lunn, J. E.	Roper, O.
Jones, E. M.	Wells, W. N.
Rice, C. W.	Bethea, A. P.
Roach, W. J.	Gantt, J. R.
Lowry, R. B.	Siau, L. H.
Lewis, J. W.	Hicklin, J. W.
Trueluck, G. M.	Allen, S. L.
Clarkson, J. S.	Smith, J.
Dick, R. C.	Gnattney, P.
Heyward, T. C.	Walch, B.
Graham, J. D.	Lykes, N.
Riser, H. B.	Clark, W. C.
Bellinger, G. D.	Kennedy, T. P.
Kohn, E. L.	Kennedy, A. G.
Baker, A. J.	Gantt, W. A.
Reeves, J. E.	Horton, L. S.
Tindall, D. L.	Silcox, J. H.
Harris, D. M.	Warren G.
Wilburn, H. C.	Blease, L. C.
Darden, J. P.	Goss, A. L.
Brown, E. B.	McFadden, R.
Farmer, J. L.	Hart, E. L.
Ackerman, M. H.	Carter, B. D.
Boone, L. C.	Robbs, C. M.
LaRoach, W. J.	Platt, W. O.
Kaigler, A. F.	McClain, C. E.
Ross, T. L.	Woodruff, J. L.
Simpson, J. B.	Green, H. H.
Simpson, W. D.	Waldrop, J. N.

Pollitzer, C.
Campbell, W. E.
Brandon, L. B.
Dominick, H.
Scott, W. H.
Cherry, D. F.
Watkins, T. W.
Elgin, J. W.
Barton, T. F.
Keenan, W. A.
Winters, R. Y.
Jenkins, H. S.
Wright, J. N.
Jacobs, T. B.
Latimer, W. J.
Putnam, W. A.
McAliley, A. R.
Byars, A. F.
Sanders, W. A.
Suthard, L. G.
Klinck, J.
McLaurin, J. N.
McCrary, J.
Kelly, S. O.
Richardson, L. G.
Smeltzer, J.
Peurifoy, D. B.
Welch, L. J.
Smith, W. R.
Britt, D. C.
Fraser, D. M.
Erwin, J. M.
Latimer, W. A.
Rosborough, W. M.
Derrick, O. L.

Speer, G. W.
Blake, R. E.
Johnson, W. R.
Wyman, E. H.
Boesch, J. C.
Keel, J. W.
Spratt, W. C.
Fiske, R. H.
Hawley, J. M.
Mace, W. A.
Arrington, A.
Heyward, E. T.
Bull, J. W.
Barksdale, J. H.
Savage, M. A.
Granger, C. A.
Rinehart, K. O.
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Reid, S. F.
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Adams, D. G.
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Stuckey, H. P.
Whitesides, A. N.
Jones, E. H.
Ellison, T. R.
Stokes, T. E.
McClain, J. H.
Adams, P. H.
Johnson, J. E.

Gains, T. W.
Murry, P. A.
White, W. P.
Harris, A. L.
Spratt, J.
McDaniel, E. T.
Cleveland, A. F.
Sherrard, W. H.
Horton, E. R.
Keitt, T. E.
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Glasser, M. M.
Cleveland, C. P.

Macauley, D. A.
Haynesworth, W.
Vincent, Henry
Marston, C. W.
Cheatham, W. E.
Gandy, F. L.
Gardner, E. A.
Lee, A. C.
Sanders, C. A.
Webb, S. L.
Eason, J. L.
Vincent, Hugh
Johnson, S. L.

Respectfully submitted,

J. W. GANTT,
Secretary-Treasurer C. A. C. A. A.

Y. M. C. A. Department

Editor:

J. E. JOHNSON

During the last month the interest in Association work has been renewed. The work of the new year has been commenced very favorably, and we are hoping that this interest may not decrease as the days go by. Let us bestir ourselves to keep it on the increase.

The entire student body was very much pleased to have Col. Simpson, President of the Board of Trustees, to preside at one of the recent meetings of the Association. Col. Simpson has always had the best interests of the Association at heart, and has shown this interest in a material way.

Rev. K. G. Finley addressed the Association recently on "The Ministry as a Life Work." The subject was forcibly presented, and made a very favorable impression. The other distinctive Christian callings will be presented before the end of the session.

On January 23-25, the Association was honored by a visit of Mr. Charles D. Hurrey, General Secretary of the West. Mr. Hurrey visited only two institutions in the South—Clemson and the University of North Carolina. At these places, he made a very favorable impression. While here he delivered three addresses. His topics were: "Behind the Scenes in College Life," "Men of Mettle," and "Why the Strongest Men in American Colleges Believe in Jesus Christ." These meetings were largely attended by the stu-

dents, and resulted in forty-eight decisions for Christian living, and a general awakening to the importance of placing one's life on a high plane.

A great deal of interest is being manifested in the convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, which is to be held at Nashville, Tenn. This is the first meeting of the kind to be held in the South, and its importance cannot be overestimated. About 500 institutions are expected to be represented, by more than 3,000 delegates, and 200 missionaries and Christian leaders will be present. These representatives will come from all parts of the globe. We are entitled to eight delegates, and every effort should be made to get this number to go, in order that the college may receive the greatest benefit. As the conventions are held only once during each student generation, it offers a great religious opportunity.

THE EVANGELISTIC TEST.

A Christian is to Christianize; the disciple must disciple the nations; the men of the Association associate themselves to extend Christ's kingdom among young men. The test of the Christian and of the Association is the evangelistic test—a test by results in evangelizing men. There is no other test of vital life but fruit. Ours is an evangelism that has to do with the entire man for his whole life, not for the body and mind alone, as some would limit us, nor for the soul alone, as some of our members would place the measure. Our evangelizing may not be done in a week or in a month of protracted meetings, but is continuous, twelve months in a year, and years on years. It is a message to the whole man. It touches every relation of man with man, every function of life; there is no separation of the secular and the religious, or body and soul—all is one. Ours is an evangel message to the whole man—that he should be whole

and complete, lacking in nothing, and by no means lacking in the divine nature. Social schemes, betterment and welfare work have steadily refused to recognize the spiritual demand of life—an appetite stronger than all others, and insistent in all men. Prof. Graham Taylor declares that social settlement workers must not leave out the redeeming Christ, at the peril of the organization. Psychologists, sociologists, railroad presidents, business men, and men of war, declare that the religious element is the saving element of the Association service. We know it is. But it is easier to do the social and the physical, the educational and the charitable, than the genuinely spiritual service. For us to stop short of the spiritual, is a crime. Let every Association apply the evangelistic test to each department, and get judgment. Not one section, man, or class, may be spared. Not a man need remain long in its employ who does not respond to this test. In our January review of departments, each showed "results," not only of a man converted, but converted to good use, on a lifetime program, and a world-wide vision. A Christian is an evangelist everywhere he is. He lives his message. Every messenger boy, each driver, bill collector, or business man, coming in contact with an Association employee, should be made to feel the touch of that life that inspires and controls all. Members should interpret Christ to men who do not read the Bible, but *read* them in the way they play basket-ball, or bowl; in the way they speak of or treat women; in their attitude toward subordinates; in the way they vote or discuss politics; in the way they do business "on the square;" in their personal expenditures and their pleasures, and in their own attitude toward spiritual things. One of our secretaries was drawn on jury duty, and without a word of "preaching" several jurors were drawn to him as to a true man and an evangelist, for a serious talk about their impure lives. An artist worked with an Association man for five days. He declared: "If I remain here long, I shall

be a Christian ; I like the spirit of the place." And he had been far out of the path of virtue. Apply the evangelistic test to every Bible class ; does it give a moving message to the man's soul ? Does it make the student an evangelist ? Think of the best Associations you know—Cleveland or Chicago, Central Portland or Washington, for instance—evangelism is in the air. It is insistent and not intrusive. It is dominant, and yet the buildings are popular with non-Christian men. Their meetings and Bible classes, and their leaders everywhere, are pressing evangelism without stint, or apology, or offense. By the evangelistic test every Association will be measured. Five, ten, or fifty "decisions" will not satisfy. The test will embrace the whole man—his entire life, his program of life, and his purposes. As some one has said, the only kind of a heresy trial that may be justified, is that for the failure to love and serve and evangelize Association men.

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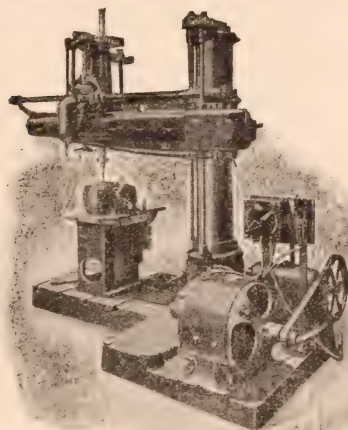
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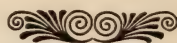
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The Clemson College Chronicle

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VOL. IX. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MARCH, 1906

No. 6

Literary Department

S. P. HARPER

Editors:

J. C. CLARK

The Jessamine and the Rock

How glad I am the jessamine,
With my beautiful dress of spring,
And not as the silent yonder rock,
With its ancient robe of rust.
'Tis true, said the rock, your garment is gay,
But only for awhile will it remain;
It must fall to the ground when autumn is here,
To protect me from wintry rain.

Just look at my height, how lofty, sublime!
How sweet are the breezes of air!
But the rock underneath, in its loathsome bed,
Never winks or changes its stare.
'Tis true, said the rock, thy height is superb,
But low you must humble, and soon;
Yet still will I gaze, by the sunlight of day,
And at night by the stars and the moon.

See my flowers thronged with bees,
With their whizzing, musical sound;
But the rock just below, in its palace of woe,
Has no comrade to sing it a song.
'Tis true, said the rock, thy guests seem kind,
And thy day of diversion seems long;
But the ebb of life keeps pace with time,
Which through ages pass silently on.

Besides, I have roots down under the sod,
These support and protect me through life;
Yon rock has neither root nor branch
To oppose the opponent in strife.
'Tis true, said the rock, thy possessions are great,
But at last they are dross to thee;
They lengthen not life, except from one source—
You forget that source is me. A. J. B., '08.

A Little Heroine

It was in the year 1791, that Lieut. Peter Fraser, of Gen. Marion's brigade, by his dare-devil bravery, won from his comrades the title of Fighting Peter, and from his commander that of Lieutenant. Fraser served first in Capt. John Pendleton's company, and was promoted to a lieutenant for conspicuous bravery. He served as a regular only a short time, however, for his knowledge of the country and his daring, adventurous nature eminently fitted him for a scout, and he was detailed for this duty by Gen. Marion himself. He had several times been the bearer of important dispatches, had thrice penetrated the enemy's line in disguise, and was now called upon to attempt the capture of certain important papers known to be in the possession of the British Capt. Francis, and, incidentally, to capture the captain himself. Francis was then in command of Fort Charles, an isolated

post on the Congaree River. Fraser was to go alone to the fort, offer his services to the British captain, and, after securing the papers, with the aid of a few comrades stationed outside, to boldly carry off Francis himself. The details of the affair were left to Fraser, and were to be arranged by him after he had entered the fort. Having disguised himself, he, with his associates, proceeded without adventure to within about ten miles of the fort, when he came suddenly upon Capt. Francis himself, who, with about twenty-three men, was out on a foraging expedition. This seriously interfered with their plans, for Fraser had not intended that either of his companions should be seen by the enemy at all. He decided, however, that under the circumstances, it would be best for all to go up boldly and offer themselves as volunteers to Capt. Francis. This they did, and, after considerable questioning, they were enrolled to fight for the King.

The adventurers were now fairly started in their enterprise, and all would have probably gone well had there not been in Francis' company a deserter from the patriot army, who had formerly belonged to Fraser's company, and who not only knew Fraser well, but was an old inveterate enemy of his. This man recognized Fraser as soon as he saw him, and promptly reported the matter to Francis. Francis was a man noted for his hasty and fiery actions, and many patriots had been put to death by him for much smaller offenses than Fraser's. So he ordered that a court-martial be held immediately at a farm house near by. For this purpose, the whole company went there, Fraser being closely guarded by a corporal's guard. When they arrived there, however, they found that Mrs. Wingate, the owner of the place, had prepared their dinner, which they had ordered some time before. Accordingly, it was decided to defer the trial until after dinner. The whole party now gave themselves up to the pleasures of the moment—some eating in the house with Francis and the rest lounging about the porch and yard, and all

laughing and talking in the most boisterous manner. Fraser was allowed the freedom of the porch, and he paced back and forth in deep thought, for he knew that the court-martial was almost sure to result in an order for his death. His friends were far away and knew nothing of his danger. There was not even the hope of appeal to a higher British authority, for this was an isolated post, under a cruel, blood-thirsty commandant, whose authority was supreme. His case was indeed desperate, but he had a champion whom he did not know at all.

Mrs. Wingate, the enforced hostess of this foraging band, was a patriot of the truest order, and Ruth, her daughter, about fourteen years old, shared her mother's sympathies in every respect. She possessed an ardent and abiding hatred for the Redcoats, and her childish tirades greatly amused the British captain. She was a devoted little horsewoman, and never hesitated to mount the wildest horse. This won for her the admiration of Francis, who loved horses himself. He often tried to induce her to ride his own charger, a beautiful animal, noted for its speed and intelligence. Ruth, however, treated his overtures with the utmost contempt, and positively refused to notice Wildfire, except when Francis was not looking. But on the day of Fraser's capture, she appeared to relent, and actually asked Francis if she might take a ride on Wildfire. Francis gladly consented, for he thought this a sure sign that he had won over his little rebel, as he called her. Ruth waited till Francis had begun eating; then, mounting Wildfire, she rode off, followed by cheers from the men in the yard. In about ten minutes she returned at a furious gallop, dashed up to the piazza, and shouted, "Run for your lives! The Rebels are coming!" Then, in the excitement that followed, she whispered to Fraser, "There's Wildfire. Take him and go. Ride low, and you are safe." Quick as a flash, Fraser sprang to the horse's back, and, digging the rowels, which he had never removed, into its

flanks, he was gone like the wind, followed by a fusilade of curses and shots. But above all the confusion could be heard Francis' voice shouting, "Shoot high! Save the horse!" Not until then did Fraser understand Ruth's words, "Ride low, and you are safe." He leaned forward on the horse's neck, and soon left all pursuers behind.

Little Ruth, with the keenest insight into Francis' character, and with bravery born of true patriotism, had saved the American officer's life.

J. C. CLARK, '07.

A Debate

Query: *Resolved*, That South Carolina should adopt a Compulsory Education Law.

NEGATIVE.

A *compulsory* education law! What does *compulsory* mean? It means that one is obligated, necessitated, obliged, forced, to do that which the law contemplates. A compulsory education law would force parents to send their children to school, no matter what the conditions may be, and such a law as this is hostile, and absolutely antagonistic, to the genius and spirit of our American free institutions. The theory of our American government is the greatest possible liberty—liberty of thought, liberty of speech, liberty of conscience, and liberty of action, on the part of each individual, compatible with the rights and privileges, employments and enjoyments of his fellow-citizens. Our General Government, in the view of our fathers who framed it (but not of their more modern descendants, who have tampered with its Constitution and perverted it to uses and functions never dreamed of by our stern and true-hearted Democratic fathers), was mainly, and above all other aims, to protect the individual in the enjoyment of life, liberty and prosperity, by the proper and wise exercise of the powers originally delegated to it by the sover-

eign people who reserved all other powers to be exercised by the individual himself. This peculiar Constitution has given to the American his pronounced individuality, which characteristic he has in a greater degree than have the people of any other country under the sun; his self-reliance, his pronounced independence of thought and speech, his unbounded spirit of industry and adventure in all things—which, in fact, has made him a potential, independent sovereign of a sovereign State in a Union of Sovereign States. In our country, the individual is, or is supposed to be, paramount, and the government subordinate—just the reverse of what it is in the monarchies of the old world. Compulsory education would be a fatal blow to the individual liberty, individual spontaniety, and is one of the most plausible, yet, in reality, one of the most pernicious and insidious blows aimed at our free institutions, born from that wonderful, thrifty and brainy, yet king-racked, people of the German Empire. It is but another gigantic stride towards socialism and would be paternalism run riot.

The interference in family government that will follow compulsory education is one of the serious questions that puzzle our statesmen. Children are the greatest blessing God gives to parents; they are the ties by which the hopes and ambitions of the parents are bound, and it is for their betterment that the fathers and mothers do all in their power to make the home training or family government as nearly perfect as possible, allowing to each individual child the greatest possible liberty, and fostering in him that self-reliance and self-government, which, in after years, shall be as nearly reflected in our national government as circumstances will allow. All parents take great pride in making their home a happy one; their children are their own and they pride themselves in being the loving rulers. Imagine the effect a compulsory education law would have on the parents. It would take away from the parents the right to

govern their children, and thus tend to make them lose interest in their welfare. Think of the great suffering such a law would bring upon many, especially poor widows, who, perhaps, have only one child. Imagine one such case (there would be many such) and let us see the effect. Here is a poor widow, an invalid, who has but one child and it is her sole dependence. What would become of her if her child should be taken away from her by the government to be sent to school? Do you think the child would do justice to itself under these conditions? Answer these questions for yourself. I cite only one case, there would be many; and the sufferings such a law would bring on many of our people it is not possible to imagine. Why do so many boys and girls work in our great cotton mills? Because their parents are poor, and it is necessary for the children to help earn a support, and they can do this easiest by working in the mills. If a boy wants an education, the fact that it is necessary for him to work in order to help his parents earn a support will not keep him from getting it. In our country an education is in reach of all children who care enough about it to work for it. If education were compulsory, children would not do as well at school as they do now, for it is a recognized fact that people do not like to do what they are compelled to do. It would take away from the people a great stimulus for exertion. It strikes right at the root of one of the most prized characteristics of the American, "Not to accept as a gift what one should and can obtain by his own efforts." It saps the self-respect and self-dependence of the individual, and dims the bright star of his effulgent manhood. But say our rulers are Sophists; it is the function of our government to give good order, peace, and to govern the people. Ignorance, tending to vice, crime, superstition, anarchy and poverty is the greatest enemy to the public welfare and to good government; therefore let the government banish this menace, this monster, by undertaking to provide schools for

its citizens under the general welfare clause of the constitution. Hence people have been taught to look to the government for what they formerly provided for themselves, appreciated more, and by which they achieved glorious results in the educated manhood and womanhood that caused them to throw off the British yoke and made our republic the pride of its people, the marvel of the ages, the greatest nation of the whole world!

Now, the greatest argument is either right or wrong. Education by the State is a fixed fact. We have schools, colleges and universities, with their vast and varied costly equipments, and free tuition largely provided for; still the cry is that thousands of parents do not appreciate the great educational advantages within the reach of their children to the extent of voluntarily sending them to school. To be consistent, let us go out into the byways and hedges and compel them to come in and enjoy the rich viands that we have provided as an inspiration for their future welfare and good citizenship. Vice, crime, indolence, drunkenness and licentiousness have deprived many helpless, unfortunate, innocent children of decent clothing as well as food and lodging. Will the agents of the government go out and, like the cowboys, round up these unfortunates into the school-house corral? It would be an impossibility, but if the agents were to succeed, would not there be a stampede of the decently clad? and would not the contrast and the compulsion into uncongenial surroundings and associations add tenfold to the misery of these unfortunates? Better direct the compulsion powers of the government against the pitiful and well-known sources of ignorance, crime and poverty by eliminating drinking, gambling and licentiousness.

The time is not ripe for compulsory education. Our school funds have been inadequate to provide schools for all of the children of our State, and within the few months just gone, by the voting out of the dispensary in South Carolina

the funds appropriated to school purposes have been so curtailed that it is an imminent problem as to how the schools are to be maintained in their present status, and in order to have compulsory education the State must furnish all the equipment necessary, and this is impossible at the present time.

Laws apply to all; therefore a law providing for compulsory education in South Carolina would apply to the negro as well as to the whites. If the negro is educated, he will feel that he is on an equal with the whites, and will try to force himself to this position. It would be impossible for the whites to keep him down to the work for which God created him. The Bible says that the blacks shall be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and this is work which educated people do not want to do. It is hard enough to keep the blacks in subjection now. What will become of us if we educate them?

In conclusion, we have proved that compulsory education would be: (1) An interference with the freedom of the individual and the interference of family government. (2) It tends to paternalism and ultimately to socialism, which is opposed to the true principles of republican government as it has always been maintained in this part of the country. (3) Even if right in principle, it is impracticable in our own State, because the school funds are inadequate to provide accommodations for all of the children of the State. (4) It would be premature and result in failure without expert supervision of the public schools. Expert supervision must precede compulsory education.

C. W. WANNAMAKER, '07.

The Mission of the Twentieth Century

Looking back through the ages, we can see how the world has advanced by successive strides from its pristine state of chaos to its present condition. In the individual man, the pathway of life is marked by sign-posts which show to the observer the periods of greatest action during the life of that individual. A nation is composed of individuals, each having periods of great action and development; and we find the same to be true in the lives of nations. The history of the world is the history of all nations, and as we read its pages, we see that from the beginning, the trend of events has been to place the action of men into epochs marking great world movements.

Far back through the centuries, there was a period when men were taking the first steps in civilization, when they were beginning to respect one another's rights, and when governments were brought into existence. After this came another period, when the genius and love of beauty of the Athenian republic revealed itself to the world in an immeasurable contribution of art, literature and philosophy. But this period passed away, and the Roman Empire turned into the current of civilization the influence of the law for truth and justice. Later, under Saxon and Teutonic influences, a more uniform civility was established, which is now bringing the nations of the earth under common influences and into closer relationship.

The last few centuries mark a great transitional epoch in the world's advancement. Man has for the first time conceived his proper relation toward life and its purposes. The scope of human knowledge has been widely extended. Old theories have been put to the test of scientific criticism, and better explanations have been made. Modern machinery has revolutionized all industrial activity. Science has

grasped a thunderbolt from the hands of Jupiter, and now messages of thought and love are flashed across the seas. The teaching of the Prince of Peace has been carried to all nations, and its uplifting influence is being felt in all the ends of the earth. Truly this period has accomplished its purpose in bringing nearer that far off divine event to which the whole creation moves.

It is in this way that civilization has advanced. Each individual, each nation, each age has had its own special mission to perform. And now another century lies before us, and its mission stands out clearly. As we see it, the work is to be of an educational, political and religious character.

In searching for the secret springs of progress, we find them in those great events which have wrought a change in the mind and the heart. In order, then, that society be regenerated, the elevating influence of education must accomplish its mission of enlightenment and development, amid all conditions and for all classes.

The greatest problems ever given to man to solve are now confronting the people—questions which affect the future condition of humanity. But are the people prepared to grapple with these mighty problems? Do they possess a sufficient degree of intelligence? You can point with pride to the hundreds of colleges and universities engaged in training the statesmen of the future, and to the large number of educated men who now control the affairs of government. But look upon the masses. Think of the thousands who can neither read nor write. Think of those ignorant thousands, who, led by scheming politicians, are annually crowding around the polls, and yet cannot read their ballots. Visit some sections of our country and see the numbers who have not felt the mighty influence of civilization, where no church bells echo the blessed invitation of the gospel. We

need an education that will uplift the masses; that will reach to the lowest depths of poverty, and penetrate to the remotest parts of the earth.

We need this kind of an education because it takes the weak and helpless infant and transforms it into an image of the perfect man; because it diminishes crime, corrects public error and produces a healthy public sentiment; because it insures the true happiness of the people and is the basis of society and national prosperity. Do we wish to foster free institutions? Do we wish to extend the light of Christian civilization and see its radiance grow brighter and brighter? Then let us provide for the education of the whole people.

As we study the history of nations and of government, we see that as the people advanced in intelligence there was a corresponding improvement in government. But it is only in the last two centuries that the conditions of society, the relations of its members and its institutions to each other and to the State, the rights of man and other kindred subjects came to the surface and occupied the minds of all. The thoughts of the wise and the benevolent were sent forth to the multitudes and found an echo in the remotest hamlets. The dissemination of ideas created discussion and inquiry; inquiry created intelligence, and intelligence opened the eyes of the people to the fact that the unfavorable conditions to which many of them had long submitted were not the result of divine dispensation, but of human regulations. In this time, the world has witnessed a revolution more pregnant with ultimate results to the human race than that of any other period.

In studying the conditions of society, we have seen the more numerous and powerful portion of humanity submitting to conditions injurious to themselves and helpful to the smaller and weaker portion, and there is convincing evidence that this condition could have never existed had

not the majority been less intelligent than the minority. The meeting of the French States-General marks the event of an era bearing the imprint of a dominant purpose, that of lessening the great contrast in the conditions of men. And following events to the present day, do we not see that a mighty change has taken place? Have not the foremost nations of Christendom come to the point where the all-absorbing question of the times is the human rights of all the people?

What, then, should be the influence of this century upon government? What shall be the basis of the new adjustment? The highest form of government implies something more than government by the people; it means government for the people. It requires that there shall be no class enjoying undue privileges. It demands the enforcement of laws having for their object the welfare of the greatest possible number of those living under that government, and in the fulfillment of this purpose every obstacle should be removed. But wherein mainly are the people to be benefited? The answer to this is by having in reach of all the means available to improve their condition. This is the incentive which has exercised the widest influence upon the human race.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the advantages which those possessing wealth have over those who have none. The advantages which riches give in the pursuit of knowledge, and the comforts and luxuries which they afford, are proof that they are powerful instruments in improving both mental and material conditions. But it is not of this that knowledge and enlightenment are complaining. It is against the unfair distribution and competition for wealth. It is the thought of a few men burdened with riches when millions are suffering from poverty. It is the undue equality between the classes. It is the defect in our constitution which allows

the greed for gold to have unlimited sway. It is this which has caused discontent, and it is this that enlightened government must change in the fulfillment of its mission.

Let us now look at the last phase of the subject. From all over the globe comes tidings of the great extension of the principles of Christianity. In all sections, both local and national Christian societies have gained in power and in prestige. Taking the work as a whole, the attitude of students towards Christianity is much more favorable than it was ten years ago. In the State colleges and universities of North America, the spirit of materialism is steadily decreasing. In Japan, the most progressive nation of the far East, non-Christian educators are emphasizing Christianity as the basis of morals. The same feeling exists in China, and on the continent of Europe, the signs are not wanting that a reaction is going on against materialism and atheism. This means, then, that within the next five or six decades the entire world will come to recognize and obey the doctrine of the incomparable Teacher, that all government will eventually be founded upon His teaching, and that the reign of peace and good-will toward men will be established.

The mission of the twentieth century, then, is to carry the benign influences of education to the poor and humble, to readjust all forms of government so that every man will have the same benefits and advantages as his fellow-men, and to establish Christianity in the most distant parts of the earth.

"As we stand in the dawn of a new century, inspired by a rich and unsullied past, peerless in our liberty and achievements, happy in the prosperity of a plentiful present and facing a future stored with unsurpassed possibilities, let us let the influences which brighten and gladden, strengthen and bless our lives, enrich the impoverished being of those whom Providence has placed in our care." Let us help to hasten

the day when virtue and intelligence shall be extended to all the world, and the people of every land and nation shall clasp hands in the millennial reign of peace and prosperity.

The Twentieth Century Power Producer

During the winter of 1904, the workmen completed my father's new residence. It was situated in a grove of beautiful oak trees, and everything around seemed adapted to the purpose for which my father had selected this spot, namely, quietude after his retirement from active life. He was well pleased with his new home and carried all of the family out into the country to have a look at it. After walking around in its empty halls for a few minutes, my mother became cold and asked that a fire be started in the sitting room for her. There being no workmen around at that time, father went into the room and began making a fire while the rest of the family were in another part of the house deciding among themselves where certain articles of furniture should be placed. In a few minutes father, in a horrified voice, called to them to hurry to him. What was their surprise and consternation upon reaching him to find the room full of smoke—yes, literally full of smoke! Now, do not get excited and think that I am going to tell you of a terrible conflagration in which my father, mother and myself lost our lives; for there was no such thing as fire visible anywhere—only smoke. Upon being asked what the trouble was, my father, in a half-choking voice, exclaimed:

“The darned chimney won't draw!”

Reader, have you ever had any experience with a chimney that would not “draw?” Well, some day you will have; then you can sympathize with those who have been troubled with them.

I knew that the chimney would have to be torn down and rebuilt before it could be used, but as we moved into the house right away, it was almost a week before my father said anything about the matter to me. During this time I had been giving the subject of chimneys very close study, and had decided upon a plan whereby the draught of a chimney could be greatly increased. Consequently, I mentioned the subject to father, and he consented to allow me to rebuild the chimney all by myself. I had made several drawings of the construction of my chimney, and, if I do say it myself, that chimney was constructed on scientific principles.

As I was rather an inexperienced bricklayer, it took me about two weeks to complete my job; but when it was finished it certainly was a chimney to be proud of. I was alone in the sitting-room when I built my first fire in it, and while stooping over the hearth my hat was snatched from my head and carried up the chimney. At first I was surprised, and, I will admit, a little frightened, too; but it soon flashed through my mind that my chimney had a draught beyond my wildest dreams. I jumped up and ran into the next room to tell my father about this wonderful invention of mine. He was delighted to hear that I had made a success of it, and together we went back to the scene of action. I may well call it the "scene of action," for we were barely in time to rescue an old family rocking chair which was being drawn up the chimney by this mighty draught. It had entirely stripped the room of everything small enough to get through the chimney, and all of the larger furniture was piled up in a confused mass in front of the hearth. It was absolutely impossible to keep anything in that room unless it was nailed to the floor. This fact would have caused many to tear the chimney down immediately and rebuild it again on less scientific principles, but not so with me. I persuaded

my father that we could use that draught in doing work about the farm; so he allowed me a month, in which time I was to utilize my "chimney force" in doing work, or he would have it remodeled.

I did not follow the course of most inventors, in trying to do little things at first and then doing the larger ones. I immediately thought of utilizing my draught in shelling corn. This may seem impossible to you at first, but when you have read my explanation you will see that it was very simple indeed.

First, I had a funnel-shaped hood made, with a hole in the smaller end about one inch in diameter. This hood was securely fastened over the top of the chimney, and a rubber hose connected to the smaller end. This, as you can readily see, concentrated the force of my draught. Next, I made an air-tight corn bin, and bored a hole in one side of it just large enough to hold the other end of the hose securely. In the opposite wall from this hole, I bored another, about one and one-quarter inches in diameter. This was all that I deemed necessary for shelling corn, but I doubt if you can even now see how it was done. Well, the secret of the thing was just this: I filled my bin with ear corn, placed the hood over the chimney, and the hose through the first hole in the bin, turned on my draught, and, Eureka! In less time than it takes to tell it, that draught had blown all of the cobs and shucks through the opposite hole in the wall and the shelled corn was piled up on the floor of the bin ready to be sacked. But every great invention has some defect, and, of course, mine was no exception. Its point of defect was that small wood could not be burned in the fireplace; for it would be immediately drawn up the chimney and hurled high into the air, demolishing the hood in its ascent, and perhaps doing serious damage when it descended. This defect was overcome, however, by always having a fireman whose business

it was to replace wood which was nearly burnt in two by larger pieces. Everything worked perfectly until one day the fireman neglected his duty, and one piece of wood burned in half and was jerked up the chimney. When it descended it struck my younger brother on the head, and for a while we thought that there was no chance of his recovery, but after a few hours he regained consciousness. However, he was suffering terribly from the pain, and as the doctor, who had left us, lived some distance away, my mother had to apply home remedies to "draw the soreness out." None of these remedies seemed to do any good, and we were almost ready to give up until the doctor got there, when I remembered my chimney. Lucky idea! If it had such a strong draught, why could we not use it in drawing the pain out of my brother's head? I had no sooner thought of this than I grabbed my young bub up in my arms, and, running to the chimney, I held his head directly in the draught. It was not more than fifteen seconds before all of the pain was drawn out and my brother was well—but his thick red hair was also gone! He knew that after he was hurt the hood had been placed back over the chimney, and, thinking that if he could hold his head to the hole in the corn bin he might catch some of his hair as it was passing through, he rushed out of the house and to the bin. But he was too late by half a minute; all that he saw when he got there was an old gray mule of ours standing before the hole and looking as if he were in terrible pain. Ever since that day my brother has been bald-headed, and the mule has had headache and a large spot of red hair between his eyes.

You can easily see that this great invention is destined to take the place of electricity and of steam as a source of power. It can be made to run machinery of the heaviest type, and, aside from the little accidents, which can be easily avoided by being careful, you can say that it is safe, and surely cheap and simple.

I have had this chimney patented and have already started to form a company of stockholders, who are as certain as I am that the thing will prove a veritable mint. If there is any one who doubts the efficiency of this chimney, I will be glad for him to call on me, when I will let him see for himself while I draw a sight draft on him for any amount he wishes to invest in the "Twentieth Century Power Producer."

A. L. CAMPBELL, '07.

A Narrow Escape

The night operator was sick, and it fell to me to take his place for the night. I had been hard at work all day, so when night came I was tired and sleepy. Everything went well during the first part of the night. The crew from the work train, which was in the siding, had kept me company. They soon went back to their train, however, and I was alone. I had taken an order for train number forty-five. Forty-five was to meet the Overland at Johnston, a small town thirty miles down the road, and it was an hour before it was due. While I was waiting, I found it impossible to stay awake any longer. Thinking that everything was all right, I leaned back in my chair and went to sleep. While I was asleep, I dreamed about a terrible wreck. I thought that it was caused by my not leaving up the semaphore. The sight was a horrible one, for I could hear people under the now burning wreckage crying for help, which could not be given them. I thought that I had been arrested and was being carried to headquarters. About this time, I woke just in time to look out of the window and see the rear lights of Forty-five, about two hundred yards down the track. I wondered why they had passed the red board, but I soon saw that there was no red board, for I had forgotten to let it up before I went to sleep. The first thing that I thought of was the wreck that

I had just dreamed of. I at once dashed down the track, swinging my red lantern furiously. I thought that some one on the train would see it. A wreck seemed inevitable. A thousand thoughts seemed to flash across my brain at once. Then I thought of overtaking Forty-five with the work train, for I heard the dispatcher say that Forty-five was loaded heavier than usual. I made my way as fast as possible to where the work train was standing, and told the engineer what had happened. He sprang to his seat and started the train down the track at once. I left one of the crew to take care of the station.

Forty-five had been out of sight for some minutes, but we were soon dashing down the track at a frightful speed, and the race between life and death was on. To me it seemed that we would never come in sight of the train; but after dashing around a curve, I saw the rear lights of the train. We were now twenty miles from Johnston. I got out on the running board and went down on the pilot; for as soon as we could overtake Forty-five, I would couple the two trains together, get on the rear platform and pull the bell cord. Nearer and nearer we came, but to me it seemed that we would never overtake Forty-five. I was now within five feet of her, and the danger had just begun for me. If I should lose my balance, it would mean instant death, and I had to stand on a small rest about six inches from the rail.

I was now close enough to couple the two trains. As soon as this was done I sprang upon the rear platform and pulled the cord. As good fortune would have it, the conductor was in the rear coach. He came out at once to see what was the matter. I told him all, and by this time the train was at a standstill. The conductor signalled to his engineer to run back to the siding at full speed. It took us exactly fourteen minutes to get back to the siding, which was fifteen

miles from where we overtook Forty-five. Just as the flagman locked the switch, the Overland rushed by, and it made me shudder to think of such a narrow escape.

J. C. L., '08.

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T. E. STOKES

The Influence of Precedent

In numerous cases President Roosevelt has overstepped the limit of the Constitution, as well as custom. In many of these his actions have proven detrimental, though in some no immediate harmful effects have arisen; but nevertheless a series of precedents have been set. These will be followed, now that a beginning has been made, by many who are even more scrupulous than the President. Just what the next administration will bring forth cannot, with certainty, be foretold, but it is safe to say that, with the present imperialistic tendencies, and with the President's influence on those similarly inclined, even greater strides in the usurpation of power will be made, and that justification will be claimed for these

future steps in the action of President Roosevelt in similar cases.

In the cases in which the President has acted imprudently, from which no immediate harmful effects will result directly, his steps were fought and criticised because if allowed to stand they must affect detrimentally succeeding administrations; and many of these cases will involve international relations. Congress must necessarily take some steps to counteract or overthrow these evil tendencies. This it must do or surrender its independence, and fall short of accomplishing the highest purpose of the Constitution of the United States. The destruction of the tendency towards usurpation of power is the gravest need confronting Congress at the present time. If this need be not satisfied, the evils arising from the precedents set will multiply in an overwhelming ratio.

Track Though Clemson has for many years made a good record in football and baseball, she has been slow in bringing other forms of athletics into prominence. Every year there has been some attention devoted to track athletics, and last year, under the excellent training of Dr. Calhoun, some satisfactory results were obtained. Clemson is still far behind in this phase of athletics, however, and it is time that the proper attention be devoted to it at this place. Track occupies a very prominent place in the whole scope of athletics, and in many colleges of the United States more attention is now given to it than to baseball since baseball has drifted into professionalism. The track athlete is always considered the equal of the others, and is entitled to the same distinction. Every winner of first place in any event of any meet in which Clemson participates will be given a 'varsity C, and they should be sought as earnestly and diligently on the track team as on any other. Clemson has a splendid opportunity this year for a beginning

towards placing track on its proper plane in an institution like this. Dr. Calhoun is being ably assisted by Prof. House in training the team, and the other part of the management is very enthusiastic over the work. We feel sure that the whole student body will lend every effort in the work, either by taking an active part or by heartily encouraging the work. This is the only way to satisfy Clemson's need and wishes for a good track team.

**The University
of South Carolina**

The Legislature has at last seen fit to establish a University in this State, or, rather, convert South Carolina College into one; and the wishes of the whole State have been partly satisfied. For years this has been one of the State's greatest needs. She has had her schools and colleges, and they have been well supported. Their benefits on the intelligence and progress of the State cannot be too highly estimated, but they could not go beyond their sphere and satisfy the need of a University. Though they were doing a great work, the absence of a State University made it appear that South Carolina was occupying a backward place in educational advancement. But now that we have a University in name, it is evident that the Legislature must go farther than the mere passing of the University bill, for there are manifold requirements yet to be met before we shall have an institution worthy of the foremost place in South Carolina's educational facilities. Are we to console ourselves with the existence of a so-called University? It were better that no such change had ever been made if it cannot accomplish the work of a University. These are conditions about which we need harbor little fear, however. A great movement once begun in South Carolina is generally crowned with success, and this one must be no exception, but must be a fitting statue to the glorious history and traditions of the Palmetto State.

**Temporary
Supremacy of
Navies**

England has recently launched the largest and most powerful warship—the *Dreadnaught*—in the world, at a cost of over \$7,000,000. This addition to her already powerful navy makes it the best equipped navy in the world; and the navy of the United States, which had so nearly equalled it, again occupies distinctly the second place in the navies of the world. England has for all of modern times been considered “Mistress of the Seas,” but conditions are changing so rapidly as the years go on that no one country can hereafter claim the greatest navy for any length of time. At present Japan has under construction two battleships as powerful as the *Dreadnaught* of England, and France declares her intention of building three that will be the equal, if not the superior in war, to this monster that will sail under the British flag. The United States will not remain outclassed in the matter of these monsters of the sea, and the already enormous naval appropriation will be swelled to the greatest amount the world has yet known. Always believing, then, that preparedness is the best method of averting war, each of the great nations will continue to construct, from time to time, these huge leviathans in an endeavor to outclass the navies of other countries. And following close upon the accession to naval supremacy, each nation will have to succumb to the efforts of rival countries and occupy a lower place in the navies of the world. This great competition for the first place will continue as long as a sum of money is the arbiter in international relations, and till the golden rule supplants this condition.

**South Carolina at
the Jamestown
Exposition**

South Carolina will be represented at the Jamestown Exposition. Of this the State as a whole must feel gratified and welcome the announcement with rejoicing. The sum of twenty thousand dollars has been appropriated, and the most creditable

exhibit possible will be made with this amount. The Senate acted wisely in increasing the amount—as it was sent up from the lower House—from \$10,000 to \$20,000. Even this amount cannot furnish an exhibit worthy of the State in celebrating the tri-centennial of the landing of the first English settlers, and the laying of the foundation of our present republic, and \$10,000 would have been totally inadequate. Thirty thousand dollars, the appropriation asked for, would have been more becoming the dignity of a State that was one of the original Thirteen Colonies. One would scarcely believe that the bill for this appropriation met with any opposition. And yet it did. In the lower House it was contested strongly by a few of South Carolina's representatives. The plea was that the State could not afford the appropriation; but if South Carolina can't afford to spend money for such a cause as that, what can it afford to spend it for? No appropriation was made for the St. Louis Exposition; and every South Carolinian who visited this wonderful display of the world, at which every State in the Union was represented except two, felt the wounds upon his State pride as he vainly longed for the comforting sight of his State's exhibit and position among those of her sister States. This makes it all the more fitting that South Carolina should be represented, and the Legislature is to be congratulated upon rejecting views previously held in the General Assembly.

Exchange Department

J. H. McCLAIN, '06

Editors:

J. W. LEWIS, '08

During the past few months quite a number of magazines have contained articles on the Honor System, and some have invited discussion upon this subject. Possibly, as exchange editor, I am overstepping my limits, but I think a word along this line is not out of place anywhere. The outcrop of such articles shows that behind them there is a spirit of growth, and an effort to establish among the students the true standard of college spirit and life. Where there's thought there's action, and this action is showing itself among many of our colleges, and we are sure that much good will result. More magazines should take up this subject, for we feel sure that the honor system is the aim of all college men, and the only true way to have a healthy, manly student body.

Late magazines are a nuisance to the exchange editors, and some have said that late magazines bespeak a shiftless student body and staff, and we accept this as true; but exception to this is our plea this time, and we beg to say that the printers have delayed our February issue. Possibly the printers can also render an excuse.

Since our last issue *The Brenau Journal*, *The Isaquena* and *The Guilford Collegian* have been added to our list. We greet these new-comers with pleasure, and especially do we congratulate *The Isoquena*, in that it is the first issue gotten out by the Greenville Female College. The new magazine is full of good material and shows the work of a competent staff.

The Winthrop Journal is well proportioned and is a full issue. Apropos of "Souvenir Postals" is an interesting story and well portrays the awkward, bashful man. His correspondence upon souvenir cards is much imitated, but how many end so differently! "His Beautiful Lady" is a refreshing little story—especially the ending. "Reducing Theory to Practice" is hard on the Prof., but may we not ask, How much of the theory we hear is practical? Of the heavier material, "William Henry Drayton" and "Long-fellow as the American History Poet" are the best.

"Sure as the Vine Grows Round the Stump," of *The Emory and Henry Era*, strikes a chord that long has been deserving of reproof. We are glad to see that the love stories of this nature are abandoned by our college magazines. "Dockley's Mill" is an excellent original story. The miller is a typical "old-timer" of the true kind. We think the "chances" are that the writer has been in a caucus at an old mill, from the way he describes it. The contents of the magazine are well gotten up, but more heavier material would add very much to the interest.

"A Racy Courtship," of *The Georgia Tech*, is a love story of the original, interesting kind. If we must have love stories, let's have some of the original nature. The locals of *The Tech* is the best department. We note the omission of the exchange department. This is an important department and an addition to any magazine, and we think the *Tech* should continue it.

We welcome the re-appearance of *The Criterion*, but, compared to the past issues, we are greatly disappointed in the subject matter. The stories are every one of little or no plot. The appearance of the common love stories is much below the character of stories of *The Criterion* in the past issues.

"Our Debt to Others," in *The Andrew College Journal*, is a commendable article. The editorial, "Does Slavery Exist To-day?" is very noticeable. The topics brought out indicate real slavery, but few see it that way, and, consequently, do not try to free themselves.

The strongest article of *The Hampden-Sydney Magazine* is "The Individual Possibilities of Men." The editorial department is lacking in broadness, but then we think that the colleges are due the entire editorial space occasionally.

We recognize our usual exchanges.

We find several very commendable articles in *The Tennessee University Magazine* for January. One of the best is an article on "The Monroe Doctrine." The author treats the subject very well, and shows that he has given it some time and thought. We are of the same opinion as that of the author—that we should retain the Monroe Doctrine, even though it should at times cause us some trouble. One of the best features of this magazine is the large amount of poetry which it contains.

"The Silence of Henry Dale," in *The Palmetto*, is out of the ordinary; and as it is well written, it is an interesting article. We all prefer to read original articles; those which are in some way out of the ordinary furnish a grateful relief from the usual style and plot of love stories, or stories of adventure. "The Jew as Shown in Shylock" is an interesting article, setting forth some of the traits of character and conditions of the Jews of Shakespeare's time.

We are very well pleased with *The Wofford College Journal*. Among the commendable features of this magazine are the editorials and the stories. In our opinion, the best of these stories is "The Coward's (?) Death." The

piece is well written and is interesting. "In the Forest" is another excellent article. "Harriman's Victory" is out of the ordinary, in some instances, while in others it is very commonplace. From the start, we, of course, knew that Harriman would win the object of his love. The discovery of the money was brought about in a more sudden and simple manner than is usually the case in such stories.

CLIPPINGS.

He: "I was an intimate friend of your late brother. Can't you give me something to remember him by?"

She (shyly): "How would I do?"—*Ex.*

Doctor: "Well, we doctors have many friends in this world."

Citizen: "And many enemies in the other."

"Well, Thomas, I hear you have married again. What sort of a wife did you get?"

Thomas: "Well, sir, she's the Lord's handiwork, but I cannot say she's His masterpiece."—*R. R. Telegrapher.*

Anxious Lover: "Willie, here's a nickel; do you really think your sister loves me?"

Little Willie: "Keep your money, old pal, and let's be friends."—*Ex.*

I remember, I remember
Those books I did review,
And to each poor exchange editor
Let me say, "I pity you."—*Criterion.*

If Eve had been as
'Fraid of snakes
As women are
Of mice,
We'd not have had to
Pull up stakes
And move from
Paradise. —*Ex.*

Prep.: "I smell cabbage burning."

Senior: "You've got your head too near the fire."—*Ex.*

Lives of Seniors all remind us
We ought to make suggestions
And avoid the teacher's quiz
By asking lots of questions.—*Ex.*

Billy: "What's the best display of nerve you ever saw?"

Jimmie: "The pictures in my physiology."

Local Department

W. O. PRATT.

Editors:

R. O. POAG.

Miss Louise Taylor, of Norfolk, Va., was recently the guest of Miss Lena Hardin on the campus.

On February 21st Mrs. P. H. Mell entertained the Clemson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, in celebration of Washington's birthday. The members of the Thursday Club were also present. The old-fashioned music, consisting of solos by Mrs. Brackett and Mrs. House, and duets by Mrs. Mell and Mrs. Riggs, and Mrs. Houston and Mrs. Brackett, added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Rat Haile: "Do your parents raise much poultry?"

Rat Sanders, C. B.: "They used to raise some, but this year the chickens got in the garden and ate it all up."

Prof. B.: "Mr. Moragne, write a sentence containing the plural of attorney."

Rat Moragne: "We killed three attorneys for dinner."

Miss Annie Laurie Mell, of Athens, Ga., has returned to her home after a visit of a month or more to Dr. and Mrs. Mell.

Rat O'Bryan: "Colclough, did Col. Clay give you commission (permission) to go to Calhoun?"

Judge Fraser: "Rice, have they finished building the Episcopal directory (rectory) yet?"

Prof. B.: "What is the plural of forget-me-not, Mr. Sanders?"

Prep. Sanders: "Forget-us-not."

Mr. Stephens, business manager of '07 Annual, got the Crescent Comedy Company to give three plays on the 16th and 17th of February. The enterprise was very successful, and the large audience present at each performance was highly pleased while more was realized for the Annual than had been anticipated.

Soph. Taylor wants to know if the North Pole is not in Canada.

L—: "Aull, what is your denomination?"

Aull: "Junior."

The Palmetto Literary Society celebrated its twelfth anniversary in the Memorial Hall on February 22d. On account of the illness of one of the declaimers, the declaimer's medal was not delivered. The winners of the other medals were: Orator, W. B. Pratt; debater, J. H. Earle. Rev. Finlay, Prof. Martin and Prof. Harper were the judges.

The Temple Quartette gave an entertainment on the lyceum course in the Memorial Hall on the 28th of February. The selections were good, and were very much enjoyed by all who attended.

On February 23d the Senior Dancing Club gave its first dance of the year. The occasion was one of much enjoyment and pleasure. The ladies present were: Miss Sue Sloan, of Clemson College; Miss Mayme Gaston, of Blacksburg; Miss Margaret Rion, of Columbia; Miss Louise Taylor, of Norfolk, Va.; Miss Alice Stribling, of Pendleton; Miss Mable Cauble, of Greenville; Miss Lila Stribling, of

Pendleton; Miss Eoline Richardson, of Greenville; Miss Lillian Burke, of Pendleton; Miss Alice Maxwell, of Anderson; Miss Leize Stribling, of Pendleton; Miss Neila Sloan, of Clemson College. Chaperones: Mrs. R. E. Lee, Mrs. J. P. Lewis, Mrs. W. M. Riggs and Mrs. F. H. H. Calhoun.

The members of the Annual staff of '06 were delightfully entertained on February 24th by Prof. and Mrs. T. W. Keitt.

Miss Alice Maxwell, of Anderson, is visiting Miss Sue Sloan.

Sophomore Reeves (after spelling exam): "I have spelled aching a-k-i-n-g, and I might have known it is a-i-k-i-n-g."

Fresh. Harris: "Eddards, pass the butter."

Reeves: "You a Y. M. C. A. man and using such strong language!"

Prof.: "Mr. Ladd, what is a precipice?"

Snipe: "A jumping-off place on a mountain."

Prof. Morrison was called to Blackstock on February 26th on account of the serious illness of his mother.

Clemson has secured Mr. Williams as football coach for next year.

Rat: "What is olive oil made out of?"

Spratt: "Cotton seed."

The campus is being very much beautified by the planting of flower-beds. A rose garden, with a rustic house in the center of it, will be planted between the college building and barracks.

Brown: "Taylor, tell me who wrote 'Woman Against Woman.'"

Taylor: "Who is it by?"

Bob Easterlin wants to know if Pekin is the capital of Turkey.

Col. C. D. Clay went to Lexington, Ky., on February 12 to attend the funeral of his brother.

Beef Dupree: "Say, professor, what is political eternity (economy)?"

Prof. (explaining to class how emphasis should be obtained): "I have heard of only one man who did not emphasize his speech, and he was deaf and dumb."

Geo. (to Rat Welborne, just from the hospital): "Did the doctor excuse you?"

Rat Welborne: "No, he gave me some thermometers (capsules) and told me to take one every three hours."

Kimbrell: "Say, Massey, if you end a sentence with an abbreviation, do you put two periods?"

Massey: "Blamed if I know."

McCaslan: "I don't know how to emulate (interpolate) this example."

Athletics

SENIOR-SOPH GAME.

W. M. Riggs, Referee.

The last of the series of class games, which was to decide the championship, was between the Seniors and Sophs. From start to finish the game was a snappy one. At first it seemed as if the Sophs were outclassed, but soon they braced up and held the Seniors for downs. Then the fight began. Once the Seniors crossed the goal line, *but the play was not allowed*. With only thirty seconds in which to play, Turner, for the Sophs, got through the Senior line and ran fifteen yards for a touchdown. This ended the first half. In the second half neither side scored.

For the Seniors, Barton, Jones and Putman played a good game. Allen, Turner, Fraser and Cannon were the best ground gainers for the Sophs.

Seniors, 0; Sophs, 5.

The line-up was:

<i>Seniors.</i>		<i>Sophs.</i>
Reid	R. E.	Spratt
Latimer	R. T.	Fraser
Allford	R. G.	Funderburk, Poag
Klinck	C.	Evans
Baskin	L. G.	Trueluck
Putman	L. T.	Cannon
Cherry	L. E.	Caughman
Coles	Q.	Murry
Barton	R. H. B.	Turner
Jones	L. H. B.	Tindal, Ozier
White	F. B.	Allen

Coach McMakin has his baseball squad under training and hopes to be able to give Tech a good game on the 24th of March, our first game. Though only a few of last year's Varsity men are back, the prospects are comparatively good.

Dr. Calhoun and Prof. House are doing fine work for their track team. They have succeeded in getting something like a hundred to try for the team, and it is hoped that the team will have its full number in all of the meets which the manager has arranged. He is certain of one with University of Georgia, one or two with the State, and probably one with Tech.

This department of athletics is perhaps the most beneficial of all; and the fact that thirty-six men may make the team should be a stimulus for all to do patient, persistent work.

Y. M. C. A. Department

Editor:

J. E. JOHNSON

The following students have been elected officers of the Association for the next associational year: E. A. Crawford, President; W. B. Aull, Vice-President; F. L. Martin, Secretary; P. Quattlebaum, Treasurer.

We believe that these students are capable of developing the Association to a higher degree of usefulness than it has previously occupied. The field is a wide one. The opportunity is great. Let them have the sympathy and encouragement of every member of the Association.

Clemson was represented by nine delegates at the Nashville Convention. Prof. Daniell, from the faculty, and General Secretary Legate, P. Quattlebaum, W. B. Aull, J. W. Lewis, J. S. Wessinger, F. L. Martin, W. J. Roach and B. H. Covington, from the Association.

Mr. G. C. Huntington, General Secretary of the Carolinas, visited the Association on February 18. His address on "The Growth and Development of the Association Movement" was particularly strong and instructive.

The Interstate Convention of the Carolinas will be held at Charleston from March 23-26. Some very strong speakers are promised. Among them are Gov. Heyward, Gov. Glenn, Dr. J. A. B. Scherer, W. D. Weatherford, and others. A strong delegation should attend from Clemson.

The Association is enjoying a greater degree of prosperity just now than at any previous time in its history. The

records show a membership of 249. The Bible Study enrollment is 150, with 17 student leaders. The total amount of money that will be expended during the session will be about \$1,400. Of this amount, the student and faculty members will raise about \$800. The wisdom of installing a Secretary to look after the work has been fully established. The influence of the Association is being felt in all the departments of the College. So deeply are the Trustees impressed with the importance of the work that at their last meeting \$500 was appropriated for the work next session. This is encouraging to all who are in sympathy with the work, and we predict that another year will witness some remarkable developments in the moral and religious activity of Clemson.

DOES IT PAY?

This thought is continually rising in the mind of those students who are endeavoring to promote the religious work of their college, is the time and labor expended in this work worth while? In other words, does it pay? Is the student movement on a level with other college activities, or is it more than incidental? From experience, we can say that it does pay, and with the largest returns.

We believe that it pays because of the friendships that are formed. The value of brains lies in the way they are used, and the worth of friendship depends on the character of the friends. Nowhere in all the activities of the college do we find an organization which emphasizes this fact more than the Christian Association. Every one can recall men of his own class, and other classes, whose merit and true worth was recognized at all times, but whose merit and worth stood out with a peculiar prominence in the Christian Association. Their memory tells us that we were far from overvaluing the work of the Association. It is the friend-

ship of this class of men which exercises the greatest influence for good upon formative character.

Actual participation in the work of the Association pays because of its influence upon character. There are many men who never attend the meetings of the Association who are better men because their college had an Association. There are men to-day who contribute to support the Church and missions, and who are giving themselves to the social and moral improvement of the communities in which they live, because of its influence.

The Association insists upon a devotional study of the Bible as a means of accomplishing its purpose. The power of this book for righteousness is unquestionable. The student in college has greater opportunities and better facilities for the study of the Scriptures than at any other period of his life. Further, thorough, devotional Bible study, during the period of student life, will enable one to deal with the question of Bible criticism in the safest manner. This knowledge will give him the opportunity of testing its worth in his daily life, and thus proving its power.

It is not necessary to speak here of the relation of the college man to society and of his capacity for leadership. But when we see the corruption in politics with graft, and the display of civic power by the people under competent leadership; when we read the disclosures of unfaithfulness in high positions, and the indignation of the people against the same; when there are signs of "social unrest" all around us, Christian students must realize that the world is asking them to use their powers in the cause of righteousness and the solution of its problems. The demands of the times tell us that the student movement is full of great possibilities.

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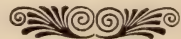
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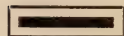
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The Clemson College Chronicle

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VOL. IX. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., APRIL, 1906

No. 7

Literary Department

S. P. HARPER

Editors:

J. C. CLARK

John Ewing Calhoun

A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION.

The graves of several Revolutionary soldiers are within walking distance of Clemson College, and when the boys are taking their Sunday afternoon strolls they may find it interesting to visit some of the spots where these old soldiers now lie peacefully at rest.

One of the most picturesque points near here is commonly known as "The Old Burnt Place;" it is situated in an old Calhoun plantation now owned by Mr. Ramsey Doyle. This is about two miles from Clemson College; the plantation is a large and valuable tract of land, lying between Keowee and Twelve Mile Rivers; the stately residence was located upon the summit of a high hill which rises steeply and abruptly from the rich bottom lands on the banks of the river. The house was large, with two stories and a basement crowned by a cupola, which commanded an extensive and beautiful view for many miles around. A few large columns of the portico are all that remain of this handsome home which was destroyed by fire nearly twenty years ago. In the winter these columns can be seen from the railroad.

gleaming through the leafless trees of the thick grove surrounding them, and many travelers ask about the place for it has such a commanding situation as to attract immediate attention. The hill should be visited for its beautiful view, which reminds one of points around Asheville. Fully one-fourth of the northern horizon is filled by ranges of the Blue Ridge Mountains with their lofty peaks; to the east and south Pendleton, Calhoun and Clemson College may be seen with lovely valleys between and the winding river.

A lover of stories of the past will find that the most interesting spot is the old family graveyard near by, where lie the remains of the first owner of the place and a Soldier of the Revolution, John Ewing Colhoun. A crumbling stone wall surrounds the enclosure and great trees mount guard over the lonely graves; wife, sons and daughters are buried here; the tomb of the soldier covered by a marble slab bears this inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

of

The Honorable John Ewing Colhoun.

He was born in the year 1751

And died on the 30th day of October, 1802.

He was a man of sound understanding
improved by liberal culture.

Mild in his temper and moderate in his desires

he was but little disturbed
by the ordinary casualties of life.

Compassionate to the distressed
and indulgent to the failings of others,

He regulated his own conduct
by the vigorous rules of justice.

Deservedly in the confidence of his country

he filled at the time of his death
the high station of United States Senator.

He died tranquilly in the bosom of his family,
Loved, honor and admired,
looking with humble confidence in God
to a happy immortality.
By the side of their father
repose the mortal remains
of three beloved Infants,
Benjamin Colhoun,
William Sheridan Colhoun
and
Caroline Colhoun.

This monument is erected by the afflicted Widow and be-
reaved Mother
Floride Colhoun.
1803.

John Ewing Colhoun was the first cousin of John C. Calhoun, although their names are spelled differently. The early spelling of the Calhoun name seemed to vary with the taste of the bearer from Colquhon to Colhone, Colhoun, Calhoun, etc.

The Calhoun family settled in what is now Abbeville County, S. C., in 1756, on Long Cane Creek and Calhoun's Creek. Here lived Ezekiel Colhoun and Jane Ewing, his wife, with their family; there were three boys and four girls in this family, and John Ewing was the oldest son, a lad of eleven years of age when his father's will was probated in 1762. Together with a fair share of the estate he was left a special bequest of his father's own "Gun and Saddle and the Bald Faced Horse," gifts ever precious to a boy's heart; and, no doubt, these gifts came into good service in those stirring times of Indian warfare. The pioneers were passing through terrible trials at that time. His grand-mother, Catherine Colhoun, had been murdered by the Indians, and

his little sister, Rebecca (afterwards the wife of Gen. Andrew Pickens), had been left for dead on the field of massacre after twenty-two of his friends and kinsmen were slain. The plowshare and the gun were familiar implements in his hands, but being a youth of great intelligence, ambition and determination, he longed for greater things, and we learn from Mills' Statistics that he "was the first person educated in the native woods of Carolina; he went to the old field schools when he had a chance and afterwards graduated at Princeton in 1774." So we will honor him as the pioneer in education in upper South Carolina. What a contrast might be drawn between his hard struggles to get an education in those early days and now the six hundred boys of Clemson College, living within sight of his home, can obtain with so much ease the inestimable blessing of a good education, far superior to the one which cost him so much money and labor and anxiety.

The following facts are taken from the publications of the South Carolina Historical Society.

In 1775 John Ewing Colhoun went to "Charles Town" to study law, but the War of the Revolution interfered, and so on the 16th of August, 1775, he enlisted in Capt. Drayton's Foot Company. No. 22 is "John Ewing Colhone." It is interesting to read a description of the uniform. "Scarlet French Frock Coats—with white Lappels Collars and Cuffs with white Buttons white Waistcoat and Breeches; Buskins and Black Garters, * * * The officers to wear Silver Epaulets—a Silver Girdle and Loop and Button in their hats—to have Silver Gorgets on which to be engraved in a Circle an armed hand holding a drawn sword—round which a Motto 'Et Deus omnipotens.' The privates to wear military cocked Hats with Cockades."

Our hero must have presented a picturesque figure in this gay uniform. We next hear of him on the 28th of August,

1775, when this Company of Capt. Charles Drayton is petitioning Col. Charles Pinckney to use his influence with the Governor to obtain commissions for its officers. The names of all the company are signed to this petition.

After sharing in the vicissitudes and victories of Capt. Drayton's company for some time he returned to the help of his kindred in the up-country, where the Tories and Indians were grieving them sorely. Gen. Andrew Pickens was his brother-in-law, the husband of his sister, Rebecca, and he joined his brigade. There was a Capt. John Calhoun in Col. Robert Anderson's regiment, Pickens' brigade, who may have been our soldier, but in the Revolutionary records published in the "State" we find that John Ewing Colhoun served as aide-de-camp to Gen. Pickens from May 1, 1781, to April 1, 1782. Long before this time we may be sure that the "scarlet coats white collars" and other gay trappings had been discarded. They were worn with jaunty ease and grace when the war was young, but the stern service under Gen. Pickens called for a more severe and useful garb. Without pausing to describe the battles and skirmishes of that time, it is only necessary to say that whoever fought with Pickens was obliged to fight hard and well, and Colhoun did his part bravely and won honor from all who knew him. As a proof of this he was sent by his people in the fall of 1781, to the famous Jacksonborough Assembly from Ninety-six District.

He was admitted to the bar in 1783, his law studies having been resumed after the Revolution. In February, 1785, he was elected a member of the Privy Council by the State Legislature.

While he was rapidly advancing in his profession and receiving all these honors, he was taken captive by a young and charming maiden, and the statesman and lawyer yielded to the sweet influences of love. Miss Floride Bonneau was

the lovely queen of his fancy, a young heiress of French descent; she lived at Bonneau's Ferry on Cooper River, about twenty miles above Charleston. She accepted her gifted lover and the marriage notice may be read in the Charleston Morning Post, Monday, October 9, 1786:

"MARRIED. Yesterday, the Hon. John Ewing Colhoun, Esq., of this city, to Miss Floride Bonneau, daughter of Samuel Bonneau, Esq., of St. John's parish, an agreeable young lady, with every accomplishment to render the married state happy."

From all accounts this young girl developed into a most admirable woman, a devoted wife and mother, idolized by her family and friends, kind to her servants and sympathetic and generous to the poor and afflicted in her vicinity.

Pleasant traditions of this noble lady still linger in this neighborhood, where she owned property and lived for fifty years after her marriage.

John Ewing Colhoun was several times in the Legislature between 1785 and 1800, and had much to do in forming the policy of the young and growing State. In December, 1796, he was a candidate for Governor; December 8, 1800, he was elected by the Legislature United States Senator for the fall term, beginning March 4, 1801, beating Jacob Read, the incumbent, by a vote of seventy-five to seventy-three. Mr. Colhoun was the Democratic candidate, Mr. Read was a Federal.

In 1785 the famous Treaty with the Indians, conducted by Gen. Pickens, had thrown this portion of the up-country open to white settlers. About this time John Ewing Colhoun obtained possession of a large tract of land in Pendleton District, near Pendleton, and soon after his marriage he built a delightful summer home for his family; they would come up every summer and pass the heated term in comfort, refreshed by the cool, delicious breezes of this

charming section. His home is still standing with the name he gave it, "Cold Spring," from a beautiful, bold spring upon the place. It is now occupied by Mr. Evans, and is a large, roomy, comfortable house. Mrs. Colhoun took great pride and pleasure in her garden and grounds, and traces of beauty still remain with the box hedges, old-fashioned flower yard, handsome old oaks, etc. "This was the home of the Calhouns for more than seventy-five years," writes a grandson, but it is now in the hands of others.

Three children lived to mature age, Floride, John Ewing and James. Floride became the wife of her father's first cousin, John C. Calhoun. Mrs. Colhoun bought "Fort Hill" and gave it to her daughter after her marriage to keep her near her mother. The "Cold Spring" mansion is one of the oldest to be found in this part of the State; "Fort Hill" is nearly as old; the house on the hill which was burned was built by John E. Calhoun, Jr. The home of Gen. Andrew Pickens was distant only two miles, but was burned many years ago.

It is interesting to find that John Ewing Colhoun was one of the earliest contributors to the Old Stone Church in its beginning. An old account of the church says that it was organized in 1788 or 1789, and that Mr. Calhoun, "an eminent lawyer in Charleston, had done himself much honor by liberally subscribing for the assistance of this church." The family attended services there during the summers before the Episcopal church was built in Pendleton.

Mr. Colhoun died at "Cold Spring," October 30, 1802, at the age of fifty-one, and was buried in the family graveyard, where, many years after, his faithful wife was buried by his side, although no stone marks her grave.

The newspapers of the period give notices of his death at his "seat in Pendleton District," and pay complimentary tributes to his life and honored memory.

In visiting this grave and reviewing the life of him who has lain there for more than a century, we see him as a boy struggling with adverse circumstances and obtaining the best education in spite of difficulties—the first to do this in the “native woods” of upper South Carolina; next, as a courageous soldier of the Revolution, with youthful enthusiasm plunging in at the first opportunity, fighting first for Charleston, the home of his adoption, and then in Ninety-Six and Pendleton Districts, with his kindred and neighbors; next as an eminent lawyer and conscientious statesman guiding the policy of his beloved State in its early days; next we see him occupying that position of highest honor, United States Senator, and finally dying in the prime of life, “tranquilly in the bosom of his family, loved, honored and admired, looking with humble confidence in God to a happy immortality.”

Every schoolboy is taught that

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,”

and the important lesson that devotion to duty and true patriotism will surely lead to success, can be drawn from this half-forgotten life.

MRS. P. H. MELL.

The Confederate Soldier

When I survey the battlefields
O'er which the Stars and Bars unfurled,
In fancy, I can see men wield
The swords whose clash rang 'round the world.
Forbid it, Lord, that we should e'er
Forget why Southern soldiers bled,
Or cease to write on pages fair
The deeds of our heroic dead.

Their dyeing crimson freely flowed
On many a blood-stained battlefield;
But not till wrapped in death's white robe,
Their mighty swords they ceased to wield.

They fought as only men can fight;
Their noble lives they freely gave;
Man can't do more to foster right,
Nor hero fill more honored grave.

Though with their names statues be fraught,
And crown the brow of every hill,
Men who could fight as these men fought
Demand a greater tribute still. '06.

"Uncle Ransom"

"Well, I guess I jist as well git on down among 'em."

"Where are you going this afternoon, Uncle Ransom?" asked a bright, rugged boy of sixteen summers.

"I is gwine ober ter Cinty's ter see de chaps, an' he'p 'er wid 'er crap."

"Oh! surely you ain't going to walk there this afternoon," said Hal; "that is too far; and you are getting too well up in years to take such long walks."

"Yah, honey, I knows dat, too; but I is took many mo' longer tramps den dat when yo' pappy wuz er kid 'bout fo' y'ars older en y'u."

Old Uncle Ransom was an old darkey who had seen his ninety-eighth birthday. He used to stay around his old master's home a great deal, especially when he was well and his appetite was good, and, as he expressed it, "sorter smooth 'er down a bit."

This conversation took place one afternoon in the barn, between him and his old master's grandson, while the latter was currying his colt.

"Uncle Ransom!" called Hal.

"Whut?" answered the old negro.

"You started to tell me of those long tramps you used to take."

"Did I? I 'clar' ter goodness y'u is er smart kid. How you know I did? I neber say so," chuckled Uncle Ransom, with self-satisfaction.

"No, I know you never *said* so, but I know you meant to, any way."

"Ain't got eny mo' time ter fool erway on chaps. See y'u 'gin 'fo' long." So saying, Uncle Ransom began hobbling away.

"Well, see here!" called Hal, "I am going to try my new harness on the colt this afternoon, and if you will just wait a few minutes, I will carry you part the way to where your daughter lives."

Uncle Ransom came back and sat down, with a quite audible grunt of satisfaction, and remarked, "Y'us 'bout as clever er chap as yo' dad uster be."

"How about some of those long tramps now?" Hal reminded him.

"Well, chile, so long as y'us er bleege ter have it, I'll gi' y'u one as best's I rec'lects. Hit was in de spring ob '65, when dat air Yankee distriar, Shermen—he am de one I talkin' on—com'd thro' dis settl'ment. Som' dem yuther scamps whut wuz wid 'm called 'im Cap'n an' Gen'al, but I calls er feller jist whut he seem ter me ter be by de way he b'have. But don't fergit, dare wuz som' gent'mans er long wid 'im an' 'is gang, I is proud ter say.

"I wuz gwine on hom' fum de line er ackshun' whar I had been fer ter cyar er letter to yo' pap and gran'pap fer Ole Mistuss, when I run up on er gang er dese scound'ls. Guess I jist as well tell y'u, fum de time I run armongst dese scamps tell I got home; fer fum dar on wuz when I done some er my mos' distinguished walkin'. When I met dem

fellers, I had been walkin' mos' all de time—night an' day—fer nigh 'bout er week. My foots wuz dat so' dat eber time dey hit de groun' dey feel like dey gwine ter bus' wide open. All dis neber hinder me er minnit, kase I knowed Ole Mistus an' littl' Sally wuz lookin' fer me eber minit ob de day.

"As I wuz gwine pass dem fellers dat I spoke erbout, one ob dem holler out an' say, 'Look here, nigger, y'u's gwine de wrong way; y'u is er free nigger now. Com' go 'long wid us.' I 'lowed back ter 'im, 'Yessah, I like pow'ful well ter do dat, but I has tudder fish ter fry jist now.' An' wid dat, one ob dem grab me an' 'gin ter drag me to'ards er extra hoss dey had er long wid dem. When he re'ch de hoss he say, 'Git up dar, nigger, an' dat quick, 'fo' I slap y'u senseless!' I say ter 'im, 'I tol' y'u I wuz in a hurry,' an' started on off. Den he re'ch up an' kick me scan'lus hard. Dat got me 'rong. I let loose an' gi' 'im er smasher in de bread-crusher. But 'fo' I could git turn' 'round ter go off ergin, here com' de whole b'ilin' ob 'em, an' say, 'Nigger! whut y'u mean by gittin' so d—n smart?' I tol' 'im I'd ack dat smart wid dem all if dey gi' me fa'r play. When I say dat, he made er pass at me wid his swo'd, an' he lack ter got me. See?" As the old negro spoke he pulled up a handful of matted gray hair that hung far down over his cheek, and brought to view a rugged scar nearly five inches long. "Hit wuz er slantin' lick, do, an' made er wo'sser scyar den de place hits se'f wuz.

"Dem fellers tie me on dat hoss an' take me on enyhow. Dey went on up de road tell dey cum ter er house. Here dey ontie me an' lef' me ter hol' de hosses jist outside de do' den dey went inside. Dey jist walk right in—neber stop ter knock er holler er not'in'. Dar wuz nobody ter home 'cep' er lady an' er chile. De lady, she look like she mought have been 'bout forty, an' de gal look like she wuz eighteen er less. Dem fellers tol' me 'fo' dey went dare ef I runned

off dey would ketch me an' run er twenty-foot pole thro' me erlive, an' 'sides dat, dey would haint me all de days ob my life. All dat scyar me pow'ful, an' hit made me stay out dar longer den I wuz aimin' to.

"I stayed out dar wid dem hosses, hit seem ter me, a moughty long time. I could see dem rogues as dey pass de window lookin' fer ev'yt'ing dey could fin' dat wuz woff carr'in' off wid dem. Atter er while I he'rd de gal cry awful shrill an' pit'ful like, 'Mamma! mamma!' Dat wuz mo' en I could stan' widout t'inkin' dat Ole Mistuss an' Sally mought not be callin' fer Ransom fum de same kase dat dat sweet, pretty littl' gal wuz doin'. I tell you, boy, I jist didn't know whut ter do ner which way ter turn. I thought er minit, den I 'cided dat I'd make 'em run me, jist like er pa'tridge does cats an' dogs when she hab young uns, you know, den dat would gib de ladies er chance ter hide. I looked ober de hosses car'fully, an' pick out de one dat look like he wuz de bes' runner, an' got on 'im. Den I commence ter beat dem yother hosses, an' dey squeal an' kick; den I re'ch out an' open de do' an' cuss an' say, 'He'p! he'p!' Den I put out to'r'ds home as hard as dat hoss could lay his feet ter de groun'. When I look back, here cum de whole push, jist as hard as dem hosses could bring um. Jist as soon as I cum ter de lin' en de road, I jumped off an' took ter de woods, kase I was scyared I mought run into som' mo' Yan-kees fudder on. Dey rode on by me er cussin' an' swearin' as hard as dey could go it.

"Hit wuz nigh forty mile fum whar I wuz ter whar Ole Mistuss wuz, but I couldn't b'ar de thought ob my people being done like dem yother ladies wuz, by dem two-legged dogs. Y'u know, sonny; forty mile is a good long ways ter be fum home wid blistered feet, er cracked noggin, an', whut goes woss den all wid er nigger, er empty bread-basket. T'ank goodness, mit wuz nigh on ter night time, do—y'u

knows whut I mean when I say dat. I had ter git home, an' dat as quick's possible.

"Bress yo' life, I walked all de res' ob dat day an' all dat night tell five 'clock nex' mornin'. 'fo' I got home. I got dar at las', do, an' foun' Ole Mistuss moughty 'plexed, but I wuz too nigh gone ter ax 'er enyt'ing tell I got Milly—dat's my ole 'oman's name—ter make me er sip ob coffee. De coffee, hit wuz made ouden parch' groun'peas, but hit wuz refreshin' jist de same. As soon's I could, I went in an' ax Ole Mistuss whut she look so ouden er sorts ober, an' she say dar wuz a squad er Yankees ober dar on de tudder side ob de hill. I tole her ob my 'sperience ob de day afo', an' tole her if I outed dem once I could do it ag'in, an' fer 'er ter stop worrin'. She say, 'Yes, I knows I is safe now, Ransom, as long as y'u's nigh; an' dis letter, hit comfort me, too!'"

"Well, 'long 'bout ten 'clock, here cum dem same fellers whut thought dey had me de day afo'. Dey rec'nize me, an' I rec'nize dem. Dey entered de house er bawlin' an' er swear-in' wosser'n er set er convicts. Atter dey done destr'y eberty-ting dey could lay dey han's on, dey 'gin ter look side'ards at Ole Mistuss an' Miss Sally an' me. I let 'em look all dey please, jist so dat wuz all dey tried ter do er say. But presently here cum a big, bluff-lookin' feller an' say ter me, 'Niggas, git out fum here, 'fo' we kill y'u an' drag y'u out!' I 'lowed back ter 'em, 'Dat's de on'y way y'u's gwine ter git me out.' Den he say, 'Ef you tries ter meddle, we'll do dat, too.' Wid dat he re'ch out fer Miss Sally, an' I tole 'im ter take 'is han' down. He went rat on like he couldn't hear whut I say; den I gi' 'im er tap 'side de gourd to loosen up 'is hearin' app'ratus. Hit knock 'im three times side'ards, too, but he holler ter res' ob dem an' dey all cum an' jump on me at once. One ob dem pull his s'o'de an' cum at me like he wuz gwine ter eat me whole, but I ketch de lick wid er cha'r an' gi' 'im er lick wid me club dat he ain't fergot tell

yit—dat is, ef de debil eber tol' 'im whut hit 'im. Sumbody did git me er mos' out-lan'ish lick in de back do, but jist as I went down I seed er gent'man-lookin' man cum in de do' an' say, 'Whut all dis har 'sturbance ober?' an' I see all dem yother fellers slunk ter one side like yaller, egg-stealin' pups. Dat's all I 'member jist den, but when I cum to, I foun' out dat gent'man wuz er officer.

"An', bress y'u, chile, ef all de niggars had done all dey could erlong dat same line I tried ter do my bes' on, dey would habe been wearin' good wool shirts an' jeans breeches now, en place of dese here cottonade shirts an' raggedy blue oberhalls; an' dey would hab been eatin' good ole ham an' shoulder meat en place ob dese here pressed-out middlins', like Ole Mistuss useter make soap grease outtener. an' dat dey is walkin fo' er five mile thro' de mud an' water ter git ter pay twelve an' er ha'f cents er pound fer. An' fuddermo', honey," said Uncle Ransom, reaching over and touching Hal on the knee, "dat colt trabbles berry lobly, an' dem harness am moughty sporty, but rat here whar de ole niggar mus' git out."

An Argument Refuted

It has been said that there are two sides to every question, but it seems to me that there can hardly be said to be more than one side to this question. For what reason is there for any intelligent person to believe that the country people's moving to the towns will promote civilization?

But if we are to enter into a detailed discussion of this subject, it naturally divides itself into three heads: the causes of the country people's moving to the towns, the relative conditions of the country and of the towns, and the resulting effects. Let us consider these for a few moments, and draw our own conclusions from them.

In this commercial age, every one is striving for the

almighty dollar. Money is what we live for. It is the object of our dearest affections and the goal of every ambition. That is what we are here in college for. With most of us, education is desirable not so much because of the culture and strength of character we attain, as it is because of the greater amount of money we are enabled to acquire. And what is the result of riches? They cause us to be idle; and "an idle brain is the devil's work-shop." Let us refer to history for concrete examples. We all know that as soon as the mighty kingdoms of ancient times became immensely rich, they became voluptuous and immoral, and from that time decline was dated and final collapse was inevitable. The records of the shameless Roman Cæsars, made powerful by their unlimited wealth, and true representatives of their times, are dyed with innocent blood and steeped in moral corruption and degradation. So we see that riches tend to nullify that which advances civilization. Fortunes are quickly made and as quickly lost in the cities. The country people, dissatisfied with farm routine, and all enthusiasm with get-rich-quick schemes, move to the towns only to be disappointed. Does this greed show progress? I should think not.

A great number of the farming class of country people are now moving to the towns to work in the cotton mills. They think they can make more money, and in truth they can, at the expense of the very lives of their tender and innocent children. Do you think that ruining the lives of thousands of young children, on whom the future condition of civilization rests, is a step toward progress in that direction? I have heard it said that the cotton mills are a curse to the South, because they are bringing into existence what you might call a new race of people. A race that is deformed in body, mind and soul, is their product. You recognize the cotton mill operative whenever you see him. The clothing covered with dust and lint, the clayey complexion, the demon consumption

shining through his listless eyes and manifesting itself in his sunken chest—all these are not to be mistaken. Every one knows that the words “mill operative” are synonymous with immorality. Even their small children are experienced in theft and petty crimes of every description. But these people are honest country folks transplanted to the city, so you see what an effect such a removal has. After this, can it possibly be your honest, candid opinion that healthful, high-minded people being thus lowered in the scale of existence, is so very productive of good in the advancement of civilization?

My opponents will tell you that one of the principal reasons for country people's moving to town is that they can thereby secure better educational advantages for their children. But the day of this thing is past. Public schools are now in every community, and country children have every opportunity for a good common school education. Board and the cost of living are at a higher rate in the city than they are in the country, and, as the salaries of our school teachers are none too large at best, the better class of instructors is in the country, and country children derive the benefits. Statistics show that there is a greater percentage of illiterate children in the cities than there is in the country. And besides this, education is not the only desirable thing. Character comes first, and it is certain that a growing child's character is in great danger in the environment of a city.

So much for the causes. The conditions in the city are simply not to be compared with those in the country. Where have all our great men come from? The country, of course. There, where they have been subjected to the refining and ennobling influences of nature in its free state. Do you think there is much inspiration for genius in the monotonous rattling over stony streets, in the nerve-racking bustle and confusion, or in the unending, gloomy brick walls? If our country people move to the cities, what will become of the

old-fashioned, healthy, hearty, country boy? He must disappear. And the weakling of the city has none of that stored-up energy of constitution, mind, and morals, to become an important factor in civilization. No one can dispute the fact that nearly all the crimes are committed in the cities. There people reach depths of degradation and depravity never dreamed of by honest country folks. All cities are infested with professional criminals of every kind and condition. There are people in the slums of large cities who live as much in darkness as to the teachings of Christianity as the native in the heart of Africa, and I am sure that they are much lower in every respect than that native.

If you had a son, would you rather have him grow up in the poisonous atmosphere of a city, where low associates are convenient, and where he can constantly see and hear things which would bring a blush of shame to the cheek of any country boy—I repeat, would you rather have him grow up under such conditions than in the bright and beautiful country, where, instead of seeing and hearing sights and sounds unholy, he sees only the grassy, green fields, the glorious sunshine, and he hears only the murmuring brook and the song of birds; where everything is poetry and food for beautiful thoughts, and everything tends to make him reflect on the power and majesty of his God and Maker?

The future of our country and the future of civilization depend upon the risin generation. Shall they grow up in the city, or in the country? I leave you to decide.

As to the results of this transmigration, it is seen that people *must* degenerate. Already one-third of the population of this country is in the cities. What are we to do if a few more go? The least that we can expect is that the country will be left in the hands of the negroes. And what then? They will immediately revert to savagery. If they do not go so low as this, after the influence of the white people is taken from them, they will certainly be a very un-

desirable class of people. The negroes will let the land go to ruin, and when bread cannot be had at any price, the white people will be forced to return to the country and begin where they left off, with no money and the land unfit for agriculture. It would be a chaotic state of affairs, to say the least.

In conclusion, it has been proved to you that, both in the causes and effects of the present tendency of the country people to move to the towns, the result is exactly opposite to what there must be in order that civilization may be advanced, and I think that every one must agree with me that the present tendency of the country people to move to the towns is *not* conducive to the advancement of civilization.

S., '07.

A Strange Duel

The party of hunters paused in a little clearing, and as the occasional barking of their fox hounds sounded farther and farther away, they dismounted, threw themselves on the grass, and began smoking and telling stories. Finally, Jimmie Stedman, who was entertaining this crowd of college boys during a week's holiday, was called upon to tell a story, and he related the following:

"Boys," he said, "do you see that hill over there to the right, where the dead pine rises high above its fellows? On the southern declivity of that hill is a little plot of cleared ground, used now for picnics and as a trysting place, but in the old days it was a famous dueling ground. In the earliest colonial days it was used as such, and since then its beautiful sod has often been drenched with the blood of hot-headed cavaliers. It is of one of these duels that I am going to tell you—the strangest and hardest fought that ever occurred there, and the last one that was fought there with swords. About a quarter of a mile from the green, as the dueling

ground was called, lived Col. James Whitcomb, the wealthiest and most influential planter in the colony—for this was a colony then. Col. Whitcomb had but two children, Robert and Ruth. These were twins and about twenty years old at the time of which I speak. They were about the same size and their features were much alike, except that Ruth's were more delicately chiseled than Robert's, and bore that subtle, indefinable, feminine charm, rarely if ever seen in men. They were intensely devoted to each other, as they were to their father, and an offense to one was a sure provocative of a quarrel with the other. As I said before, they were also devotedly attached to their father, and he to them. Col. Whitcomb being a highly cultured man himself, spent a great deal of time upon the education and development of his children. He was a fencing master of no mean talent, and during the course of his children's instruction, he had taught them both the art of fencing. Both were very apt pupils at this sport, but Ruth being more in her father's company, had become really more efficient than her brother. She had not only mastered the art of straight hard fencing, but had learned many tricks by which she could clinch a victory or disarm an opponent, so that on many occasions she had defeated her brother with the foils, and on one or two occasions she had even scored a defeat upon her father. The Colonel had often laughingly boasted that if he or his son were ever defeated in a duel and killed, they could die happy in the thought that Ruth would avenge them.

It was on an October night that Robert Whitcomb was fox-driving with a party of young men on this same ground, so the story goes. They were resting after an unsuccessful chase, as we are doing now, when Robert and a young Englishman became engaged in a discussion of the relative merits of the fox hounds in England and those raised in the colonies. This led to a discussion of the relative merits of all

things English and all things colonistic. The discussion waxed warmer and warmer, and hot, sharp words were exchanged. Finally, that deadliest of insults, the lie, was passed and the offender was challenged to fight. The seconds arranged that the fight should be with swords at sunset the next evening, it being too dark for it that night. The place of meeting was on the green, for to have held it anywhere else would have been disrespect to the traditions of the community.

These plans, however, were destined to be somewhat disarranged, for on the next evening, as Robert was returning from a short ride, which Ruth had persuaded him to take to steady his nerves, his horse shied suddenly and at the same time his saddle girth broke and he was thrown violently against a stump near the road. He was picked up and carried to the house in an unconscious condition. By this time, Ruth was almost hysterical, for she considered herself the cause of it all. Her father had been away since the day before, and knew nothing of the coming duel. In vain she racked her brain for a solution of the difficulty, for she was sure that it would be considered a dishonor, if for any reason her brother did not appear at the Green. It was then nearly sunset, and she must do something. Finally she rushed to her room and commanded her old negro "mauma" to cut off her hair as quick as possible. This the old negro did with many remonstrances. Then quickly donning a suit of her brother's clothes, she commanded the old negress to care for her brother, mounted the horse which still stood at the gate, and sped away. The sun was just sinking behind the hills when she arrived at the Green, and amid the excitement and semi-darkness that prevailed her identity was not discovered. She was further aided by the fact that no one knew of her brother's accident, and by her remarkable likeness to him.

The contest began immediately, and the desperate girl

fought as she had never done before in practice. For about ten minutes the metallic click of steel meeting steel was the only sound heard on the still evening air. Ruth all this time was merely defending herself against the Englishman's fierce onslaughts, but now as his breathing became more labored she became more aggressive, and suddenly his sword was wrenched from his hand and flung over the edge of the bank. The Englishman bared his breast for the expected lunge, for he was now entirely at the mercy of his adversary, and no blood had been drawn. She reached out with her sword and made a tiny scratch, from which a few drops of blood trickled, and then exclaiming, "Honor is satisfied," turned and started to leave, but ran directly into the arms of her brother, who arriving breathless upon the scene, could hardly articulate the question as to whether she was hurt. He had regained consciousness after Ruth had left, and hearing of her actions from the old negro servant, had divined her object and had rushed off on foot as fast as possible, in mortal fear lest he should be too late, and his sister should be hurt in the fight which he knew must then be in progress, unless she were recognized. As we have seen, he arrived just as the fight was over. Ruth recognized him at once and rushed into his arms and did a very feminine thing—sobbed. Explanations were then made to all concerned, and the Englishman apologized profusely, though, of course, no one blamed him for his part, but rather pitied him. It is said that he left the country immediately, and was never heard of again. On arriving at their home, Ruth and Robert were met at the gate by their father, who had just returned. Instead of giving them a severe reprimand, as they expected, he took his daughter in his arms and said, 'My darling, you are the most heroic girl in America.' "

C., '07.

A Debate

Query: Resolved, that the English form of government is better suited to the Russian people than the American form.

Affirmative: We live in peace, enjoying the liberty of self-government, with all its comforts and blessings; but many millions in many nations are ignorant of these. Whence comes this cry of helpless women and children driven by the merciless whips of the Cossack? Whence comes this mad cry of men driven back by the roar of the cannon? 'Tis from far off Russia, the land of the great bear, where strife and rebellion have ever been common, and where freedom and peace are unknown. We, who have enjoyed the liberties of an ideal government for over a hundred years, cannot realize what it is to be disturbed by the death cry of our fellow-men; by the cry for mercy of our loved ones; we cannot even realize that relation that exists between the poor peasant and the titled aristocracy, but the Englishman can. That grand old nation, which has withstood the storms and shocks of many centuries, and which still stands as the greatest nation on earth, can tell you what the establishing of a mighty government means; she can tell you what the titled aristocracy means to the peasant.

Do not think that because this government is the mother of ours, that ours is the same, for there is a vast difference between them. The supreme power of England is vested in her Parliament, which consists of two houses—the House of Peers and the House of Commons. The members of the former inherit their seats; the members of the latter are elected and consist of the representatives of the county, borough and university constituencies of the nation. The members of neither house are paid for their services, but they are required to be of full age and to be property owners before they are qualified for membership. This then makes Parliament a strictly conservative body, whose members per-

form their duty either patriotically or for the benefit of their own reputation. It also takes the power out of the hands of the ignorant, illiterate people, and places it in the hands of the intelligent class, who are capable of governing. The Parliament then is simply a number of the wisest and most highly educated men of the nation, who are not controlled by the King, but who control the King, and the right of succession to the throne. Now, the United States government, though it has been a success so far, is but in its infancy, as compared with some of the older nations of the world. Its supreme power is vested in the Congress, which also consists of two houses, the Senate and the House of Representatives; but the members of both houses are elected, as is also the President. In a large majority of the States of the Union, any one over twenty-one years of age is allowed to vote, whether he can write his name or not, and this places our government directly in the hands of the people at large, ignorant or intelligent, and makes the matter of holding a government office simply a matter of becoming popular, and of obtaining a majority of votes, which it does not always require an intelligent and honest person to do. It is looked upon as an honor in this country for a man with no education or training to hold a prominent government office; but it can be such, when, after all, he is the man who is guilty of working unfair schemes; of buying the greatest number of votes; of deceiving and enticing the greatest number of ignorant people; whereas the educated man, who runs against him, and whom he defeats, is defeated simply because he is too honorable to stoop to such rascality. Your famous carpet-baggers of reconstruction times are examples of men who gained their positions in this way, or by popularity. They were the ones who promised the poor, ignorant, foolish class of our country such great things for voting for certain men—forty acres of land and a mule, absolute freedom, money

without working for it, etc. Of course, they got offices; but after getting them they voted out all that was good, and in all that was bad, and it was only because the majority of people in our country were intelligent that our government was again placed upon a firm foundation. This was done only after years of toil and struggle with these ignorant and the unprincipled fellows, during which struggle we had nearly decided that we must again face the cannon to bring about the desired results. And there still remains upon the escutcheon of our proud country the stains of diabolical crimes committed by reconstruction officers, with the sanction of the national government.

Government in the hands of the people at large is the best in the world, provided the people at large are intelligent enough to elect the proper men to govern them; but it is in this requirement that Russia is lacking. Picture to yourself a native Russian; narrow-minded, illiterate, superstitious, dull in business, dressed in skins and furs, living in a low, dirty hovel; is such a man capable of having the responsibility of self-government placed upon his shoulders? Furthermore, he believes that the Czar is supernatural; that he is ordained by divine authority. What better can be expected of men who have been trained in such belief for hundreds of years? Why, to attempt to put the aristocracy on an equality with him would cause the most violent rebellion of ages.

Notice for a moment the effect of introducing the republican form of government into Russia. It would place the government directly in the hands of the people at large, producing a very violent change. Every one over twenty-one years of age would be allowed to vote, and vote for whom? Some one as ignorant as themselves, perhaps, who had become a favorite among them by making them great promises of what he would do after he got into office, by trickery and

dishonesty, in preference to a man who could properly perform the duties of an office. Thus they would have unfit, dishonest, incapable men, some of which could not sign their names properly, in office to make laws for and govern a great nation. It would be equivalent to turning our government here over to the ignorant, worthless, unprincipled negro, what would become of us? Why, it would cause another civil war, that's all. The republican form of government has been tested under too many combinations and in too many countries, and has always been found to produce such a violent change that the people are demoralized. Rebellions are too common in such countries as Russia, any way. I know of a tourist who visited that country last fall, and during his stay of three weeks there, he was in two or three rebellions. He left Russia. I don't blame him.

On the other hand, now, notice the more mild change that would be produced by adopting the English form of government in Russia. Under this form, the government would not be placed in the hands of the ignorant, illiterate class, but it would be placed in the hands of the wiser and more intelligent class, whose influence upon the peasants could be made such as to civilize and enlighten them, without their being conscious of any great change in the government. Schools and colleges could be established, bringing education to the door of every one.

Right here my opponent may say that if this power be given to the nobles, that they would simply take advantage of it, pretending to give the people more freedom, while they would only secure a new and firmer clutch upon them, and crush them under the power of absolute government; but this is impossible, since the Russians have already been inflamed by the spark of liberty, which when once kindled can never be extinguished, and furthermore, the tendency of all modern governments is toward more freedom, as much as the civili-

zation of the people will permit. The United States government is an ideal form, destined only for an ideal people, which the Russians are not.

When a physician is attending a patient, he does not give him all of the medicine in one tremendous dose (if he did, it would kill him); but he divides his medicine into small doses and administers them often, then it produces the desired effect. Just so with Russia. Give the ignorant class too much power at once, as the republican form of government would do, and it would demoralize and make anarchists out of them; but give them the power by degrees, as the English form would do, and it would civilize and elevate them.

It is because of this tendency of all modern governments toward more freedom that Russia is at present trying to adopt some other form of government than her own. The form proposed is similar to the English form, and it is very natural that she should try to adopt this form, because England is near to her, and she has seen that wherever the English form has been introduced, it has been established with ease, and has resulted in a betterment of the conditions of the people. But has our government ever been introduced with success right from the first? Has it ever bettered the conditions of the people, except in civilized countries? I dare say it has not.

We then see that the English form of government is much more suited to the Russian people than the republican form is:

1st. Because it does not effect such a violent change, giving the ignorant class too much power all at once, but restricts the governing power to the intelligent class.

2d. The United States form of government is an ideal form adapted only to an ideal people, and the Russians are far, far from being such.

3d. The English form has showed itself to be more easily established among ignorant people than the republican form has.

4th. A greater influence can be exerted over all classes under the English form than under the republican form, and the strong influence of the intelligent class is what the Russian peasants need.

5th. Russia shows that the English form is best suited to her by trying to adopt a form similar to it. She is sowing the seeds of the liberty flower, not on the barren rock where they will wither, but on the fertile rock soil, where they will take root, grow and blossom, filling the nation and the whole world with the fragrance of freedom.

The Negative: The Russian people have for many years silently wished for a constitutional and representative government—government in which the sovereign will of the people may make itself felt. To-day their wish has made itself known in an open rebellion against the despotism of the autocracy. The Russian people have come to a realization of what an influence the citizens of a nation exert by speaking their wishes. The Czar has been forced to grant them certain rights and privileges, thus openly acknowledging the growing power of the people.

The time has now come for the people of that great nation to decide for themselves what form of government they should adopt. Owing to the instability of affairs in Russia, they should adopt a form of government having as its basis a strong Constitution. If this is not done, the old rule of the autocracy will soon be re-established, the people deprived of their rights, and again made slaves to an absolute monarch.

The American government has as its base a Constitution, which the greatest statesmen of the modern world have called the most wonderful instrument of government that has ever

existed. Mr. Gladstone, the greatest statesman England has ever produced, recognizing the deficiencies in the English government, said, "The American Constitution is the grandest ever drawn up by human hands." No other Constitution ever drawn up is so difficult to amend. In many countries the legislative assembly has the power to alter the Constitution; in America, it takes a two-thirds majority in Congress and the approval of three-fourths of the States in the Union to ratify an amendment.

England has no written Constitution, and thus furnishes an example of a government lacking that quality which would do more than any other to establish a stable government out of a corrupt and revolutionary condition, such as we find in Russia to-day. The English people have their Magna Charta and the famous Bill of Rights at the foundation of their institutions and political system; but the Magna Charta was only a royal ordinance, the Bill of Rights a mere act of Parliament. Parliament could change completely the entire form of the English government by a mere bill, were it not for the fact that public opinion in England is so powerfully conservative, and the Parliament dares not go faster than public opinion.

What would become of a government so unstable as this in a country like Russia, where public opinion does not exist? Were the King ambitious, would he not find it an easy problem to overthrow the new government and re-establish absolutism? Once he had gained absolute control, nothing short of a bloody revolution could dethrone him.

Let us compare the adaptability of the various departments of the two forms of government. First, let us consider the judicial departments. In England, the Lord Chancellor appoints the judges in the King's name, and these appointments have to be approved by Parliament, the office being held during good behavior. The Lord Chancellor is Chief Jus-

tice of the kingdom and President of the House of Lords, which constitutes the supreme court of the realm. He is always a member of the cabinet and goes in and out of office with the ministry. Would this suit Russia's condition? Emphatically, no; for the Lord Chancellor, taking advantage of the ignorance and superstition of the masses, would use his position to keep his party in power and himself in office. Not only this, but it would be to the advantage of all the minor judges to aid him in carrying out such a policy. In America, all the Federal Judges are appointed by the President, and these appointments must be approved by the Senate before they can take effect. Federal Judges are appointed for life, and hold office during good behavior; party strength has no effect upon their term of office. Does not this in itself remove that objectionable feature of party control, which is so apparent under English law?

Let us now compare the executive departments. The American executive department is directly under the supervision of a President, who, with the Vice-President, is elected for a term of four years by electors chosen by the people of the different States. The President is assisted by a cabinet composed of those in charge of the executive departments of the government spoken of in the Constitution, and which have been created by Act of Congress from time to time as the need became evident. The English executive is the King, whose title and position are hereditary. He is assisted by a cabinet composed of a variable number of ministers, chosen from the party in majority in the House of Commons. This cabinet is not recognized by any law in existence, but is merely a custom begun by the first King of the Orange dynasty and closely followed by his successors. This custom has so long been in use in England, where public opinion is so strongly conservative and plays so important a part in the government, that it is as good as written law.

Would an executive government so unstable as this be able to stand in Russia, where there is an utter want of that all-powerful agent, public opinion? Would not the King at the first opportunity overturn the government and re-establish despotism? This was repeatedly done in France less than a century ago, when the French people were struggling against the Bourbon rule. To-day we see the Russian people on the verge of a great struggle against the most powerful line of absolute monarchs that has ever existed. This struggle is almost an exact repetition of that carried on by the French, which after much blood resulted in the establishment of a republican form of government modeled after that of the United States. Let the Russian people profit by the experience of the French, and avoid a repetition of that awful Reign of Terror instituted by Robespierre and others, by adopting a new form of government which has a Constitution as stable as the rock of Gibraltar.

Next let us turn to the legislative departments. The legislative department of the United States is composed of two bodies, as is that of England. The American House of Representatives corresponds to the English House of Commons, in that its members are elected by the people; but the Representatives are elected at regular intervals of two years to hold office for that time. In Russia, where the masses are densely ignorant and grossly superstitious, this regular recurrence of elections would form and educate that quality so entirely wanting—public opinion.

With the House of Commons, its members are elected for seven years, according to English custom; but no House of Commons has ever held office its full term. The monarch has power to dissolve Parliament at any time, and its dissolution is its political death. The King may then wait as long as he pleases before issuing a decree for another election. In England, where custom is law, nothing is to be feared

from this; but in Russia, where there is no custom, what might not the monarch do? Could he not easily overthrow the government and re-establish absolute rule? Again, the American Representative is paid an ample salary, while in England, the Commoner receives no pay at all. In Russia, which of these would be a representative government? Only a man of wealth and income could afford to accept a seat in the House of Commons. Even though the member had sufficient income, would not this absence of a salary bring a corrupt standard into the House of Commons, especially where there is no public opinion to disapprove. This would give us a government in which only the class would be represented, and a natural result would be the oppression of the poor. Under the American form of government, the representative receives a salary, which enables him to live an honest life. Then, too, the wealthy class would not be the only one represented in the legislative assembly, but all classes would have a voice in making the laws which are to govern them, hence there would be no opportunity for the rich to oppress the poor.

The United States Senate, which corresponds in form to the English House of Lords, is entirely different from it. The Senate is composed of able men, elected by the people for a term of six years, and presided over by the Vice-President. Thus, the people are represented in every part of the government by men of their own choice. In England this is not true, for the House of Lords is composed of peers, who hold their seats for life, either by hereditary right, by appointment of the crown, or by reason of church position. Owing to the strength of public opinion in England, the Lords do not dare reject any measure passed by the Commons, unless they are sure the people are with them. In Russia, where all the peers are members of the royal family, where public opinion does not exist, what would result from

having a House of Lords? They would usurp the power and restore to the King, their kinsman, his former authority. Therefore, the existence of a House of Lords would be a menace to a new government, and would not represent the people; but on the other hand, a Senate would represent the people and at the same time rid the country of a titled nobility.

Honorable judges, I have shown that the American form of government is better adapted to the Russian people than the English form:

First, because it is based on a stable Constitution, the thing which is most needed in Russia to give stability to the new government, and which Russia would not obtain from the English form.

Second, because the term of office of the Chief Justice is not effected by party strength, thus no cause is present for corruption of the courts of justice.

Third, because the American executive department is supported by law and Constitution, and hence little opportunity for usurpation is afforded.

Fourth, because regular recurrence of elections would form and educate public opinion, while the irregular ones of England would have an opposite effect.

Fifth, because a Senate would represent the people, while a House of Lords would represent the royal family, and be a menace to the people's rights.

P. H. ADAMS, '06.

In our graded schools we are taught to do honor to Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton gin. Therefore we look upon him as a genius and a man much to be respected. But certain facts have been brought to light proving his glory, vain glory.

In Hamburg, S. C., a small town near Augusta, Ga., about 1793, lived a Mr. Hudgen Holmes, the owner of a work-

shop. Mr. Holmes was a very ingenious man; and seeing the urgent need, in the South, for some device for readily removing the seed from the cotton lint, busied himself in trying to perfect such a machine—our present cotton gin. His first trial of his machine proved a failure, on account of some little defect.

Unfortunately, Mr. Holmes had in his employ a man named Whitney, who seemed more interested in his employer's project than Mr. Holmes deemed necessary. On this account, Mr. Holmes dismissed him.

As a result of his careful observation, Whitney succeeded in getting a patent on the gin himself. But, much to Mr. Holmes' delight, it had the same defect as his own.

A short while afterward, Mr. Holmes succeeded in remedying the defect. Thinking that it would be best to have the machine thoroughly tested before patenting it, he asked Capt. Kincaid, a wealthy planter of Fairfield District, to install it on his property. As Capt. Kincaid's wagons were frequently going to Hamburg, the gin was brought back in one. The gin worked perfectly; and the cotton of the surrounding country was ginned.

Mr. Kincaid was called away on business, and when he left he gave strict instructions to his wife that no one, under any circumstances, must be allowed in the gin house. During his absence, a man came to Capt. Kincaid's yard and induced a negro girl slave to get the key to the house, from her mistress. When the girl came to Mrs. Kincaid, she, thinking the overseer had sent for the key, gave it to the girl.

The man was none other than Eli Whitney, who thoroughly inspected the gin, noting the remedied defect, and got the patents as his own invention.

Congress had offered him a sum of money for such an invention; and the fact that he never received this reward goes to prove that he did not come by the patent rightfully.

J. D. G., '08.

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T. E. STOKES

What Will Bring International Peace?

A German Socialist recently asserted that international peace will come as the result of the perfection of socialistic tendencies. A French writer declares that the Church will affect this much-desired condition. Again, an Englishman asserts that self-interest will be the most potent factor in overcoming international strife and discord, and that a thorough realization of the necessity of peaceful conditions to self-interest will be immediately followed by international peace. Thus varying are the opinions of the institutions and conditions that will bring about universal peace. Each of the foregoing doctrines may have its adherents, but humanity in general will be slow to believe that either can create this ideal condition.

Socialism has its defects; the Church is not all-powerful; and humanity is too often blinded instead of enlightened by self-interest, consequently neither can perform this enormous task.

International peace is yet afar off, and we prefer to believe that it will come, if it ever does, as the result of the co-operation and the intermingling of the various agencies whose objects are the upbuilding and the betterment of humanity.

**A Presidential
Candidate from
the South**

Judge Parker, while in the South, advocated, in several speeches, the nomination of a Southern man for President. Those who are favorably impressed with this idea, if many there be, are unusually reticent. Very few of the editors, and no others, in the South, have favored this project. There are others, however, who oppose nominating a Southern man, for various reasons, none of which are worthy of consideration when the nomination is made upon purely Democratic principles. There is no good reason why the presidential candidate should not come from the South, but there are reasons why he should come from the South—not from the South as a section—not from the South because the former candidates have come from the North, but from the South because Democracy is pure and conservative here; because the South has superior statesmen who are imbued with this type of Democracy. These are reasons why the next Democratic nominee for President should come from the South. If the North submits to any sectional prejudice, and Democratic conditions are not bettered, it can be no worse than would be the case should the candidate come from the North. In the last three campaigns, the Democrats have suffered hopeless defeats, and the situation has been gradually growing worse. We have capable and superior statesmen and Democracy pure and undefiled, and we believe that the South

should be entrusted with the next candidate and the guidance of the next campaign.

**The Physicians'
Trust**

Associated with the word "Trust" are such distasteful ideas of crime and corruption, that people now look upon it as a stench in the nostrils of the nation. They are, in most cases, the outcome of basest greed, and not of any conception on the part of their promoters of their proper place in trade. In nearly all the occupations of man, they are found; but it is surprising and extremely repulsive to hear of a Physicians' Trust. *The National Druggist* declares the existence of such, however; and, though we believe the charge unfounded, it is well enough to determine the facts of the case. The writer makes these charges in a most positive manner, and unhesitatingly attributes its organization to selfish desires and corruptive designs. Now these charges against a profession, honorable in its designs, necessary to humanity, and charitable in its workings, at once set up a response of scorn and indignation or resentful incredulity; and they will, at least, serve to widen the general knowledge of the ulterior motives of the American Medical Association. If they be found to exist for the upbuilding and ennobling the medical profession, and thereby proving beneficial to mankind as a whole, an enlargement and an increase in the faith in the profession will be the result. On the other hand, should these base charges be sustained, a reaction in public opinion will result, so powerful in its influence as to crush and destroy the existence of any vitiated designs excited by unscrupulous greed. It is to be hoped that no such stigma will fall upon this noble calling, which would forever overshadow its existence and impair its usefulness.

**The Spelling
Reform**

Andrew Carnegie is at the head of a new movement for substituting a system of spelling depending entirely upon phonetics, for the present one. For years there has been much dissatisfaction with the present system, on account of its irregularity. This miscellaneous form of spelling has made it impossible for many who are really scrupulous about their spelling to spell correctly always. These are the ones, too, who constitute the body of the supporters of the spelling reform. This dissatisfaction is not ungrounded, nor nearly so. All those that are fighting the reform movement are obliged to admit the defects of the present system. But, they say, is the substitution of this new method practical? Can a perfect system be founded, or even one whose advantages outweigh the advantages of the present system? With this position, the reform movement is attacked from day to day, either by the hypercritical editors, or by contributors to the various magazines and newspapers. They have piled up an immense amount of material which they would divulge as argument. Can this so-called argument stand against the arguments which are forthcoming from the promoters of the spelling reform? We believe not. There can be, and of necessity must be, some change made to meet the greater pressure brought to bear by this busy age. It will occupy an immense amount of time, but an simplified and practical method of spelling will some day be used.

Exchange Department

J. H. McCLAIN, '06

Editors:

J. W. LEWIS, '08

We are well pleased with the *Isaqueena*, especially so, when it is taken into consideration that the magazine has only recently been started. It contains a pleasing variety of good material, among which may be mentioned "Japanese Character," "Formosa, the Beautiful," "The Evils of Slang" and "Which Broke the Faith?" "Japanese Character" brings to light some very interesting traits of the Japanese habits and manner of life. "Get the Best Out of Life" contains some hints that we might all do well to follow. We go through with this life but once, and, as the author points out, we should strive to make the most of it, both for ourselves and others.

The Elizabethan Quarterly is rather small, but it contains some good articles. "An East Side Playground" is interesting and well written. More stories would add much to the attractiveness of the magazine; but we also believe, as the editor of the *Elizabethan* has hinted, that many of the trashy love stories might better be left out than merely put in to fill up space.

Though *The Erskinian* contains no fiction, yet we are well pleased with the rest of the material. It contains a pleasing variety of good, sound articles, which are well worth reading. The manner in which the different subjects are treated shows that the writers both understand them well and have spent considerable time on them.

We were rather disappointed with the size of *The Furman Echo* for March, but in looking through the magazine, we find that it contains some very commendable material. We read "Choosing a Profession" with special interest, and obtained some very good ideas as to the abilities and traits of our nature, which should influence us in choosing our life work. "How Are the Mighty Fallen!" is out of the ordinary, and well written.

In looking through *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, we find, in the absence of love stories, a grateful change indeed. "Southern Virginia" is an interesting article on the conditions of that part of the State. Could not the editorials deal with more broad and varied topics? As it is, they take up entirely the social events and other subjects which are closely connected with the college.

The *Monroe College Monthly* is sadly lacking in fiction, though what other material it contains is very good. There are two excellent editorials—"Mr. Cleveland and the Woman Question" and "Evils of Immigration." Both of these topics are treated in a very good manner.

The Co-Ed is one of the best of the preparatory school publications. Some of the editorials have been fully up to any that have appeared in some of the larger magazines. We are glad to have so many preparatory school papers upon our table, and we believe that with a continuation of the present interest shown in them, the future college publications will be far better than they now are.

After a long absence, we welcome the *Limestone Star*. We attribute the non-appearance of the *Star* to the fact that the rush of business upon the newly-elected staff forced them to neglect, to some extent, the exchange list made by the preceding editors. The *Star* always contains some excellent material, especially on literary subjects. One such

of these pieces is "Burns' Miscellaneous Poems," of the March issue. "One Night at College" is a rather poor ghost story, but it gives some insight into the girls' life at college. "The Bride-to-Be" is a fairly good story, but we hardly think that Leroy would have disclosed his secrets to a stranger on such short acquaintance.

Mary Ann—"I've come to tell you, mum, that the gasoline stove has gone out."

Mistress—"Well, light it again."

Mary Ann—"I can't. Sure, it went out the roof."—*Ex.*

When the donkey saw the zebra,

He began to switch his tail.

"Well, I never!" was his comment;

"Here's a mule that's been in jail!"—*Ex.*

"Fools sometimes ask questions that wise men cannot answer," remarked the professor, in the course of his lecture.

"Then that explains why so many of us get flunked in our examinations," said the flippant student.

—*Home Notes.*

Commandant (on tactics)—"Mr. Staples, tell us about the funeral escort."

Staples—"Well, they usually have a dead man along."—*Ex.*

The gladdest words from a student's pen are these: "Dear Dad, I've passed again."—*Ex.*

He who knows and knows that he knows is a Senior—follow him.

He who knows and doesn't know that he knows is a Junior—trust him.

He who doesn't know and knows that he doesn't know is a Sophomore—honor him.

He who doesn't know and doesn't know that he doesn't know is a Freshman—pity him.—*Ex.*

First Student—"I thought you took calculus last year."

Second Student—"I did, but the faculty encored."—*Ex.*

F-ierce lessons.

L-ate hours.

U-nexpected company.

N-othing prepared.

K-nocked standing.

—*Ex.*

Little Dickie took a drink,

Alas, he is no more,

For what he thought was $H_2 O$

Was $H_2 SO_4$.

—*Ex.*

WHAT COLLEGE MEANS.

Aspiration.

Anticipation.

Expectation.

Realization.

Mystification.

Hard occupation.

Conditionalation.

Exasperation.

Short vacation.

Examination.

Four years' duration.

Gratification.

At last salvation.

In sweet graduation.

—*Ex.*

"I am not much of a mathematician," said a cigarette, "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, and I can divide his mental powers, I can take interest from his work and discount his chances of success."

—*Union Signal.*

We acknowledge our usual exchanges.

Local Department

W. O. PRATT.

Editors:

R. O. POAG.

The regular meeting of the South Carolina College Press Association was held at the College for Women, in Columbia, on the 5th and 6th of April. The adoption of the constitution and other business matters relating to the Association occupied a great part of the time. The banquet at Wright's Hotel, on the evening of the 5th, was a most enjoyable event. The most instructive meeting was held on the 6th, when discussions of the different departments were had from the following: C. A. Mays, Editorial Department; L. G. Southard, Business Department; Pack, Local Department; Literary Department.

Dr. Joynes, of the University of South Carolina, delivered a very instructive and enjoyable address before the Association at the same meeting.

The next meeting of the Association will be held at Clemson, next April, and we feel sure that Clemson will do all in her power to make this a pleasant and profitable meeting.

Secretary Legate and several others attended the Interstate Y. M. C. A. Convention in Charleston, recently.

J. C. Goggans, of '05, the popular captain of last year's baseball team, spent a few days with his old friends in barracks recently. Mr. Goggans was then on his way to the far West, where he will be engaged in the service of the government.

Prof. B. to Rat McD.: "Have you ever read Shakespeare?"

Rat: "No, sir."

Prof.: "Ever read Tennyson?"

"Rat: "No, sir."

Prof.: "What have you read, then?"

Rat: "I have red hair, sir."

L. P. Slattery, of '05, and W. G. Templeton, of '02, spent a few days with old chums on the campus recently.

Soph. Boone, in physics: "Professor, if you charge the conductors heavy enough, will it make artificial thunder?"

One of the best numbers of the lyceum course of the season was rendered by Miss Mamie Harrison, assisted by Miss Mary Drake. Both of the yong ladies are the guests of Mrs. P. H. Mell.

Crider (studying English): "What is a metaphor?"

Covington: "A compressed smile (simile)."

Under the direction of Sergeant N. B. Peterson, of the First Band Artillery Corps, the college band is making a marked improvement.

Rat Corbett (looking at automobile): "I wonder how in the world the shafts got broken off of that buggy?"

Col. C. D. Clay was called to Kentucky recently on account of the severe illness of his brother.

On May the 1st, the Clemson Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy will give a May Day festival. The receipts of the festival are to be contributed to the fund for the State reunion of Confederate veterans to be held in Columbia. Another feature of the day will be the presenta-

tion of crosses of honor to Prof. C. M. Furman, Col. J. S. Newman, Judge J. N. Hook and Mr. H. M. Stackhouse.

Rat O'Bryan: "Say, Haynesworth, is that a cascaret cigar you are smoking?"

Mr. E. F. Brown, of '02, was on the campus to see the baseball game with Trinity.

Prof. McLees, of Greenwood, assisted by Mr. Wardlaw, has been conducting a series of services at the Presbyterian Church and at the Y. M. C. A. hall. Rev. McLees is one of the most eloquent speakers that ever visited Clemson, and every service was attended by a large audience.

Fresh Colclough: "Clark, when I get my ploam I am going to South Africa to help survey the Panama Canal."

Rat McDaniel (seeing sugarcane mill at experimental station): "Boys, I didn't know that they had a molasses gin down here."

Mr. Prentiss Peabody, of Waycross, Ga., has been a recent visitor at the college.

Rat Greer: "Professor, do pineapples grow on long or short leaf pines?"

Soph (studying chemistry): "If oxygen is a dyad, carbon must be a quadrad."

Dr. J. H. Penniman, of the University of Pennsylvania, delivered an address to the students and faculty, on March 23. His subject was "The Old Testament as Literature."

The German Club will give a dance in the Clemson Hall, on April 20.

Soph. Boone: "Professor, can you wash the magnetism out of iron?"

Professor: "Who was Joan of Arc?"

Junior Brown: "He was a preacher."

Cadet F. M. Stephenson, of Lancaster, has been elected manager of the commencement hop.

Soph. Rivers in physical laboratory: "What is that hydrostat (helio-stat) used for?"

A number of the students, accompanied by Prof. D. W. Daniel, attended the international convention at Nashville.

Soph. Sandifer (just back from Athens, Ga.): "'Dock' McFadden sure does play tinpans (ten pins)."

Mrs. Haulenbeek and Miss Haulenbeek, of New York, are visiting Mrs. P. H. Mell.

An interesting exhibition of magic was given recently by Maro, the magician.

Professor: "Mr. Murray, what is terrestrial magnetism?"

Pat: "It is magnetism of the stars."

Athletics

In a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, Prof. W. M. Riggs was elected President, and Prof. J. W. Gantt, Secretary and Treasurer. Also, F. M. Furtick was elected Captain, E. M. Kaminer, Manager, and R. A. Reid, Assistant Manager of the football team for next year.

Dr. Calhoun, assisted by Profs. House and Nelson, is doing fine work with the track team, and feels sure of putting out the best team in the history of the college. The large number trying for the team are doing persistent work,

the most essential feature in track training. The new track, one of the best in the State, has been completed, and is one-fifth of a mile in length, with a 120 yard straight way.

Although the baseball team failed to win the first games of the season, we can hardly call it defeat when we consider that this is the first year that most of the boys have played college ball. With the exception of Ellison and Bissell and Robertson, the team is entirely new, and this means a great deal when we play teams that have all of their old men back. But as the season has advanced, the men have improved, and after the games with Tech and Georgia, they seemed to rub on Trinity with ease to the tune of 13 to 4. In this game, they piled up twelve hits, three of them being home runs, by Robertson, Cheatham and Waldrop. Clemson knocked two pitchers out of the box, while Trinity seemed unable to connect with Waldrop's curves. Clemson's line up was:

Bissell, c; Waldrop, p; Ellison, 1b; Robertson, 2b; Goss, ss; Cheatham, 3b; Lee, rf; Sandifer, cf; McFadden, lf.

Society Notes

By invitation of the Columbian Literary Society, Prof. H. P. Griffith, of Limestone College, addressed the societies in a fine talk recently.

The following officers have been elected for the last quarter:

PALMETTO.

President	L. R. Hoyt
Vice-President	S. F. Reid
Secretary	S. R. Perrin
Treasurer	W. S. Baskin
Censor	T. D. Eason
Literary Critic	R. O. Poag

Prosecuting Critic	R. E. Nichles
Sergeant-at-Arms	J. W. Hawley

CALHOUN.

President	J. V. Phillips
Vice-President	T. L. Goodwyn
Recording Secretary	E. A. Crawford
Corresponding Secretary	R. G. Harris
Literary Critic	J. L. Woodruff
Sergeant-at-Arms	E. A. Gardner

COLUMBIAN.

President	H. P. Stuckey
Vice-President	E. P. Alford
Secretary	A. V. Hooks
Literary Critic	K. O. Reinhart
Reporting Critic	H. P. Likes
Prosecuting Critics	W. P. Sloan, M. H. Banks
Sergeant-at-Arms	R. R. Talbert

On the 6th of April, the Calhoun Society celebrated its anniversary contest. The exercises were unusually good and showed thorough preparation. The winners of the medals were E. V. Garrett, declaimer; T. E. Keitt, orator; P. H. Adams, debater.

Y. M. C. A. Department

Editor:

J. E. JOHNSON

The Association was addressed recently by Col. R. W. Simpson, President of the Board of Trustees. The address, which was along the line of Bible study, was very instructive and entertaining to those who heard it.

The work in Bible study continues to grow in favor with the student body. The average attendance upon the classes has increased fifteen per cent. during the last month. The enrollment is also increasing. One of the classes was forced to divide a few weeks ago, and now both of them are full. A class in mission study with fourteen members has been organized since the Nashville Convention.

On April 1st, Prof. Morrison gave the Association some interesting facts concerning the death and burial of John C. Calhoun.

The Revs. McLees and Wardlaw conducted a series of evangelistic meetings at the Presbyterian Church and in the chapel, from April 8-14. A great deal of interest was manifested by the students, as shown by the large number who attended. Mr. McLees is a very eloquent speaker.

The cadet Sunday school is in a most flourishing condition. Quite a large number of the faculty are interesting themselves in this work. The average attendance varies from 180 to 200, and to join the Sunday school is fast becoming the popular thing to do. Cadet Paul Quattlebaum represented Clemson at the State Sunday School Convention.

The following students attended the Y. M. C. A. Interstate Convention at Charleston: J. N. McLaurin, J. E. C. Bischoff, A. L. Harris, H. C. Wilburn, A. J. Baker, C. Middleton, F. E. Thomas, E. A. Crawford and J. E. Johnson. Secretary Legate also attended.

On April 3d, the Association was visited by Mr. F. S. Goodman, of New York. In the afternoon, he gave a very profitable talk on "Evangelism." In the evening, in the chapel, he gave an illustrated description of the different phases of Y. M. C. A. work in this and other countries. Nearly the entire student body heard him in the evening, and all were pleased. The visits of such men as Mr. Goodman are doing a great deal towards building up Association spirit and sentiment in the student body.

The recent Interstate Convention held in Charleston, was probably the most important and largely attended of any of the past conventions. The report of the executive committee shows a steady advance in the work. The city Associations are in a much better condition financially than a year ago, and there is a marked improvement in the efficiency and character of the work done. The student Associations are keeping step in the procession. Clemson and the University of North Carolina are the first to employ General Secretaries. Others are preparing to follow their example. The industrial work is becoming a most prominent feature.

The convention itself was very instructive and helpful to the delegates. Mr. F. S. Goodman presented "The Bible Study Campaign in the Carolinas" at four different sessions. W. D. Weatherford spoke upon the student work and the Student Volunteer Convention. C. C. Michener, of New York, presented the different phases of Association work. On Sunday afternoon, during the convention, a meeting for men was held at the Academy of Music. Mr. Michener

made a masterful address, and as a result there were eighty-four decisions for the Christian life. The delegates were entertained in a most hospitable manner by the people of Charleston.

Worth Considering

A trip to the Southern Student Conference, which meets at the Asheville Farm School, June 15. This conference is now understood to possess characteristic ties and features which make attendance an experience of great pleasure as well as of profit to the collegiate student. As popular as these conferences are becoming, we find students every day who know nothing about them. That they mark an epoch in the lives of those who attend is evidence of their strength. The Asheville Convention is the training school for the Young Men's Christian Association in the South. It offers the only opportunity for intercollegiate fellowship for the Southern student. Every afternoon is given over to athletics. A series of baseball games between the States represented, another series between the large colleges and a tennis tournament are played. Field-day exercises are the most representative in the South. Some of the Southern records have been made at the Association field-day. The winning college receives a handsome pennant. Swimming, rowing, mountain climbing, college night blow-out and a trip to Biltmore are other forms of recreation and pleasure.

But the conferences are more than pleasure resorts. They are places where energy is stored for service, plans are made for a campaign and training is given those who are to carry out this campaign. This intercollegiate fellowship brings out the best manifestations of college spirit with good-natured rivalry, attended by the finest courtesy and good feeling between the colleges. The Associations all over the

Southland are planning for larger and more representative delegations this summer. The University of North Carolina expects to send twenty men, last year she had one. The University of Tennessee will send fifteen men. The State of Kentucky is planning to double last year's attendance. If our college of six hundred could catch the spirit and enthusiasm of the three or four hundred delegates who will be present, we would be invincible.

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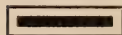
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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

VOL. IX. CLEMSON COLLEGE, S. C., MAY, 1906

No. 8

Literary Department

S. P. HARPER

Editors:

J. C. CLARK

The Influence of Christianity Upon the World

The coming of Christ and the subsequent belief in Christianity has done more to revolutionize the world, than any one thing. A comparison of the world as Christ found it, and as we see it to-day, in all its grandeur, will make this evident. The world as Christ found it was as corrupt, and unprosperous as a nation could be, for this was the period known as the "decline of the Roman Empire." The rulers, the ones by whom the character of the people is judged, and who should set a good example, were a corrupt, cruel and ferocious set. Prominent among these were Tiberius, Nero and Vitellus. The government, education, religion and industries, the conditions by which the moral character of a nation is judged, were all very deficient in pagan Rome. The government was such that the laws, liberty and property of the people were at the mercy of the cruel rulers and their associates. At least half of the people were slaves, required to obey their masters, who made them perform many difficult tasks. The educational advantages were very meagre, no provision at all being made for the education of the lower classes of people. The pagan church did little

to improve the morals of the people, its chief duty being to quell the anger of the many gods which they worshiped. The industries at this time were very much neglected, no attempt being made to improve the commercial wealth of the country. The difficulties with which the Christians had to contend were many. The followers of Christ, being very much hated by the majority of the people of Rome, had to worship in old houses, woods, and even in secluded caves. The Christian faith began to gain followers, and they were allowed to erect temples of worship, but it would not be long before some ferocious and hated ruler would come along and have them razed to the ground. Through the perseverance of the Christians, they at last, and after a difficult fight, succeeded in establishing their faith, and the benefits, we shall now see.

The first noticeable change brought about was that in architecture. As soon as the Christians succeeded in establishing their faith, they began to build imposing temples of worship. Compare the first buildings of worship with the present ones, a very marked difference exists. The very workmen who constructed the churches seemed to be inspired with high ideas of Christianity. What a difference there is between these buildings and the large, boxy factories and sky-scrapers, built only for commercial gain! Many temples and large structures existed before the Christian temples, but they lacked the artistic finish which the present churches have. Prominent among these handsome edifices are the cathedrals of Rheims, Cologne, Salisbury and Canterbury.

Painting as an art was created by the Christians. The first aim of these people was to tell to the world the life of Christ, and it was through this desire that painting was introduced. Painting was practically unknown to the ancients; they used certain colors for decorative purposes, but other than that, they had no idea of it. The affect of

the paintings of Christ, and those intimately associated with him, were as sermons to the people. These sermons could not have been told in writing, for only the chosen few could read. Sculptors could never have told these stories, for in the cold stone, no expression like that in the colored painting could be found.

Through painting, poetry and music seem to have been created. The poetry of the pagan Romans was of the simplest kind. Their hymns were of adoration only, while those of the Christians were of adoration mingled with sympathy, tenderness and trust. If one would see the marked change, he has but to compare the simple hymn of Aratus with the "Te Deum Laudamus," which has been sung in the Christian Church since the sixth century. The influence which Christianity had on poetry is well portrayed in Dante's "Inferno," Milton's "Paradise Lost," and Milton's "Paradise Regained." The poet, as well as the musician, seemed to have been inspired by Christ.

Christianity had a marked influence on music. The music of the pagan Romans at the time of Christ was as different from the music of the Christians as the Scotch bag-pipe is from the modern oratorio. The pagan music consisted of a simple chant, no sign to denote a change in the voice being present. They had no written music, and no works on the subject were compiled. To appreciate the difference in the music of old, and the present music, one must compare it with the music in a modern church of to-day.

While Christianity was not the all influencing power which brought about a better civilization, it has done, and is still doing a great deal. The Crusades or religious wars were brought about by Christianity, because the Christians would not allow the tomb of their leader to remain in the hands of the cruel Turks. The improvements brought about by the Crusades may be summed up as follows: They

were influential in the breaking up of the feudal system, by causing the barons to sell their estates to raise money to join the Crusaders; they aided popular freedom in that they induced the kings to grant the towns political privileges, in return for money given for the Crusades; commerce was benefited by the employment of so many ships, to transport the troops, and the provisions necessary for the sustenance of the Crusaders. Among some of the other things which were improved are: The arts of navigation and ship-building, science and literature, and, the most important of all, the character of the people.

It is through the influence of Christianity that foreign missions are being carried on, and the good which they do is very evident. As an example, we might take the United States and her foreign missions. As soon as she has succeeded in civilizing a people, their appreciation is shown by the large amount of goods which they buy of her.

One of the effects of Christianity on civilization was recently shown by the Japanese, in their treatment of the Russian prisoners. Another case such as this is not on record, even the Americans in their advanced state of civilization cannot boast of such. At one of the towns of Japan about seventy thousand Russian soldiers were held, and they were quartered in vacant buildings, and in some cases special barracks were built for their convenience. The officers were given large rooms, and allowed every convenience possible. In the barracks pool tables and games of several kinds were provided for the amusement of the soldiers. A special park was built; with tennis courts, racing tracks and equipment for several outdoor sports.

The many educational systems prevailing in the world today originated through the simple Christian schools. For a long time the church schools were the only ones which were open to all, and out of these schools grew both the higher institutions of learning and the public or common

schools of to-day. The church has not ceased to endow and maintain schools, for many of them at the present time are carried on by the different denominations. In our own State several schools and colleges are conducted in such a manner.

Democracy has been aided to such an extent that every man, great or insignificant, can think and do as he pleases. And lastly Christianity has been influential in bringing about a charity which has resulted in the establishment of so many societies and institutions for the promotion of the brotherhood of man.

A Soldier's Fortune

"And so you have cast your lot as a soldier boy, have you, Carl?" asked a young fellow as he walked into a fine cafe, in which Carl Hardy and several other young men were seated around a table.

"Yes," replied Carl, somewhat desperately, "I have enlisted in the army, and I hope that I shall be away from here and this confounded monotonous city life in a week, too. I have been wanting a change for some time now and as the army is about the only thing I have never tried, I have decided to try that."

The above conversation took place the day after Carl Hendy had enlisted in the army, and about a week before he was to leave for Cuba. It was no wonder that his family and his friends thought the act a very rash one. From his birth, Carl had been surrounded by every luxury of his heart's desire and by all of the influences of a wealthy home, both of which are so conducive to a wayward and careless disposition. Also, it could not be said that he had been inspired by any of that love for his country which causes men to descend from the highest pinnacle of wealth and power to fight for the honor of their country; for it had always been

a known fact that he made light of the pursuits of war, and that he did not seem to have any reverence for the cause for which his father fought and for the men who died for that cause. In fact, the real reason that he took the course he did was because he had become tired of his aimless sort of life, and, being fond of a novelty, had enlisted, partly for the sake of adventure, and partly because his friends objected to his whim.

As might be expected, Carl had hardly left his native land before he began to regret his hasty act. He soon became aware of the fact that he was in a position where no one seemed to consider his feelings in the least. He was no longer the wealthy favorite. But that was only the beginning, for when active service began, his trouble began. The hard experiences through which he had to pass was of the nature to bring forth the best that is in a man. The scene upon which he had been gazing all of his life and thinking it to be real had suddenly been raised, and he looked for the first time upon the naked realities of life. In the first two or three months of this new and unexperienced life, Carl had a lonely time, without a word or look of sympathy to console him.

At last, after planning to desert or to do some other reckless deed, he made the acquaintance of the daughter of a retired old statesman. His lovely villa, buried amid a profusion of the rarest and most beautiful of tropical ferns and palms, was a veritable haven of peace and happiness. Here Carl spent a good part of his leisure time in the company of one whose very presence was a far greater encouragement than he had known for a long time. As the young lady was very fond of music, and as he was a fine musician, Carl often made this an excuse to spend an extra hour with her among the fragrant flowers. In the course of time he became her instructor on the cornet and other instruments of which she was very fond.

Then came the day that called him from this new-found pleasure to drive back the threatening foe. The enemy had advanced so near that the commander deemed it prudent to make an attack. The fight began early in the morning and continued all through the day with an incessant roar of cannon. Back and forth surged the tide of battle. Neither seemed to gain any advantage as the day waned, and it looked as if the day would close upon a contested battlefield. As a last resort it was decided that a very perilous attack should be made, and this duty was assigned to Carl's company. At first it seemed as if this new manoeuvre was going to save the day, but a little later a very disastrous thing to their success occurred. The captain and all of his officers having been wounded, it fell to Carl, who had been promoted to sergeant, to take command. The men at once became confused, and all of Carl's endeavors to restore order were in vain. The men had lost their captain, and they refused to obey any other. What was Carl to do? If he lost the day after it had been so nearly saved, he would be disgraced forever. How he longed for a friendly ball to end his career and save him the disgrace staring him in the face.

But just at that moment, a voice from the heavens seemed to pervade the atmosphere with words of hope and encouragement. The iron giants of war seemed to close their steely lips to listen, as if entranced by some siren of wonderful power. An almost oppressive silence seemed to have suddenly spread over the bloody field, adding awe to wonder. All eyes were turned towards a distant promontory. There, almost within range of fire, seemingly regardless of herself, a white-robed figure stood, and from whence preceded the stirring strains of a cornet. Carl felt a strange chill steal through his veins, as with bare head he looked towards the one he loved and listened to the thrilling notes of, "To the Charge!" Turning to his men he said, "Boys, follow me to death or to victory."

Late that evening, as the shadows of night were falling fast, when a wounded soldier, lying on the grassy turf where he fell, opened his eyes, his dim gaze met a much brighter pair in which joyous relief beamed forth through the priceless heritage of the gentle sex, a glistening sympathetic tear. "Did you save the day?" questioned Carl, in a weak attempt at a smile.

"Yes—ah, you won it," replied the maiden, timidly.

"All well, then," murmured Carl, as he turned over and passed off into a restful sleep, full of happy dreams of a glorious victory, both in love and in war. PRATT, '08.

Bossing His Own Job

Early one summer morning I stood waiting at the little station for the train which would take me to my home, five hundred miles distant. I had been at work for eighteen months and had decided to take a month's vacation.

It was with a thrill of intense pleasure that I saw the great train draw up to the platform and come to a stop, for I knew that before night I would be at home again. I climbed aboard and settled myself at a window.

As we drew up to the next station I saw a carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of bays, dash up to the station, and a pretty young lady of about twenty summers sprang out and climbed aboard. We were soon on our way again, and I noticed that the young lady whom we had taken on at our last stop was the only lady on board.

Nothing eventful happened until we came to a very small station about twenty miles farther on, when a sheriff climbed aboard with a prisoner securely handcuffed. The prisoner was a very handsome man who looked to be about thirty years old and he certainly looked like anything else but a criminal. I could not help feeling curious to know what the man had been arrested for, and I suppose I must

have displayed my curiosity in some way, for after a little the man sitting on the seat behind me whispered in my ear that the prisoner was a notorious bank-robber and murderer.

After we had traveled about an hour longer I saw the sheriff write something on a piece of paper and hand it to the porter, who handed it to the young lady, who was sitting just in front of me. After a little she told the porter "yes" and he went back to the sheriff. I learned afterward that the young man was to be hung and had asked the young lady if he might talk with her awhile, as he knew he would not have the chance to talk with a woman again. I saw the sheriff unlock the handcuff from his own wrist and the young man stuck the loose part up his sleeve and walked over to the seat in front of me. I could not help being struck by the fact that the girl rose and gave him the seat next to the window.

They talked for some time, and after awhile I heard the girl ask: "But why did you do it?"

"Why? Well, I guess it was too much hard religion. Did you ever know a murderer?"

"Yes," she said, "and he was sentenced to be hung and tried to kill himself by cutting his arm with a knife."

At this his face seemed to brighten, and he cried: "Right! Good for him. Why, I believe you think so, too. It was not that he was afraid of being killed, but he didn't want to die in that manner. Every man has to die some time, but no man wants to be strung up like a dog and have the footing knocked from under him by some fellow that is not as good as he is. No man likes to die like that, and a fellow naturally feels some self-respect when he bosses the job himself."

All at once he looked around, but found that the sheriff's eyes were on him. Then an inspiration seemed to seize him. We were nearing a large river and just as we reached

the edge he suddenly rose and sprang through the window from the flying train. He landed fairly in midstream and sank from sight. The train was stopped, but all efforts to save him were useless. We saw him sink the last time as he drifted down stream, while the sheriff swore as if he were paid by the job for swearing. M. M. PLATT.

The Dominican Treaty

In the Dominican Republic conditions, financial, political and moral, are steadily growing worse. Every day has its crisis. No system of government yet devised is suited to the notions of equity that exist among these shiftless people. Their standards are those of the uncivilized; their conceptions of right and wrong are those of the heathen. At present there are two parties in Santo Domingo which are struggling for the supremacy. One, under the leadership of Ramon Caceres, who is also acting as president of the whole Republic, is triumphant; and the other, known as the Jimenistas party, though now not in the ascendant, is only awaiting the arrival of Morales, the Republic's deposed president, to lead it on either to victory or to defeat. These people are in a condition of chronic disorder; one military leader rises to put down another; insurrections are raised against any form of orderly government; nowhere is there a disposition to submit to the rule of the majority; and there is an absolute inability to comprehend the meaning of self-government. Almost every day bands of revolutionists are in active revolt.

Among these savage-like people, mostly of Spanish and African descent, we find all degrees of degradation. Even those in authority commit deeds of violence; in authentic history is recorded the deaths of two thousand people, murdered by one of their former presidents, Ulisse Henreaux. Desperadoes constitute the larger number of the revolution-

ists, and, in their legislative halls, this same element predominates. In this state of affairs, we can readily imagine the impracticability of enforcing the laws of a pure democracy, and attempting to bring about a permanent reformation.

Under all of the evil influences that have been mentioned, and with no care for the welfare of their subordinates, the former rulers of this little country, on their own accord, contracted debts, amounting to nearly thirty-three millions of dollars. They have borrowed from several nations, among which we find the United States standing out prominently in her liberality towards them. At present, as we can easily see, the greatest hindrances to progress in this little Republic, populated by only about six hundred thousand souls, most of whom are of African descent, are political strifes and financial troubles.

When we consider the commercial advantages of this little country; when we learn of her vast amount of undeveloped mineral resources; when we analyze the soils of her numerous uncultivated valleys, finding them possessing all the requisites of good farming land; when we view her picturesque hill-sides, nearly always clothed in the verdure of succulent grass, on which practically no cattle feed, and dotted here and there with clumps of the finest lumbering material, on which no lumbering industry thrives—when we stop to think of all these natural possessions, from which, during centuries, have been derived no surplus income, we shudder when we think of entering into a treaty with Santo Domingo.

Yet, to-day, before our great law-making body in Washington, is pending the Dominican Treaty, an agreement in which the United States is to be instrumental in the settlement of all outstanding claims against the Republic. This means that the United States Government is to attempt the adjustment of all the obligations of the Dominican Govern-

emnt, foreign as well as domestic; the consideration of conflicting and unreasonable claims, and the determination of the validity and amount of all pending claims. In fulfilling these obligations the United States is to appoint, for each custom house in the Republic, a man who will collect all the revenues. Forty-five per cent. of these revenues is to be handed over to the Dominican Government, and the remainder, after the expenses of collecting the whole amount are defrayed, is to be held by the United States and distributed on an equitable basis to the Dominican creditors.

For the last decade, the annual income from revenues of the Dominican Government has amounted to only one and one-half millions of dollars. Who is it of us that can not infer from this fact that, to satisfy all the Republic's creditors, it would take something like a century of time as well as an enormous amount of disagreeable labor? For several years an organization of American capitalists, known as the San Domingo Improvement Company, has been endeavoring to improve the conditions in Santo Domingo. In all of its persistent efforts, it has failed to accomplish the desired end, and in its adventure has lost thousands of dollars. If the energetic Americans who compose this company have faithfully tried to improve this little country and have failed, why should our whole government enlist in such a hazardous undertaking?

The question for our legislators to decide is, Shall we extend to our neighboring Republic our assistance, which is unwarranted by the Constitution? Shall we continue to intermeddle with one Republic after another—a course in which we shall sooner or later be forced into active warfare with our weaker brethren? This might give our navy something to do, and furnish an opportunity to show the superior powers of the big ship which is to be built bigger than the English "Drednaught." It might also give an opportunity for a few more of our military geniuses to win

honors similar to those won at the storming of Mount Dajo. But what other aim have we? Are we not about to enter into a compact in which our government will not be benefited in the least, and in which those poor, ignorant creatures will fail to execute with equity, and will, as a consequence, in the end, be, as the Philippines are, subjects of the United States of America? No. we should not undertake the adjustment of our little uncivilized neighbor's business; we should be contented to remain at home until no further domestic legislation is needed, and until our Executive learns to construe aright the Monroe doctrine. Then, and not until then, should we attempt any extension work in the Republics to the south of us. Canals, trusts, tariff, internal improvements, labor unions, graft and earthquake disasters—these are some of the issues demanding the consideration of those in authority at Washington.

A Fisherman's Story

While returning from a fishing trip last summer, I happened to go near "Uncle Joe Dean's" house, and knowing that he had had a good many "thrilling" experiences in his young days, I thought I would go to his home and get him to tell me a story. After much persuasion he commenced as follows:

You heerd me tell awhile back of the little swimming operation on Lake Erie? Wal, this one didn't happen there, but begun on a much bigger fish-pond. I an' a nigger they used to call "Squash" undertook to row a boat-load of whiskey along the coast from New Orleans to a sartin p'int. The pay was to be pooty big, an' as the job wasn't likely to last long, we both thought we'd "struck it rich." We made a good start, but the endin' of the voyage was what an old sailor would call rough. We only carried two paddles, an' arter we'd got some distance away a sud-

den squall come up an' blowed both on 'em overboard, while "Squash" an' I was restin' a bit an' tryin' the quality o' the whiskey, so that we might be able to conscientiously make an affidavit as to its goodness.

From that moment our troubles begun. We tried all we know'd to rekiver the paddles ag'in, but couldn't do't. All of the grub we'd brought with us was a few crackers an' nary drop of fresh water. There was plenty of whiskey, howsomdever, an' the pizen, as many folks tarm it, sartinly had the effect o' savin' our lives—but you'll larn about that at the proper time.

Arter while the crackers guv out an' we'd drifted fudder an' fudder from the shore, an' no chance of getting any nearer. What could we do—we'd nary a paddle? We couldn't do nothin' else, so we just sot down quietly and took to drinkin' whiskey. "Squash" said 'twas the last chance he'd ever git, an' he meant to make the most of it. I was in the same humor, too, an' quite ready to take my share.

At last we got so far we couldn't see the shore, and the only hope we had was in being picked up by a ship at sea, but nary a sail could we catch a glimpse on. Arter four or five days we got as hungry as sharks an' we wished for some big whale to come along and swallow us to end our misery. At every fresh touch of hunger we'd take another drink of whiskey, till arter while our breaths smelt so strong that if we had looked at one another, "Squash" and I, though he sot at one end o' the boat an' I at t'other, it seemed for all the world as if we'd got our noses clus to the bung-hole of a cask.

"How long did you continue to cruise in this way?" I asked him.

Exactly three weeks and one day, and if we'd bin at sea much longer we should have drunk ourselves out o' pizen,

for we'd had put away four casks o' the stuff afore we got ashore.

On the last night, jest arter dark, we took an extra stuffin' o' whiskey, expectin' to be in the land of shadows before mornin', an' went to sleep.

Wal, the fust thing we knew we were lyin' high an' dry upon the beach and pooty nigh a hundred red varmints—squaws, papposes, an' warriors—yellin' around us. We had drifted ashore during the night, an' at the airlest streak of daylight, an Injun diskivered us an' fetched a hull crowd to look at us while we lay there snorin'.

"What part of the earth did you land in, Joe?"

In South America! Poor "Squash" was nigh upon crazy when he seed whose clutches he was in, an' swore he'd sooner been cotched by the biggest shark in the ocean than by redskins, but I consoled him with the idea that we might escape perhaps arter all.

The imps led us toward their town, an' we could see from their actions that they intended to use us up for makin' sport. We told 'em as well as we could that we were nearly starved, an' they guv us suthin' to pick at to make us strong, that we might furnish 'em with more fun in dyin' than we could do in our used up state. The next day they brung us out to be roasted, but suthin' happened just at the right time to give us a chance for life. One o' their head warriors was bitten by a rattlesnake. They used all of the remedies known to them, but the critter died, arter swellin' as big as a barrel.

Now's my chance, thort I, so I jest beckons the chief aside, an' says to him, "If you'll let me an' this nigger go free we'll show you suthin' that will cure the rattlesnake's bite—take all of the venom out of the fangs." He laughed as if he thort we were pokin' fun at him.

Says I ag'in, "I kin catch some of those rattlers an' try 'em on us." What I put faith in to do it all was the whis-

key. I heard o' fellers bein' bit by snakes an' curin' themselves by drinkin' two or three quarts o' whiskey; so I concluded natterally enuff that the pizen wouldn't work at all on "Squash" an' me, who had been livin' for over three weeks on the strongest kind o' lightnin', makin' it sarve us for victuals and drink.

The chief took me at my word, sendin' some of the warriors into the forest to catch snakes, while I went with him to search for the roots of a sartin kind o' yarb. I soon found suthin' an' got enuff to sarve our purpose, an' then we went back, the other Injun comin' along soon arter with some snakes. I was determined to give the critters a fair trial, so proposed to the chief for him to put us into a room and turn the sarpints in with us. The idea suited him to a "T," but "Squash" howled terribly at the thought o' lettin' the rattlers bite him. Howsomdever, I whispered a word in his ear an' then he 'peared resigned to his fate.

Wal, they cooped us up an' turned in the snakes, which bit us to their hearts' content, an' we sot to, in turn, an' began to chaw up the roots o' the yarbs. The more the reptiles pegged at us with their pizened fangs, the faster we worked at the roots. The redskins at first expected to see us swell up as big as drums, but when they saw the venom o' the rattlesnakes didn't affect us, perhaps to make us a little more cheerful, they yelled an' capered like mad critters, thinkin' o' course they'd diskivered a sartin remedy for the bite o' the rattler, but I kalkerlate they soon found their mistake.

"How on earth did the job end?" I asked him.

The sarpints kept a bitin' till the edge was taken off o' their teeth, an' arter that they begun to git drowsy-like, an' rolled over one another in a mighty queer kind o' way. The Injuns thought the critters was tired out, but this hoss knew what ailed 'em.

"What was it?" I seriously asked him again.



PRESIDENTS OF THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Heer 'tis, the real facts in a nut-shell. "Squash" and I—you'll remember—had been livin' on whiskey almost a month. Wal, the darn stuff had soaked itself right square throughout our system, convartin' our flesh into pizen, and consequently the rattlers in bitin', instead o' hurtin' Squash an' me, had just worked themselves into a beastly state of intoxication. Yes, feller-citizens, them ere cussed sarpints wus as drunk as darnation. While Squash an' I war as lively as crickets, and actually danced a hornpipe round the reds as they lay snorin'.

"SAM SLICK," '08.

Forty Years After

Forty-one years ago the South was launched upon a rugged sea. Crippled as she was, without the slightest ray of hope. Picture for one moment this morning those tattered and starving Confederate soldiers as they returned to their ruined homes. Their fortunes were destroyed, their fields desolated, their cities wrecked, their fair land swept with fire and sword, and there was nothing left to encourage them. The poor South was then in a terrible enough condition, but when those detestable, unprincipled scalawags of the North tried to place the negroes over their masters, this coming at the time it did was one of the most crushing blows that ever fell upon the South. This was one of the darkest periods of human history. Our dear South then sank beneath the yoke for awhile, weeping, bleeding and each day a new gash was added to her wounds. It was then that law no longer held its benign sway. The weak were oppressed. Falsehood, unblushing and brazen, stalked abroad unchallenged; sancity of home was invaded; vice triumphed over virtue; our legislatures were dispersed and despair shadowed every hearthstone. It then seemed as if she would have to submit to the horrible fate, but it was

then that the grand old Southern manhood rose in its might and said: "I will not submit to it!" "I will restore the South!" They could suffer defeat in honorable war, but would not, without resistance, though fallen, submit to insult and oppression.

Brave, loyal and true as any who ever enlisted in freedom's cause were they who fought and fell that we, their children, might enjoy peace and prosperity. May they who added undying luster to thousands of battlefields be written indelibly upon our memories. Let us never forget to honor and respect the hoary heads around us and to keep green the graves of the Confederate dead, and let it be as the great statesman who said, "Let every true heart and memory born and to be born embalm them forever."

Gentlemen, it is not my purpose this morning to arouse any personal animosities, nor do I intend to treat unfairly with the North, but I felt that I could not say anything about the South's progress without paying a short tribute to those noble men that handed down the priceless heritage.

What a wonderful difference there is between the South of forty years ago and the one to-day. No section of country has ever in such a small space of time made the progress that the South has. Sherman left our Capital in ashes, but to-day the large, magnificent structures there show that though the Confederate soldier was crushed to the ground and trampled upon and beaten by greater forces, he rose to his feet covered all over with glory.

The South has always made wonderful strides in every line of progress, but she has never been so thoroughly aroused, so active, so thrifty as she is to-day. There is every evidence of progress. The towering factories, the miles of railways and the fertile lands show beyond all doubt that a great revolution is being wrought. The large investments of capital, the organizations for the development of industries shows that the South is taking advan-

tage of the great opportunities offered. These mighty rivers that have for years been emptying their valuable contents into the restless sea are daily being harnessed by the scientific hand; these gently undulating stretches of timbered lands and fertile soils that have been idle for years are being tilled by the skillful and intelligent hand. We have only to look about us to see evidences of progress, it seems to exist in the very atmosphere.

This morning as I sat in my window and looked out over the western hills toward the little town of Seneca, I saw a large streak of smoke winding its way into the sky, and as I did, I thought to myself, there is evidence of manufacturing progress. From the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi River and from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico, are heard thousands of spindles striking the chords of harmony, while hundreds of fertile valleys beat time to the music. In most every town in the South is established a flourishing cotton mill. It is said that one can stand in the city of Spartanburg and see the smoke of twenty-four cotton mills. The great Olympia Mill in the city of Columbia (the largest cotton mill in the world under one roof) stands an unquestioned witness of manufacturing progress.

Along with manufacturing progress there is also mineral progress. To-day in this very South of ours thousands of picks are proclaiming the mineral wealth of the South. If one could see the great granite quarries of Tennessee he would at once become overwhelmingly convinced of the South's wonderful mineral wealth. These quarries, compared with all the great quarries of the world, stand second in rank. We have always looked upon the far West and the North as the only gold regions, and no doubt you will be surprised when I say that the South has produced \$45,000,000 of the yellow metal, \$300,000 of it coming from one single mine in North Carolina. Our own State has produced over \$3,000,000 of gold.

Not only is the South making rapid strides in its manufacturing and mineral development, but the greatest of all is its agricultural. The South for years has taken the lead in agriculture. Even before 1860, with only one-third of the population of the United States, it produced more than one-half the farm products of the entire nation. Nature has endowed the South with a lavish hand. The climate is admirably suited for farming. Our soil is so fertile that intelligent cultivation makes it possible to produce crops unequalled anywhere in the world. In the South in a few months thousands of white cotton fields and beautiful waving corn will tell of the South's agricultural progress. Not only is the plant side of agriculture developing, but dairying and stock raising are slowly but surely coming to the front.

Situated as we are at the gateway of the Panama Canal, we are destined to become commercial rulers of the world. There is no section on the face of the globe that has made the commercial progress that the South has. To-day all seas are literally white with ships laden with exports from the South. The fact that the South produces four-fifths of the world's supply of cotton affords conclusive evidence of commercial progress. The mineral wealth of the South is almost as great as any other section of America. It is true that the coal fields of the South produce more than four and one-half times those of Great Britain. The great phosphate mines of South Carolina, Florida and Tennessee are simply inexhaustible. If we are developing all these great industries it must be true that the South stands high in commerce. I wish I could speak of the rapid advance of every branch of industry, but this would take too long.

Aside from developing her material interests the people of the South have always taken a most earnest interest in things which make for better citizenship, notably in the direction of the education of her young. The hundreds of

colleges and thousands of little school-houses that are dotted all over our Southland elucidates the fact that the Southern youth has educational advantages. Many technical and industrial schools have been established and are in a flourishing condition, and education for the hands as well as the head is provided. The thousands of students that are yearly clamoring for entrance into our colleges shows beyond all doubt that our people are rapidly opening their eyes to the great need of education.

Educational interest has recently been shown here at our own institution by the appropriation of \$62,000 for the enlargement of the barracks. If a country is manifesting interest in education we may safely infer that everything is well developed.

I have tried to give you a small conception of the South's amazing progress.

Now, in conclusion, let me say that it is our sacred duty to do something for the advancement of our grand old South. If our fathers could pilot her through the dark days of reconstruction, may not we in this prosperous day do something that will be instrumental in placing the South in every way the foremost section of the world? Let each one of us to-day take up a banner and upon this banner let there be emblazoned in fiery letters the word "Progress."

I beg of you of the Senior Class who will in a few days go out into the world, not to leave your State. There seems to be a general impression among young men that the South does not offer the opportunities that the North does. This is a great mistake. That big-hearted man, Richard Conwell, struck the key-note when he said that there is a gold mine in a stone's-throw of every man.

As the ten-year-old boy, Hannibal, stood in the presence of his father with his hand upon the altar Baal and swore eternal hatred to Rome, so let me beg of each one of you

to raise your right hand to the heavens and swear eternal faith to the grand old South and to the dear old State of South Carolina.

Farewell

Dear friends, the parting day, at last, has come,
When Clemson College walls we bid farewell;
Perhaps we'll gather here e'er life is done.

But nothing save the future years can tell.
So, then, as in life's battles we take part,
Although we fail, or though we win renown,
May these words be engraved on every heart:
"Tis better to be right than wear a crown."

Fear not, class-mates, to go where duty calls,
Though it be with broken heart and aching brain;
So Clemson men can say, whate'er befalls,
The Class of Nineteen Six lived not in vain.
And as you look upon life's course well run,
Your mind will wander back to this dear spot;
For four years here have linked us all as one
With ties of love that cannot be forgot.

Think not diplomas won by sweat and toil,
Are merely parchments void of things held dear;
Around those signatures sweet memories coil
And bring to mind the happy days spent here.
And so, when memory's drifting realms of thought
Float 'round the darkening portals of the heart,
Our flag with orange and purple shall be fraught
In dreams of days that came but to depart.

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T. E. STOKES

The Honor System

The necessity of the honor system in every college is being realized more generally now by the student bodies of the more prominent institutions than ever before. Perhaps more has been said and written on this topic during the current year than any similar period has known. In nearly every college magazine this subject has been discussed, and we hope with beneficial results. It is certain that conditions are becoming more favorable for the establishment of honor systems in the colleges of the land every day, and we welcome gladly every advance towards this much desired condition.

Clemson College must not be slow in adopting anything for the improvement of the student body and the college as a

whole. The need of an honor system is felt at an institution like this for many reasons which are too evident to need mention here. It will not take any argument to convince any member of the student body, whether he be in "Prep" or Senior, that the establishment of an honor system is one of Clemson's greatest needs at present. If this be so, why can't such a system be adopted? We do not hesitate to say that we know that it can be done, and what we need is some interested and energetic student to lead the movement.

**The College
Press Association**

The next meeting of the College Press Association will be held at Clemson in April. The success of this meeting will depend to a great extent upon the local staff, especially in certain lines; and we trust that the work of making this meeting a success will not be neglected. The Association has the fondest hopes of all the present staffs, and we hope to see it make enormous advances, and become an important factor in uplifting college journalism generally.

**The University
of South Carolina**

In the April number of *The Carolinian* we were criticised very severely on account of an editorial which appeared in the March number of THE CHRONICLE. We have sought to avoid any controversy, and it has been a great satisfaction to be free from it; but when we are attacked unjustly on a matter which concerns not only ourselves, but the student body as a whole, we feel that we should, in justice to ourselves and the student body, correct an impression which is altogether unfounded.

In the first place, we are accused of opposing the conversion of South Carolina College into a University. This accusation is absolutely incorrect, for we not only did not

oppose it, but it met with the hearty approval of every one at Clemson.

Two sentences of the editorial seem to be the cause of the outbreak from the Exchange Editor of *The Carolinian*. or more especially the use of the word "so-called" in these sentences. It would seem that if the Exchange Editor had read the whole editorial he would have caught the spirit before he reached this point. Through a desire to see the University be made one in reality, we were speaking of the necessity of further work by the Legislature of South Carolina. Would this loyal student have us believe that there is already a great University established by the mere passage of the University Bill. Not so, no more than it was a University before the name was changed, and we repeat, without intending any slur upon the University, that it is only "so-called" and will be until the Legislature provides funds adequate for enabling it to become a University in reality. This is what we wished for, and we were surprised to find that the writer of this scathing criticism did not understand. It would seem now that instead of our editorial coming as a result of the revival of the unpleasant feeling which once existed between the two State institutions, that his retort came about on account of his vision of understanding and justice being impaired by a blinding storm of prejudice and ill-feeling which still exists within one of the students at the University of South Carolina.

Wishing to relieve himself of the pressure of this vital force within, he chose one word upon which to base his criticism, and which, when taken in connection with the rest of the editorial, rang clear of any slur or reflection upon the University of South Carolina. It all reminds us of a minister who, during a period when it was very fashionable for women to wear their hair very high upon their heads, felt himself called upon to deliver a sermon against this custom. He chose for his text, "Top not come down," and delivered

a lengthy but feeble discourse upon the subject. Knowing that this was a Biblical quotation altogether unfamiliar, some of his audience found that he had chosen only a part of a sentence for his discourse, the whole of which read: "Let the man on the house-top not come down."

There is certainly as much similarity of meaning between this minister's text and the sentence of which it is a part as there is between the Exchange Editor's understanding of and the real meaning of the editorial.

**To the New
Staff**

To you in whom the three societies have reposed a trust in selecting you to edit this magazine in 1906 and 1907, we extend our congratulations and best wishes for a successful year. You will begin and prosecute the work under more or less the same difficulties encountered by every staff, but this should only serve to make you strive the more diligently. A great deal more depends upon the staff than is commonly believed, and this fact you will realize more perfectly when you begin the work. This should not embarrass you, however, and we trust that you will have a successful year. In your work you have kindest feelings of the present staff.

A Last Word

With this issue of THE CHRONICLE, the present staff completes its work. The task of editing THE CHRONICLE has been more or less a hard one, but nevertheless it has been a pleasant one.

THE CHRONICLE can hardly be said to have had the usual support from the student body, and this fact should meet with the disapproval of the student body and a determination to subvert such an unfavorable condition. There is a great work for a college magazine to accomplish, and for it to yield the best results it should have the co-operation of every one connected with its college. By co-operation we

mean not only in subscription, but in contributions as well. THE CHRONICLE has enjoyed the largest circulation this year since its beginning, and for this we are very thankful, but owing to a lack of interest in other ways, it has not come up to our expectations. We trust that this will not be the case in the future, and we bespeak the hearty support of the student body for the new staff.

Exchange Department

J. H. McCCLAIN, '06

Editors:

J. W. LEWIS, '08

This being the last issue of THE CHRONICLE for the year, we take this opportunity to let our fellow-students and outside readers know what THE CHRONICLE'S standing is among the magazines with which we exchange. We trust that the favorable criticism will be an encouragement to our fellows and that the adverse criticism will serve as an incentive to upbuild and place our magazine upon a far higher plane than it now occupies, and may the ending of next year see THE CHRONICLE as near perfection as is possible for an energetic staff and student body can make it. Here's to success for THE CHRONICLE and all of our friends.—The Exchanges.

In looking through our exchanges, the first one which we take up is *The Palmetto*. We find some very good material; in fact, the greatest shortcoming of the magazine is its editorials, which are rather too local. "The Progress of the Romantic Movement in the Eighteenth Century Lyrics" is a very interesting article. "Over the Garden Wall" is well written, and amusing—especially so as it is out of the ordinary. We are always pleased to find stories which do not follow the same old worn path, as it were.

We enjoyed reading the *Winthrop College Journal*, for April. It contains one poem and several good stories and other articles. "The Age of the Vikings" brings out some very interesting facts about those war-like people. "Li'l Marse Billy" is a bright story, written in negro dialect.

"Reconciliation" and "How Maria Won Friends" also deserve special mention, as do the Exchange and Y. W. C. A. departments.

Among the magazines for April, *The Criterion* ranks with our best exchanges. It contains some heavy matter; but only one poem. Though the editorials are largely local, they are very good. The locals are excellent.

The poetry of the *Trinity Archive* for May is almost a minus quantity; otherwise it contains some well-written articles—"Quaker Bonnet" being the best.

From Our Exchanges

A college magazine like the *Clemson College Chronicle*, for October, is an honor to any editorial staff. Every department is full, and the matter sufficiently varied to make it interesting throughout. With the addition of a few college poems, *The Chronicle* would approach the ideal college magazine, but the cadets have no doubt been too busy at the opening of the session to write poetry. The "Alumni Address" needs no criticism here. Suffice it to say that such an appeal to the alumni of any college is worthy of first place in that college's magazine. The writer of "Billy McGam" shows skill in depicting a rare and very interesting character. One can not help pitying the ruined appearance and extremely sensitive nature of unfortunate Billy and rejoicing in his final happiness. "A Life Purpose" is a very strong paper, in which the writer gives some good reasons for forming a life purpose, as well as laying down some fundamental guiding principles in its choice. I can not refrain from quoting the writer in this typical sentence: "Let us catch inspiration from those who have gone before us, and form a purpose that will lead us to a realization of the sublime meaning of life." In the editorial department are to

be found several short but very interesting articles on current topics. So, with such a magazine as the October number, as a beginning, there is no reason why "the ninth voyage of *The Chronicle* into the sea of literature" should not be her most successful one.—*The Newberry Stylus*.

It seems to us that it has been some time since our friend, *The Clemson Chronicle*, has had our judgment passed upon it. It can boast of but one poem. This one, however, is good. The Literary Department is not as full as it has sometimes been, yet as a whole, it is very commendable. It is well proportioned between fiction and heavy reading, which is a point in its favor. The first selection, "A Little Heroine," is a very interesting account of a general's escape from the British during the war. It seems to us it would be well if many of the magazines would turn their attention, for a while, at any rate, away from the "heart-rending," tiresome love stories, and take up historical stories. It would certainly be an agreeable change. Any way, if they must write of love, let them mingle a little history and exciting incidents of war along with this "divine feeling," so that it will not have too bad an effect on us. We see that there are none of these well-worn love stories in this issue of *The Clemson College Chronicle*. Of the other two stories, "The Twentieth Century Power Producer," though remarkable and imaginary, is quite amusing. "A Narrow Escape" is the other piece. We do not know what to expect, for we have seen this title used such a great deal that our excitement once caused by it has long since abated. How often do we see this head-line on the front pages of papers glaring at us. It is true that is a suggestive and attractive title, but perhaps a little rest would do it good. The debate that South Carolina should not have compulsory education is a very well written argument opposing compulsory education. Though we can not agree with the author in several of his points and take his side of the

question, yet this is a convincing selection. "The Mission of the Twentieth Century" is also a thoughtful and interesting piece of work. We are glad to see that a good amount of space is given the other departments.—*The Palmetto*.

We welcome to our exchange table, *The Clemson College Chronicle*. We realize how much we have missed by not having had the *Chronicle* with us sooner. It is one of the best magazines that we have seen; we read its contents with much pleasure. In the debate: Resolved, That South Carolina should adopt a compulsory education law, the writer upholds the negative side and presents his arguments in a forcible and convincing way. While reading the development of these points: (1) Compulsory education would be an interference with the freedom of the individual and with family government; (2) It tends to paternalism and ultimately to socialism; (3) It is impracticable in our own State, because school funds are inadequate to accommodate all children; (4) It would result in a failure, without expert supervision of the schools, which must precede compulsory education—we feel ourselves gradually inclining to that side. "The Mission of the Twentieth Century" is interesting and well written.—*Winthrop College Journal*.

It is with delight that we exchange greetings with the *Clemson College Chronicle*. The management of that magazine is to be congratulated upon both style and content of the last edition. The essay, "A Life Purpose," is an excellent production.—*The Mercerion*.

The Chronicle is one of the best magazines that any college of our State sends out. The heavy articles of this number are especially good. The negative side of the debate, on the question as to whether South Carolina should adopt a compulsory education law, is so well handled that it seems convincing. At the same time our convictions are with the affirmative. The story entitled "The Twentieth Century Power Producer" reminds us of Stockton the min-

ute we read it. It would be very good indeed if it were more plain. The statements are made and the poor reader is left to fill out the best he can. The Editorial Department is excellently handled. The subjects treated are ones in which we are all interested—*The Isaqueena*, for April.

In the *Clemson College Chronicle* for March there are several interesting articles. "The Mission of the Twentieth Century" is among the best.—*The Co-Ed*.

The Clemson College Chronicle is the best magazine we have had the pleasure of reading. It seems to contain that variety which makes the magazine especially interesting. Of the forty-one pages of literary matter, there is not one page which the exchange editor would subject to criticism. "The Spirit of Chivalry" is one of the most interesting pieces that a college magazine could contain.—*The College Reflector*.

The Clemson Chronicle, with its beautiful binding, always reaches our table in due time. The Exchange Department is especially good; so is the editorial. The debate, "Resolved, That South Carolina should adopt a compulsory education law," is one among the best things which any of the magazines contain. We find all of the stories of the *Chronicle* very interesting; no love stories, based upon the same old plot. We must say that the stories are most too short, but the poetry is good.—*The Limestone Star*.

The Clemson College Chronicle comes to us with its usual neatness of cover and type. As a whole the number is worthy of the college it represents, though the literary department does not entirely please us. "Helen," the first article, is a love story having a somewhat unusual plot, which could, we think, be made into an excellent story. In its present form, however, only a bare outline or skeleton of the story is given. It needs a much fuller detailed development. Passing over several articles we come to one called "The Experience of a Dark Night." In the first place, we



PRESIDENTS OF THE PALMETTO LITERARY SOCIETY

disapprove of the title. It lacks definiteness, and gives no clue to the subject of the story. In the second place, we notice that while the story is not at all vivid, the writer has made use of exclamations befitting a most dramatic scene vividly presented. For example, he uses such expressions as "His blood ran cold;" "Horror upon horrors!" etc., whereas he has not so described the scene as to cause the reader to feel the horror. The best article in the magazine is called "A Debate." It is really an argument in favor of compulsory education in the South. The writer uses the argument that society, civilization and morality depend on education, and that since the law is the instrument through which good can be most readily and widely diffused throughout the land, the law should therefore enforce education. We notice, however, that he fails to make use of the well-known argument of education as the basis of our government itself, viz., that since our constitution is a written one, it requires the ability to read in order to understand it, that as our system of voting is by ballot, it presupposes the ability to write, and that hence in order to secure the enlightened enjoyment and practice of its own institutions, the government should enforce the knowledge of reading and writing.—*Charleston Magazine*.

One of our best exchanges is the *Clemson Chronicle*, the November number of which may be called a fit tribute to the South. The sentiments expressed cause a sympathetic chord to vibrate in the breast of every true Southerner. Special mention is made of woman's patriotism; men too often get all the praise.—*The Andrew College Journal*.

The Exchange Department of *The Chronicle* is rather long, showing that they receive numerous exchanges. A great number of magazines are unknown to *The Isaqueena*, but the criticism on *The Kalends* brings up a subject which, judging from the criticisms of the different magazines, is one we will all find interesting, namely, what is true criti-

cism. Criticism, in our estimation, should bring out the strong points as well as the weak ones—it should both praise and blame. Fault-finding is very beneficial to a great many writers, while to others it is very discouraging. The very fact that fault has been found seems to check the ambition of the writers, while in praising the work you encourage them to make another attempt. No, we are not children, but can all bear criticism, still a word of praise is very helpful.—*Isaqueena*.

The Clemson College Chronicle is always a welcome visitor. The December number, however, is not up to its usual standard. There is no lack of material, but the quality? The stories are not stories at all; reminds one of a newspaper, they are so brief and uninteresting. "Vacation Days"—the only poem—is fair. There is, however, one department which deserves some word of praise—the Exchange Department.—*The Red and White*.

The Clemson College Chronicle strikes us as being an unusually strong and meritorious magazine. It is neat and attractive in appearance, timely in its discussion of current topics, and choice in its selection of material. There is a business air about *The Chronicle* that puts to shame the sentimental tone of some college magazines. The editor's discussion of "The Cotton Situation," and "The Insurance Scandal," is to the point and shows his grasp on public questions and current events. In the literary department, "The Commercial Progress of the South," "A Revolutionary Reminiscence," and "Patriotism of the Southern People," are readable and thoughtful articles. Absence of poetry in this worthy journal may also account for the absence of the "eloquent passion" of love, which seems to be its favorite theme. Lack of appreciation for these noble sentiments is lamented by most exchange critics as indicative of the fact that the student body has become insensitive to the glories of beauty and harmony. We rather

regard it as a hopeful sign that the magazine is emerging from the depths of sentimentalism to the plains of sanity and reason. At any rate, such a charge as the above can not be made against *The Chronicle* when we find such choice prose in its columns.—*The Trinity Archive*.

We compliment *The Clemson College Chronicle* on its editorials. They are well-written discussions of topics of general interest.—*The Transylvanian*.

The January number of *The Clemson College Chronicle* is superb. It is about evenly divided between solid matter and fiction. We have only one criticism to make—there is a dearth of poetry.—*The Red and White*.

The Clemson College Chronicle for February has some creditable material in it. The writer of "Helen" has a good plot and has treated his subject well. Other pieces in this number deserve credit and might be mentioned as good literary articles.—*Hendrix College Mirror*.

The Clemson College Magazine for December is an exceptionally good number.—*William Wood's College Record*.

Because of the attractive outward appearance of *The Chronicle*, we can not lay it aside without a glance within its cover. This is one of the best exchanges that reaches our table. It contains every element necessary to an orderly arrangement of material. "The Spirit of Chivalry" and "Is Not War a Necessity?" deserve special mention. "A Little Waif's Christmas" is the best piece of fiction. The plot of "Love Conquered the Waves" is original, but we were disappointed in its common-place conclusion. Not many young ladies are so cool and self-possessed when battling for life in the waves of a raging storm, as to notice the expression on the face of the man who is rescuing them. Not many young men, under similar circumstances, take time to caress their sweethearts when their lives are dependent upon them.—*The Erskinian*.

The January number of the *Clemson College Chronicle* reached us too late for mention last month, but since it is one of our best exchanges, we do not desire to pass it unnoticed. *The Chronicle* contains two good fiction articles, "In the Realm of the Berry Growers" and "Friendship Saved Him," and a number of articles of a more solid character. The sketch of Stonewall Jackson is good and it shows that the writer is familiar with the life of that great Southern chieftain. The Exchange Department of *The Chronicle* is especially well conducted.—*The New Ozark*.

The Clemson College Chronicle is one of the best exchanges we got in December. The poem, "Vacation Days," is good.—*Black and Magenta*.

The Clemson College Chronicle has a very neat cover, and its contents are well gotten up. The story, "A Sight Worth Seeing," is certainly true to the life of an old-time darkey. The article on "Literary Societies" in the editorials is good and should be taken to heart by every society member. We agree with you, Exchange, that the most good is derived by criticising the faults as well as the good points. For we are all here to *live and learn*.—*The Co-Ed*.

The Clemson College Chronicle for December presents a neat appearance and a correspondingly good collection of reading matter. The one poem of its contents can not be highly commended either for excellence in technique or profundity of thought. The caption, "Is Not War a Necessity?" is one that will attract attention, for anything to be said of future wars will not be unheard. We think, however, that a great majority of readers will not agree with the conclusions, nor even the hypothesis of the writer. "The war slogan is still sounding. Nations are still at war. The animal nature in man, that, in the early morning of history, caused him to rise up in his wrath and slay his brother, is still exhibiting itself and causing him to seek an outlet for it in the blood of his fellow-man." These are the opening

words of the article. It seems to us that they strike a note slightly, if not entirely, out of accord with the time-spirit. If we are not deaf, it is the cause of peace that is being can not render it inaudible. Men of the present are not sounded to-day—so loud that the very presence of war itself as a rule blood-thirsty. The occasional resorts of nations to battle are simply paroxysms of a long practiced but dying habit. "The day of everlasting peace is but an iridescent dream." In reviewing the history of the past the writer finds that there always has been war, and concludes that there always will be. The greatest lesson that history teaches—that humanity is moving to a certain goal—has been overlooked, and in the light of this, it seems to us, the conclusion of the writer is both unnatural and illogical. As the years go by, finer emotions are being developed in mankind than the love for fighting. A sense of justice, of right, and a spirit of concession are now being fostered, of which earlier ages have known little. If there be any virtue in evolution, and if the perfection of the human soul be the goal toward which we are moving, then let us believe that peace is as sure as the triumph of civilization over barbarism.—*The Mercian*.

The Clemson College Chronicle for November is full and interesting. The first article, entitled "The Commercial Progress of the South," is a very good piece of work, although the writer is rather reckless in some of his statements. "Walker's Victory" is written with a pleasing simplicity. There is some discussion nowadays as to whether patriotism is declining, and we are glad to see in this number an article on "The Patriotism of the Southern People." Although the essay itself is not all that could be desired, the writer treats his subject with much enthusiasm. "Should College Students Have a Part in College Government?" is clearly and simply written. "A Revolutionary Reminiscence" does not contain sufficient material for a real "story,"

but is an interesting anecdote. "A Tribute to Southern Women" seems to us the best article in the number. The subject is always of interest, and the writer treats it in a clear and sensible manner.—*College of Charleston Magazine*.

The Georgian, The Mercerian, and The Clemson Chronicle show more maturity of thought and mind, and attain more nearly to literary perfection in college journalism than any of the exchanges on our desk.—*Andrew College Journal*.

Clippings

A Freshie stood on the burning deck,
So far as we could learn,
Stood in perfect safety—
He was too green to burn.

—*Ex.*

Heard on the veranda:

"Jack?"

"Yes, dear."

"Can't you turn that cigar light down a little?"—*Ex.*

Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children.—*Ex.*

Teacher: "I'm going to send for your mother, Johnny, and show her what a shocking composition you brought in to-day."

John: "Go ahead an' send for her, I don't care—me mudder wrote it anyway."—*Ex.*

Mrs. A.: "What did the parson say when you sent him the brandied peaches?"

Mrs. F.: "He said he didn't care so much for the peaches as the spirit in which they were sent."—*Ex.*

Local Department

W. O. PRATT.

Editors:

R. O. POAG.

It is with a feeling of sadness as much as of pleasure that we do now prepare to edit the last *Chronicle* which the present staff will publish. Now, more than ever, we feel our inability; but there is a sweet consolation in the fact that our successors may profit by the mistakes we have made.

There is scarcely a rat in barracks who can not tell, without a moment's hesitancy, the exact number of days before we leave for home. Then, too, almost every cadet has his program for vacation already completed. By the time this edition returns from the press, the examinations will be over and another year of pleasant labor will have joined the hosts of the Past.

The Clemson College Annual for '06 has already been issued. To simply congratulate the Senior Class and the board of editors, to whom the credit is due, would be entirely too inadequate. Every department is up to the mark, both in quality and quantity; and, in fact, the annual may well claim a rightful place in the foremost ranks of publications of its kind from the Southern colleges.

The frontispiece is adorned by a likeness of Prof. C. M. Furman, the head of the English Department, and is accompanied by the appropriate words, "This volume is affectionately dedicated to our beloved professor, Charles Manning Furman, whose lively wit in the class-room oftentimes serves 'to point a moral or adorn a tale.'"

On Saturday evening, April 28, the Y. M. C. A. gave a delightful entertainment to which the members of the faculty and their families were invited. Several visitors were present, among whom were Mr. Edgar J. Mack, a former student of Clemson, Miss Altie Mack, Miss Gentry and Miss Ross. Refreshments consisting of cake and frappe were served. Music was furnished by the college band and Prof. Houston, who played the guitar and sang. All enjoyed themselves immensely until the bell warned the cadets that their merry-making must come to a close.

Soph McC. says that Lowell's first *essay* was his class *poem*.

Junior Stevens (giving quotation): "Uneasy lies the crown that wears a head."

On May 1, the Clemson Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy gave a festival, the proceeds of which were to go to the entertainment of the Confederate veterans at Columbia. A large semi-circle formed by a hedge of cedar and spruce pine boughs woven together and tastefully decorated with flags made an out-door parlor where refreshments were served.

One of the most pleasant features of the afternoon was a May-pole, around which nearly a score of little tots danced to the time of music furnished by the college band.

Soph Watson (looking at a Civil Government): "Who studies Civil Geometry in here?"

The final lecture on the lyceum course was given by Prof. J. W. Thomson, of Winthrop, on the evening of 19th of April. All those who had the good fortune of being present were delighted by the interesting and instructive lecture.

Rat Pitts: "Irvin, do you know to whom the next annual is decorated?"

Mrs. R. N. Brackett, Mrs. T. W. Keitt and Mrs. A. M. Redfearn spent several days in Spartanburg recently to attend the music festival.

Rat Green (walking post): "You better get out of the hall."

Officer of the Day: "Rat, I am officer of the day."

Rat: "That don't make any difference. The officer of the night will come along and run you in pretty soon."

On the 24th and 25th of April, Maj. Mallory, of the general staff in Washington, inspected the military department of the corps.

Prof. C.: "What are the leading agricultural products of France?"

Rat Sanders: "Coal, copper, silver, gold."

Mr. T. B. Spencer, of '02, who is now in Greenville, was on the campus recently.

The Thursday Club was entertained by Mrs. F. H. H. Calhoun at her residence recently. The music furnished by Mrs. Riggs and House added much to the occasion.

Rat (coming from the commandant's office with his honorable discharge): "I sure have got my diploma."

Prof. S. B. Earle has just returned from Chattanooga, where he has been attending the meeting of the mechanical engineers.

Miss Nellie Reed, of St. George's, is the guest of Rev. and Mrs. K. G. Finlay.

Soon after the great earthquake the cadets took up a collection for the benefit of the San Francisco sufferers.

Soph Boyd says that there is a square in Anderson as big as the baseball diameter (diamond).

The Senior Class Commencement orators are: T. E. Stokes of Darlington, D. H. Hill of Abbeville, and L. G. Southard of Jonesville.

The commencement exercises for this year will be one week later than usual, closing on June 12th. Dr. Jas. Y. Fair, of Savannah, will preach the annual sermon, Dr. E. B. Craighead, a former president of Clemson, will deliver the literary address, and Mr. C. S. Cooper will address the Y. M. C. A.

The board of visitors consisting of the following were at Clemson the first week of May: Hon. Huger Sinkler, Charleston, first district; Hon. G. L. Toole, Aiken, second district; Hon. C. H. Carpenter, Pickens, third district; Hon. T. P. Cothran, Greenville, fourth district; Hon. J. G. Richards, Liberty Hill, fifth district; Hon. R. P. Hamer, Jr., Hamer, sixth district; Hon. T. B. Frazer, Sumter, seventh district.

Ask "Chunk" Summers why he is so fond of wearing his uniform.

The Misses Sumner, after a pleasant visit to Mrs. Mell, have returned to New York.

Prof. B.: "Mr. Lebby, give me a sentence illustrating the use of pigmy."

Rat Lebby: "He made a pigmy journey."

Prof. Doggett has been spending some time in New England attending a meeting of the Textile Association.

Daniel Boonè says that in making a certain experiment you use a *square* cylinder.

Miss Smith is the guest of Mrs. Mell.

Soph. Cherry: "What kind of composition do we have to write the third term?"

Massey: "Description and Exposition."

Cherry: "I can't write about an exposition when I have never been to one."

The Senior and Junior civils went on an expedition to the Walhalla Tunnel recently.

Prof. B—: "Mr. Fulmer, write a sentence containing credibility and severity."

Rat Fulmer: "Serenity boys are generally credibility."

"Skin" Allen wants to know if the women in this part of the country are allowed to belong to the Daughters of the Confederacy.

THE CHRONICLE staff for next year has been elected and will be: Editor-in-chief, J. C. Clark, Columbian Society; business manager, T. D. Eason, Palmetto; assistant business manager, C. A. McLendon, Columbian; associate editors, W. B. Aull, D. B. Carter, Columbian, R. O. Poag, W. O. Pratt, Palmetto; J. W. Lewis, J. Spratt and S. H. Sherard, Calhoun.

The dance given by the Junior class on the night of April 30th was one of the most successful ever given here. The success of the occasion is due to the efforts of the entire class as well as to the managers. Among those present were: Miss Richardson, of Greenville, with Mr. J. B. Bailey; Miss Lucia Folger, of Pickens, with Mr. W. L. Schachte; Miss Kaminer, of Gadsden, with Mr. J. W. Hicklin; Miss Sumner, of Rochester, N. Y., with Mr. T. D. Cason; Miss Ellzey, of G. F. C., with Mr. H. C. Crum; Miss Gray, of Anderson, with Mr. L. Boggs; Miss Maxwell, of Anderson, with Mr. L. S. Horton; Miss Cherry, of Seneca, with Mr. C. T. Pot-

tinger; Miss Guyton, of Anderson, with Mr. L. S. Wolfe; Miss Sloan, of Pendleton, with Mr. G. D. Curtis; Miss Stribling, of Pendleton, with Mr. T. B. Schirmer; Miss Gignilliat, of Seneca, with Mr. H. P. Lykes; Miss Lila Stribling, of Pendleton, with Mr. S. R. Rhodes; Miss Reid, of Walhalla, with Mr. J. W. Keel; Miss Leize Stribling, of Pendleton, with Mr. O. D. Wood; Miss Reed, of St. George's, with Mr. M. M. Platt; Miss Boggs, of Pickens, with Mr. E. B. Plenge; Miss Mack, of G. F. C., with Mr. P. L. Howle; Miss Rast, of G. F. C., with Mr. F. M. Furick; Miss Sloan, of Clemson, with Mr. E. T. Heyward; Miss Fincannon, of Seneca, with Mr. A. M. Klugh; Miss Russell, of Anderson, with Mr. C. W. Wannamaker. Chaperones: Mr. and Mrs. Riggs, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Harper, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Redfearn, Mr. and Mrs. Klein, Mr. and Mrs. House. The Clemson College Orchestra furnished the music.

Casabianca Up to Date

(With due apologies.)

A maid stood on the campus green.

A lad stood by her side,

The bugle called him to the drill,

But the rules the boy defied.

Still beautiful and bright they stood,

She with her waving hair,

Ne'er thought they that on Saturday

That brave lad would despair.

The drill is o'er; the Colonel's mad;

The pair—oh, where are they?

The girl's at home in bed asleep,

The boy—ask Colonel Clay.

In close arrest, confinement hard,
He well has borne his share.
Next Saturday the young cadet
Serves punishment severe.

So now another young cadet
The maiden will adore,
While the first young man in happiness (?)
Is serving ten and four.

Athletics

Coach John McMakin, who has been for two seasons with our team, left May 1st for Montgomery, where he is to pitch for the season. Manager Barksdale will have charge of the team for the remainder of the season.

The annual holiday on the first of May was taken up entirely with track and other athletics. The field day was the most successful ever held at Clemson. The team under the direction of Profs. Calhoun, House and Nelson, has achieved fine results, which is shown by the following: 100 yard dash, Ballew, 11 seconds, Johnson, second; shot put, Furtick, 35 $\frac{1}{4}$ feet, Shealy, second; half-mile race, Harris, 2:16 $\frac{1}{2}$, Kennedy; low hurdles, Furtick, 29 2-5, Warren; broad jump, Johnson, 20:3 $\frac{1}{2}$, Furtick, G. C.; 220 dash, Johnson, 25 1-5, Curtis; hammer throw, Furtick, ———; high jump, Spratt, 5:3 $\frac{1}{4}$, Smetzer; mile race, Alford, 5:36, Harris; high hurdles, Marston, 20, Riser; pole vault, Furtick, 10 feet, Whiteside; 440 dash, Dowling, 57, Kennedy; cracker race, Flemming; mile relay, class, Freshmen, Sophomores.

The baseball game between the faculty and Seniors resulted in a victory for the faculty by 18 to 3. The faculty line-up was: Gantt, p.; Mitchell, c.; Nelson, 1b.; McClure,

2b.; Gardner, s. s.; Timberlake, 3b.; Freeman, r. f.; Calhoun, c. f.; Dickinson, Newman, l. f.

Seniors: Barton, p. and r. f.; Smith, c.; Coles, 1b.; Jones, 2b.; White, s. s.; Lewis, 3b.; Brunson, r. f. and p.; McLaurin, c. f.; Dickson, l. f.

On the 12th of May, Clemson met Univ. of Georgia in the first intercollegiate track meet ever held at Clemson. The score, 59 to 49, in favor of the Tigers, was a surprise to some, for the reason that the Univ. of Georgia holds the championship of Georgia and Alabama. Also, this is a comparatively new phase of athletics at Clemson. Dr. Calhoun has spent a great deal of time and work for the team, and he is to be congratulated upon the grand success that has crowned his efforts.

Y. M. C. A. Department

Editor:

J. E. JOHNSON

The Association has recently completed two tennis courts, in rear of the Textile Building. They will be ready for use at the beginning of next session.

On April 29th, Mr. A. J. Speer, a former president of the Association, gave an address, which was enjoyed by all who heard it. Mr. Speer made quite an enviable reputation as president and we are glad to have him with us again.

On the night of April 28th, a social was given by the Association on the third floor of the College Building. The literary societies very kindly gave the use of their halls. Music was furnished by the College Band. Refreshments in the shape of cake and punch were served. A goodly number of the faculty and their families were present and the evening passed off very pleasantly. We extend our thanks for the cakes, which were contributed by the ladies on the campus, to the band for the excellent music which was furnished, and to the societies for the use of their halls.

The Association has been very fortunate in securing Mr. Clayton S. Cooper, of New York, to deliver the commencement address. Mr. Cooper is at the head of the student Bible study department of the International Committee and is a man of more than national reputation.

It may not be amiss in this, the last issue, of THE CHRONICLE, to give some facts concerning the work of this session. While we realize that we have missed the mark that was set in some cases, and have not done some things that should

have been done, yet we feel that the Master's blessing has been upon us.

Heretofore we have groped along in an unsystematic way. This session was started with everything in a disorganized condition, but with an enthusiastic general secretary in charge. Through the generosity of the trustees, we now have a hall with a seating capacity of 200, furnished with movable folding seats and an organ. Also, as an expression of approval of the work, \$500 has been appropriated to assist in defraying general expenses next session. Through the kindness of the commandant, the Bible classes have been permitted to meet in the barracks. This has facilitated this feature of the work greatly. The enrollment has been increased 200 per cent., with much more efficient work done. Already forty leaders have been secured for next session and the enrollment mark has been set at 400. A class in mission study has been organized. Good progress has been made and more attention will be given to it next session.

The Thursday evening prayer service was begun after the session opened and has been of great help. The attendance has been splendid, averaging 32. The Sunday night services have been stronger and the average attendance has been larger than that of any previous session. Average attendance, 215.

Three International Secretaries have visited the Association. Mr. W. D. Weatherford helped greatly in getting the work organized. At Mr. Hurrey's visit, in January, there were 48 decisions for the Christian life. Mr. F. S. Goodman's illustrated lecture, in March, was heard by nearly the entire student body. It was not only entertaining, but highly instructive.

As a result of the evangelistic meetings, which have been held under the auspices of the Association, there have been 57 conversions.

During the past year 21 students and one member of the

faculty have attended the various student conventions, a large increase over any previous year.

The finances have been carefully looked after and no deficits will be carried to next year. The following will show approximately the sources of income:

Brought over from last year.....	\$113.75
Membership fees.....	251.00
Student contributions	162.40
Faculty contributions	183.00
Alumni contributions	167.55
Social	11.00
Total	\$888.70

The prospect for next session is very bright. Let us ask to be guided aright; so that great things may be accomplished in His name.

Clemson College is leading the A. & M. Colleges of the South in many things. South Carolina has reason to be proud of her Agricultural and Mechanical educational institution. We know of no college of a similar nature in the South, with the military, athletic, literary and religious stability. The time has been when we were not; and many things remind us that we have not yet reached our zenith. As we compare the work this session with that of former years and note the great advance, we are encouraged. This encouragement will help us meet the actual conditions. For every student identified with Christian work there are four not enrolled. For every student following some system of Bible study, there are three not so registered. And the proportion enjoying social advantages is even less.

Of all the organizations in this institution, the Young Men's Christian Association has been the last to perfect its organization and actually accomplish things worthy the re-

spect and recognition of the student body. We have learned that this organization is here for the good of the College. That it is for, by and of the students, and that when properly manned it furnishes us with things not only useful, but desirable. It may be pertinent to suggest some purposes for which we are planning:

1st. To develop a Bible study department adequate in scope and efficiency, and one which will furnish to every student some attractive course of study.

2d. To arrange a series of meetings for Sunday evenings, which will be attractive and instructive.

3d. To conduct a weekly prayer service where the Christian students may gather for special prayer and devotion.

4th. To furnish courses of instruction for those who care to learn more of the Christian activity of the world.

5th. To aid in developing an attractive social life at the College.

6th. To become a prominent factor on the athletic field and in the development of the physical manhood of the students.

7th. To bring the students and professors into closer and more pleasant relationship.

If these purposes appeal to you, you should identify yourself with the movement. If any one department is attractive you should become a part of it, in doing so you become a sympathetic and financial supporter—two essentials in the ultimate success of the Association. No Christian student can afford to withhold his support from this organization because the organization is an active co-worker in athletics and social life. No athlete should stand aloof because the organization is Christian in name and moral in purpose.

Bible Study for Next Session

Because most college men have no real scientific knowledge of the Bible, the Young Men's Christian Association at Clemson College, has established four courses of Bible study. They are open to all college men, and we desire that college men will avail themselves of these opportunities. Each class is composed of about ten men, who meet once a week under a student leader and discuss the work gone over the past week. Regular text-books are used, prepared especially for college men by some of the most noted Bible students of the present day. These books are being used successfully at over 500 universities and colleges in the country and by at least 37,000 men.

COURSES OF STUDY.

I. The Life and Works of Jesus, According to St. Mark.

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II. Studies in the Life of Christ.

By E. I. Bosworth.

A practical, comprehensive course, based on the life and works of Christ, as presented in the four gospels, with special reference to historical development and the application of His teachings.

III. Studies in the Acts and Epistles.

By E. I. Bosworth.

With special reference to the spread and development of the early Christian Church, based on a careful study of the Acts and the Epistles of Paul, as arranged for the historical study in

"The Records and Letters of the Apostolic Age."

Prerequisite: Course I.

IV. Studies in Old Testament Characters. Based on "Old Testament Records, Poems and Addresses"

By W. W. White.

Arranged for daily, personal study, with reference to the lives and works of the Old Testament heroes.

Prerequisite: Course I.

The following courses in mission study will be offered:

I. "Down on the Hills of T'ang."

By Harlan P. Beach.

The author vividly describes the land, people and religions of China and gives an interesting account of missionary operations in this empire, with special reference to changes following the Boxer uprising of 1900.

II. "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom."

By J. H. DeForest.

The aim of this volume is to exhibit the interworking of the many agencies in the Oriental renaissance, and to clearly depict the material, social and religious environment of the Japanese.

III. "India and Christian Opportunity."

By Harlan P. Beach.

This is the latest and best book having to do with the Indian field. It is a text of biography, geography and religion.

Each course runs for eight weeks.

THE SOUTHERN STUDENTS' CONFERENCE.

Final arrangements have just been made for the Southern Student Conference to meet at the Farm School, eight miles from Asheville, North Carolina, June 15-24. This school is on an elevation commanding magnificent views of some of the most imposing scenery in the Western North Carolina mountains.

The athletic opportunities, including splendid athletic fields and tennis courts, the beauty of the surrounding country, and the Christian hospitality of the principal and teachers of the Asheville Farm School, will combine to make the place of holding the Conference ideal. The cool mountain air will keep the men in fine condition for work.

THE ADMINISTRATION.

The student department of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations will have direction of the Conference, with the co-operation of the State committees of the territory which it serves. Its well known pur-

pose is to deepen the spiritual life of students, to train them for leadership of the organized Christian work in their institutions, and to open up to them opportunities for Christian service after leaving college. The entire programme has been planned carefully to this end, and the speakers, teachers and leaders have been chosen because of their fitness in life, scholarship and experience to help students to grapple with the problems which they are meeting, both in their own lives and their Associations.

THE DAILY PROGRAMME.

The meetings of the Conference are held each morning and evening. The afternoons are devoted to athletics and other forms of recreation. An hour will be given daily to each of the following features: Missionary conferences, Bible classes, conferences on student Association work, life-work meetings out of doors under the trees, and conferences on the problems of the day which confront the Christian people of America. The platform meeting, held each morning, will be a most attractive service. Personal interviews with the speakers, teachers and other leaders have always been one of the most valuable privileges of this Conference. Delegation meetings for prayer, discussion of subjects which have been presented during the day, and for application of the truths to the personal life and home Association work will close fittingly the day of privilege.

SPEAKERS.

The following is a list of the platform speakers who have so far accepted invitations to be present:

Prof. Edward I. Bosworth, Ph. D., of Oberlin University.

Mr. Robt. E. Speer, New York City.

Rev. John Timothy Stone, Baltimore, Md.

Rev. W. M. Anderson, D. D., Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. Clayton S. Cooper, New York City.

Dr. A. L. Phillips, Richmond, Va.

President E. M. Poteat, Furman University, S. C.

Mr. W. D. Weatherford, New York City.

Mr. B. R. Barber, India.

Mr. N. E. Luce, China.

Prof. D. W. Daniel, Clemson College, S. C.

Bishop E. R. Hendrix, Kansas City.

Mr. Thornton B. Penfield, Vermont.

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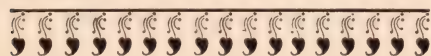
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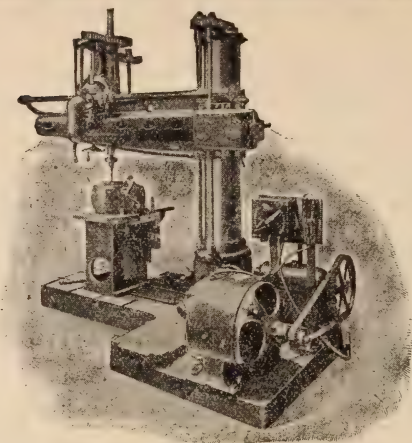
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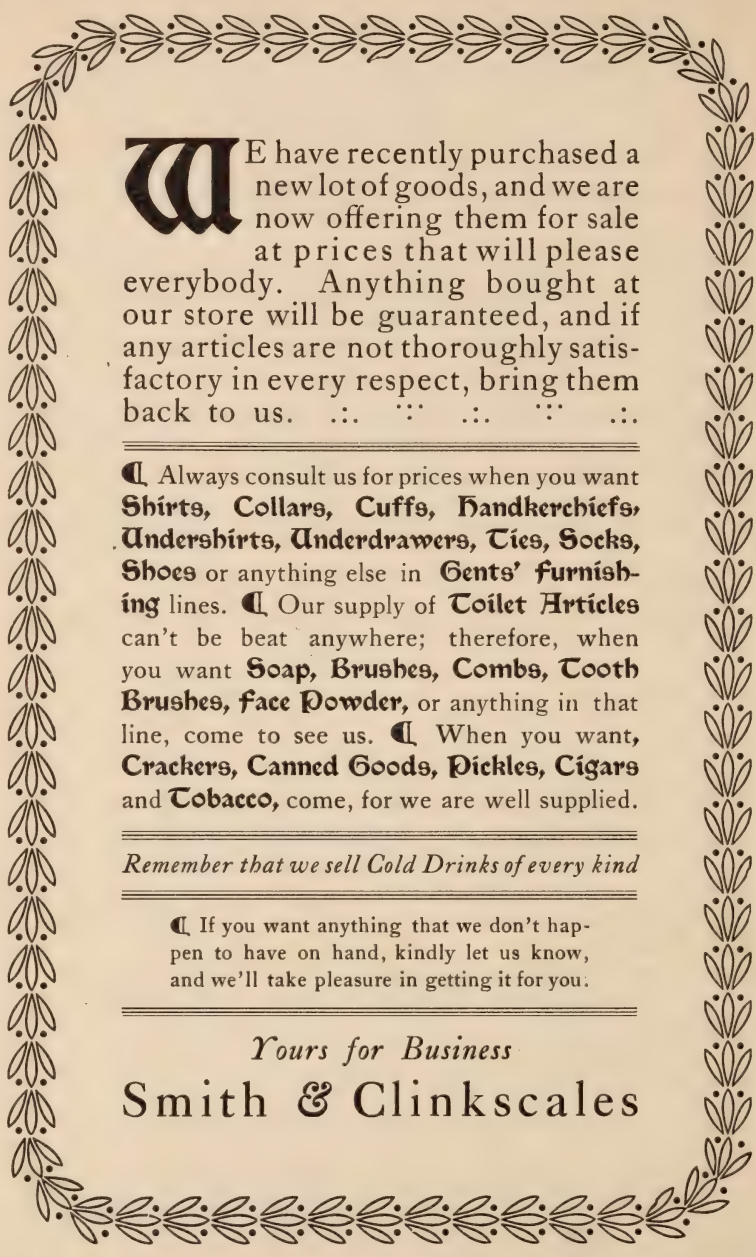
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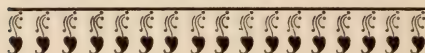
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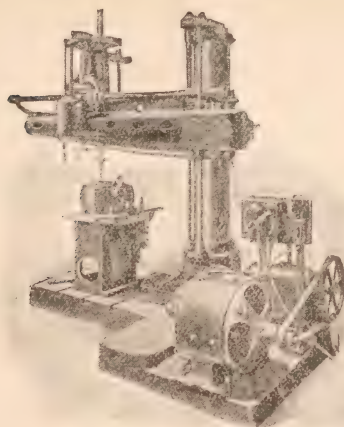
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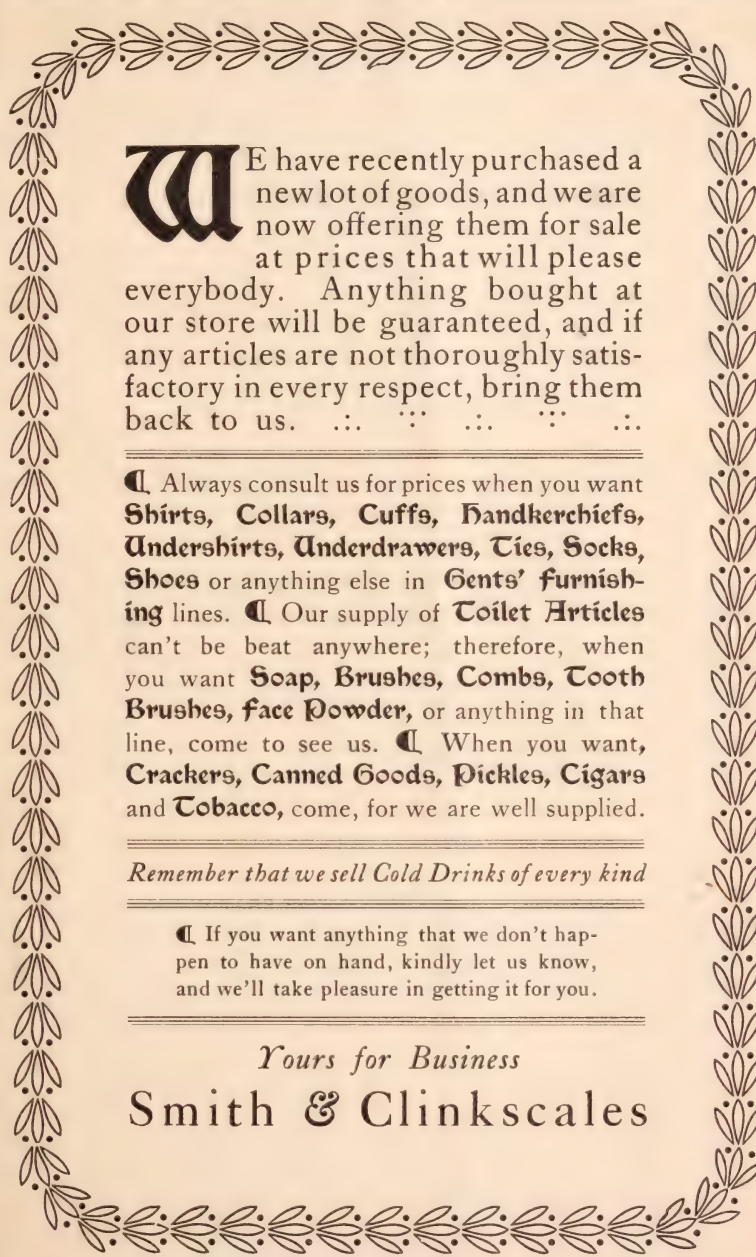
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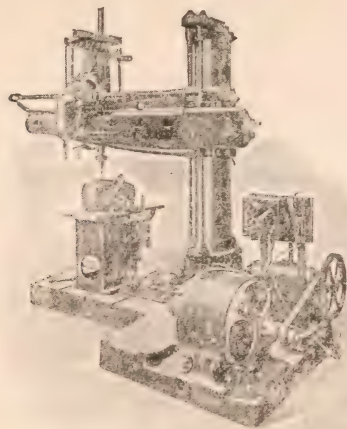
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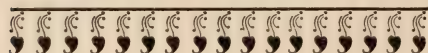
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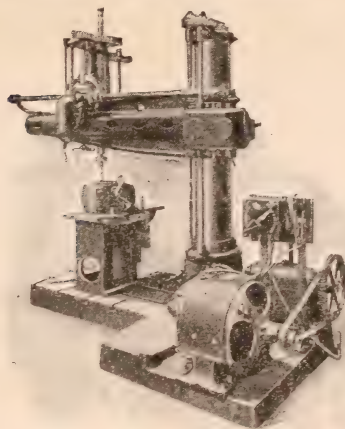
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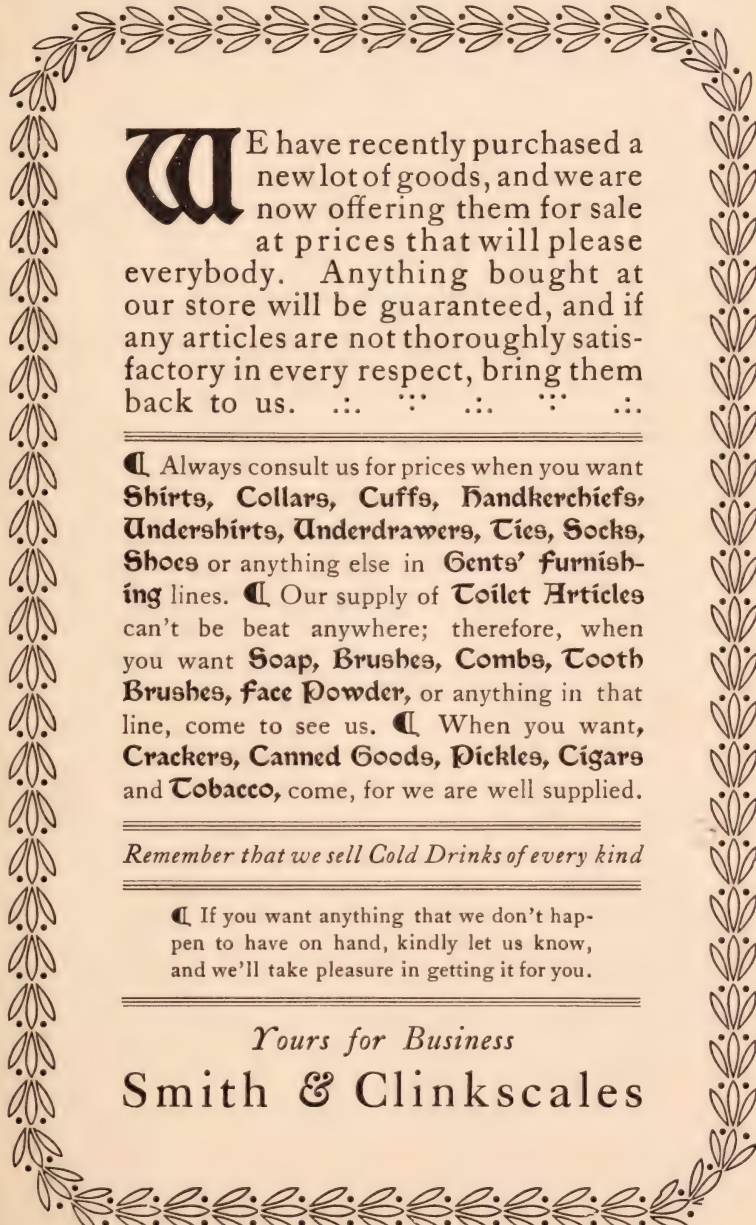
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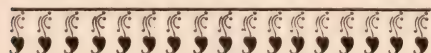
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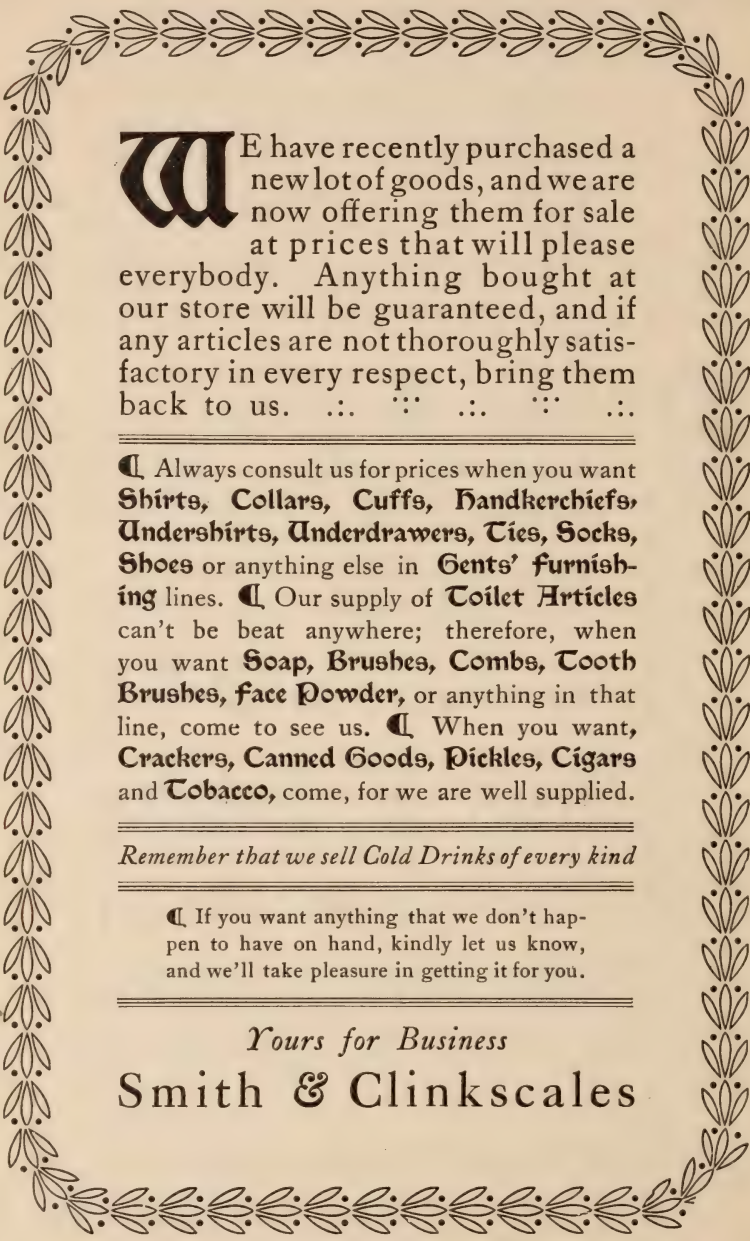
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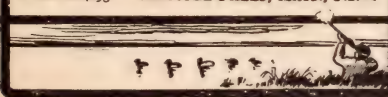
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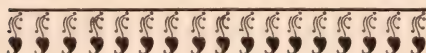
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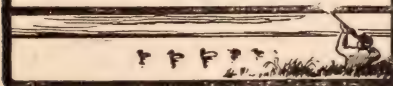


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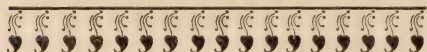
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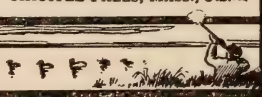
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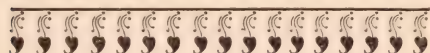
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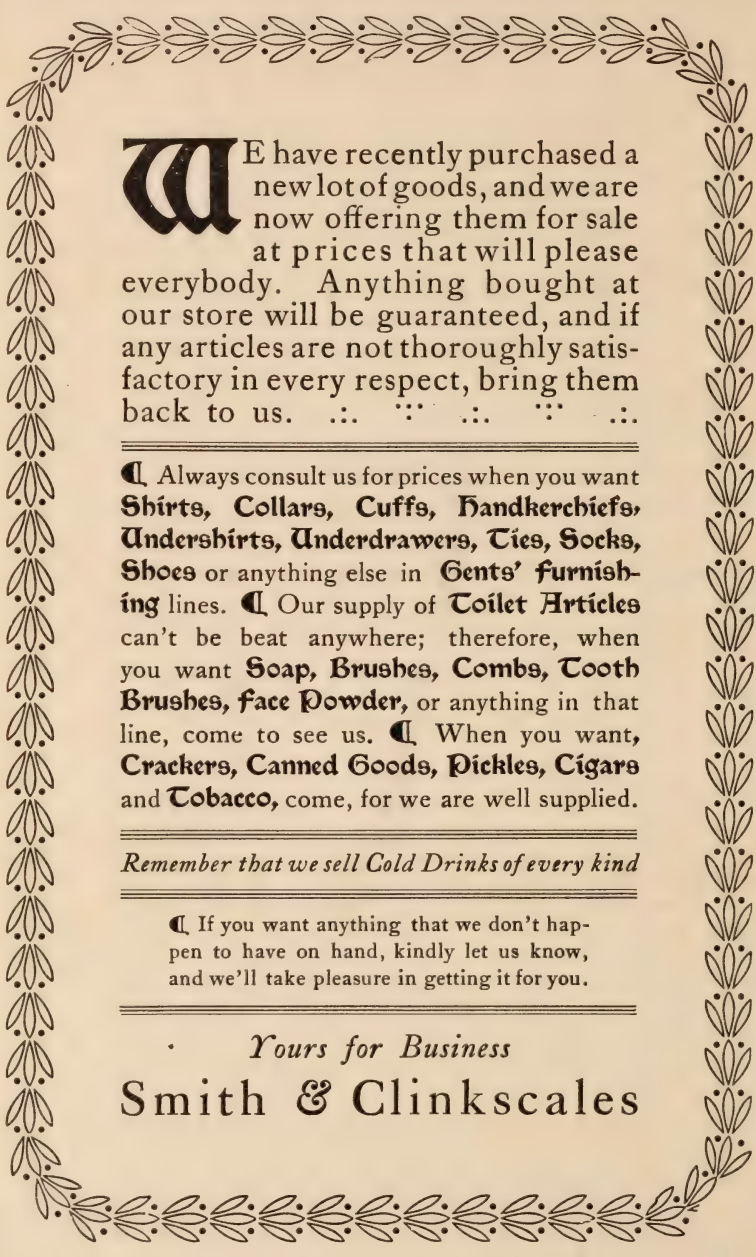
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